

December 1964, 75 cents

THE *Atlantic*



One Spring Morning *from a new novel by*

EDWIN O'CONNOR

A Doctor in Red China *by Wilder Penfield, M. D.*

Why Europe Fears Us *by Raymond Aron*

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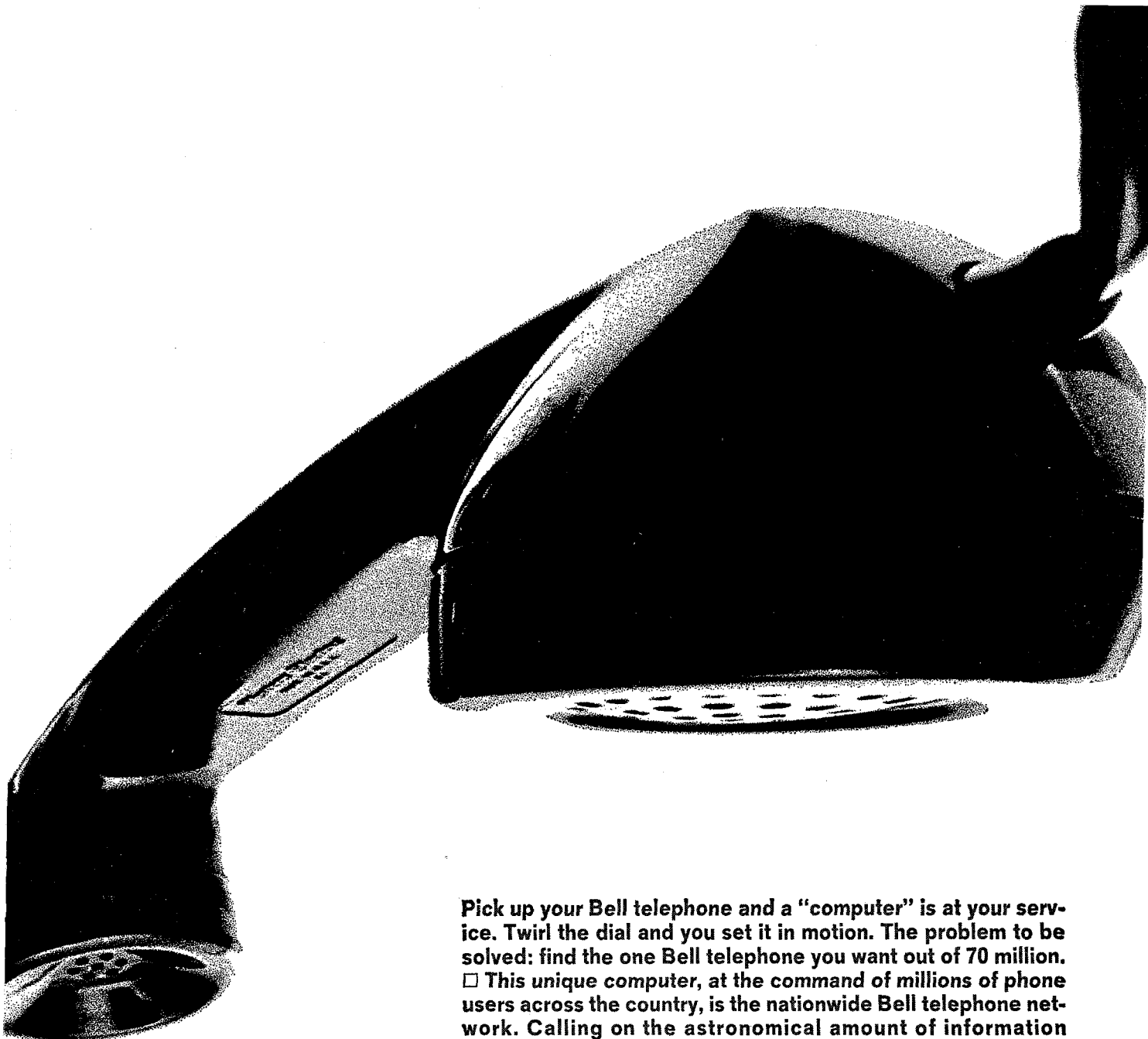
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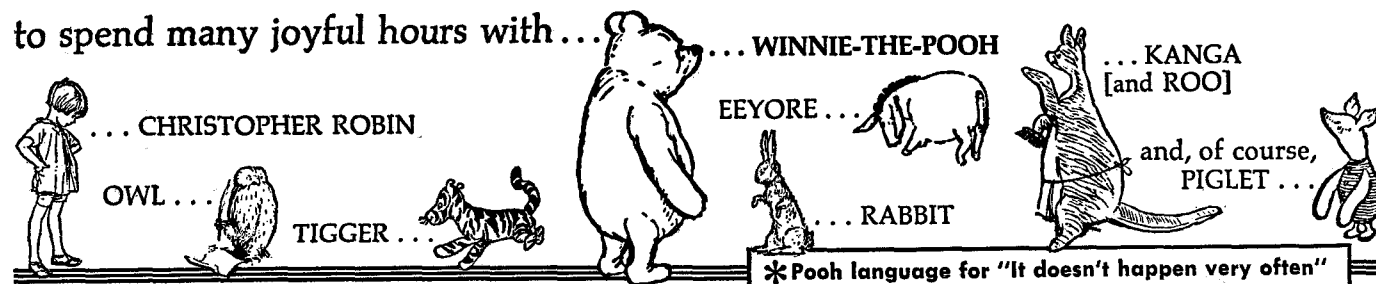
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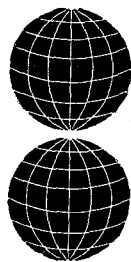
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WASHINGTON

ALTHOUGH Washington was prepared for the news of the Chinese nuclear explosion, it was as surprised as the Russian people and the Communist leaders outside Russia by the sudden removal from office of Nikita Khrushchev.

The greatest interest and curiosity were focused on the strange and unexpected event in Moscow. The deposed Soviet leader had made as deep an impression on his age as any other ruler of the last dozen years. The manner of his removal emphasized the remoteness and the isolation of the Russian people from those who govern themselves. Instead of unifying the Communist world, the harsh treatment of Khrushchev clearly has fragmented it further, at least for the foreseeable future. The astonishing suggestion by United Nations Secretary-General U Thant that Khrushchev "make a public statement on the circumstances leading to his exit" only added to the bizarre aspects of the case.

In the immediate aftermath of the Kremlin upheaval the major interest was in the reaction of the other Communist states. The Sino-Soviet conflict has become so far-reaching and the ideological argument so pervasive that any papering over of the dispute would be superficial. The course of relations between the two rivals may have its ups and downs. And the course certainly will be influenced by events far from Peiping or Moscow. The test-ban treaty, in which the United States was a prime mover, had a profound effect on the Sino-Soviet quarrel.

It is an irony of history that Eastern European countries benefited from the Sino-Soviet conflict and at the same time led in trying to alleviate it. A further irony is that many of the Eastern European Communists who deplored Khrushchev's attacks on Peiping criticized the way in which he was overthrown. The new Soviet leaders, though

they may assail the former Premier, cannot escape the path he has plotted for them in relation to Eastern Europe. Too much light and air has been let in to be expelled except by repressive military measures.

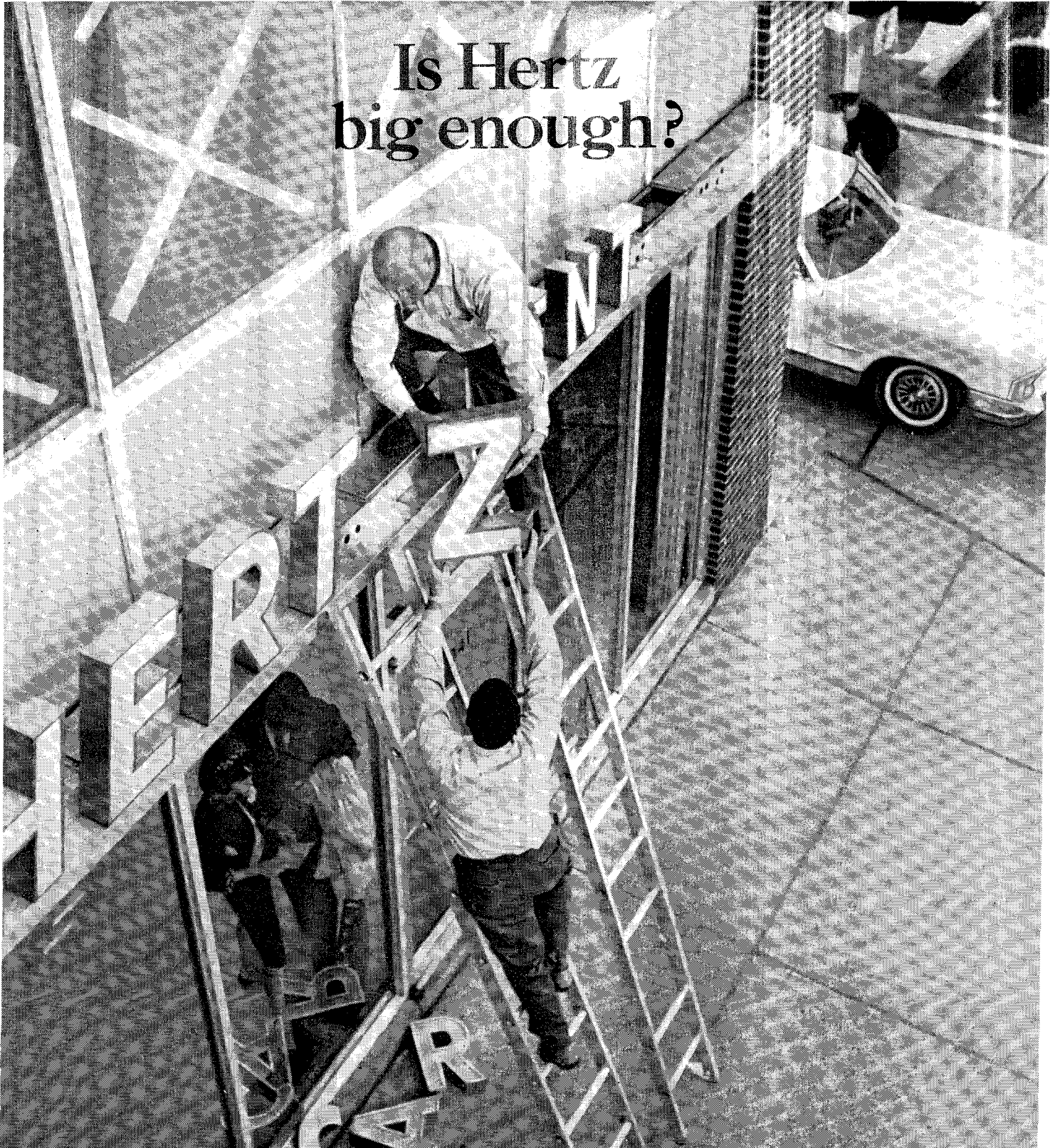
While Moscow's problems appear to be far heavier than Washington's, the Chinese bomb presents the West with critical decisions. The pressures for admission of Red China into the United Nations and for negotiations between all the nuclear powers will inevitably increase. It is idle to pretend that the 700 million people of China can be ignored much longer. But the formula for negotiating with them has not yet been discovered. China has moved far ahead in its stride to become a major power. It has added to the fears that other nations will demand to augment their arsenals with nuclear weapons.

India needs food

Recent new evidences of a food crisis in India came as no surprise to officials in Washington informed about the facts of the population crisis. The news emphasized once again both the inadequacies of the present foreign aid program and the challenge which the northern half of the globe faces from the southern half. I. R. Sinai writes in his book *The Challenge of Modernization: The West's Impact on the Non-Western World* that the societies left behind by the old colonialism are not viable in the modern sense and that there is retrogression rather than progress in many of them.

The extra which foreign aid was supposed to provide has not produced the takeoff expected, partly because the assistance was inadequate to the job at hand, but mainly because in most countries the gains achieved could not keep pace with the population increase.

Since 1959, for example, India's food-grain production has increased by 2.7 percent, its popula-



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Report on Washington



tion by 12.3 percent. A food crisis was inevitable. More crises will follow unless population growth is drastically checked or food production is enormously increased.

When Lal Bahadur Shastri became Prime Minister earlier this year, he called the food shortage India's "most formidable problem." Despite heartening progress that has been made on a limited scale to improve India's agriculture, the production of food has not kept pace with the population growth. According to India's official planners, the country is growing at about 2 percent a year. They expect that from the beginning of the third Five-Year Plan in 1961 until the end of the fifth Five-Year Plan in 1976, the population increase will total 187 million persons. In fifteen years, therefore, India must expand its food production sufficiently to feed an additional population equal to that of the United States.

In one of the most somber studies an American government agency has ever made, as somber indeed as Malthus' conclusions 165 years ago, the Department of Agriculture concluded that world food production must expand at a faster rate than ever before in history if the people who will be born in this century are to be fed. But the study said that where the need is greatest the tillable land is in the shortest supply. Yields per acre in the industrial countries of the West and in Japan have increased enormously in the last quarter century; yields in the poorer countries have not kept pace with the population growth.

Improved yields per acre are possible in many areas if fertilizer production, scientific management, and extensive capital can be provided. But one indication of the size of the task is the conclusion in the Department's report that fertilizer production in the less developed areas should be expanded nearly twentyfold in the next thirty-five years. Professor Raymond Ewell told the American Chemical Society this fall that unless fertilizers are available to increase yields by at least 50 percent in China, India, and Pakistan, they will face famine conditions within ten years.

The Agriculture Department's exhaustive study, written by Lester R. Brown and entitled *Man, Land and Food*, says that arable land per capita

is declining in every part of the world. "Densely populated, low-income countries face the possibility of being trapped permanently at low-income levels," Brown writes. He notes that the highly developed countries never experienced a population growth comparable with that now being experienced in the underdeveloped world.

600 million Latin Americans?

The largest growth rate today is not in Asia but in Latin America, which President Kennedy once called "the most critical area in the world." Latin America's total population has tripled in this century. In the next thirty-five years, its population is expected to jump from the current 200 million to nearly 600 million. In the first half of this century, North America and Latin America had comparable population totals.

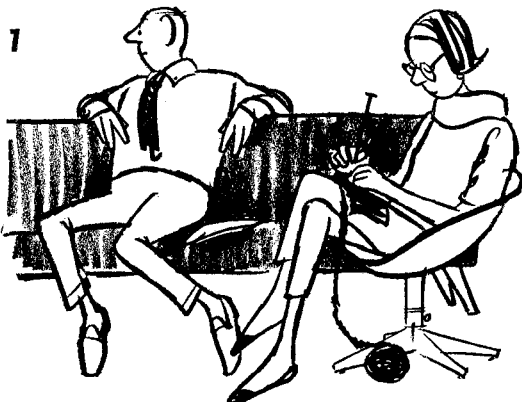
If the present projections are realized, there will be twice as many people in Latin America as in North America by the year 2000. The southern continent obviously is not prepared to feed that many additional persons adequately. Yet its potential food-producing areas are much greater than those of Asia, which before World War II was a net food exporter and is now a food importer.

At the beginning of the century, Asia, Africa, and Latin America contained one billion persons, or 67 percent of the world's total. By the end of the century, barring widespread famine, epidemics, or nuclear war, the three continents are expected to have five billion persons, or 79 percent of the total. Widespread famine may be a more dangerous threat than nuclear destruction.

Curtailling the birthrate

Japan is the only country faced with a rapidly increasing population that has taken effective measures to curtail the birthrate. With limited land resources, Japan's population was expanding at a rate of 2 or 3 percent annually in the years immediately after the war. "The Japanese reacted quickly," Brown says. They initiated a program of family planning, in which both government and private groups cooperated. By the end of the 1950s the annual population increase was below one percent. At the same time, Japan's economic and industrial growth was unprecedented.

When the United Nations Trade and Development Conference (UNTAD) was held in Geneva last spring, it devoted only minor attention to the population crisis. Yet population is basic to a solution of the trade and aid problems that were discussed. The underdeveloped nations left that meeting convinced that they had made great strides in putting before the world their case for fairer trade practices and more aid. They were



Fred's in the kitchen making a snack.

What's he having this time?



Sure you want to hear?

As his mother I feel obliged to.



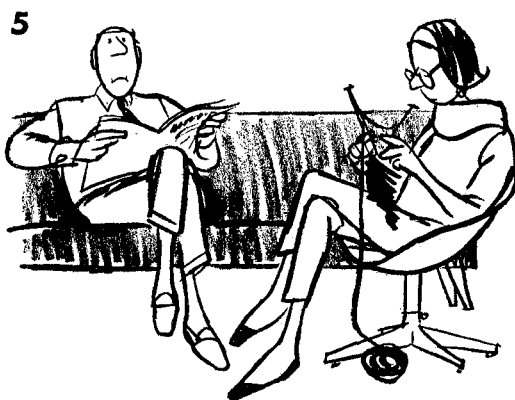
Pickle and anchovy on whole wheat raisin bread.

How could he!



He said it was democratic—he and Brother voted for it over tuna fish on chocolate graham cracker.

They think of nothing but eating.



I like to see children enjoying their food.

Sometimes I wonder what I'd be able to feed them if we couldn't count on your income.



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Report on Washington

confident that in the future they would be more influential in determining the rules by which the world trades. But they neglected the population problem, the one area in which they could affect the course of development most directly in their own countries. If India, for example, could check its population increase, it would be less dependent than it is on foreign capital, on trade, and on aid.

The pressures for more aid from the wealthier countries will increase as long as the population explosion in the underdeveloped countries is unchecked. For the immediate future, the West is producing sufficient food to prevent widespread famine in the underdeveloped world if it is willing to give the food away. The poorer countries cannot afford to buy it. Already the underdeveloped countries depend upon the richer countries for industrial purchases; they cannot also rely on the richer countries to produce their food.

Before UNTAD meets again in 1966 it should concentrate on the population challenge and on the new proposals to meet it. The problem, which concerns the rich as well as the poor in its broader implications, overshadows all others in the relationship between development and trade, especially the aid and trade issues that have attracted the principal attention in the post-war years.

The presidential succession

When shortly before adjournment the Senate approved without opposition the Bayh amendment on presidential succession, it helped set the stage for a fight which almost every expert believes must be made in 1965. With the adjournment of Congress, the Bayh proposal died. It must begin the long route through Congress again in January. Nevertheless, the careful committee study and the unanimous Senate vote, plus the Warren Commission report, helped to keep the need for action before the public. Now, with a President and Vice President elected and coming into office in January, there should be no hesitation in either branch of Congress. A gaping

hole in the Constitution needs to be filled at once.

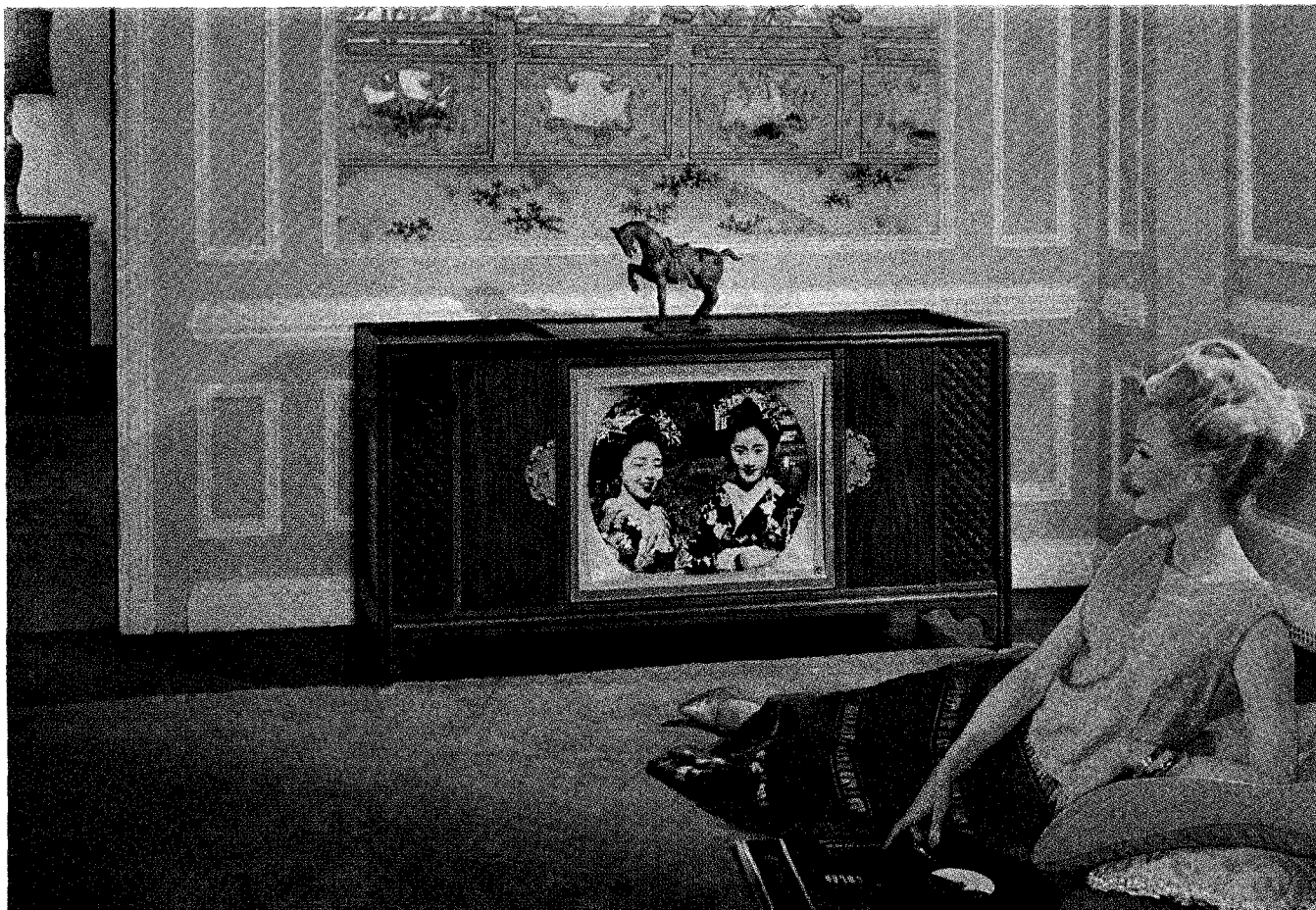
While the proposed amendment does not meet every contingency, it does two extremely important things. First, it provides that "whenever there is a vacancy in the office of the Vice President, the President shall nominate a Vice President who shall take office upon confirmation by a majority of both Houses of Congress."

Sixteen times in our history, for a total of thirty-seven years, the country has been without a Vice President. If the Bayh proposal is adopted, the nation will be assured that there will be a Vice President at almost all times, and the debate over succession to the presidency of officials elected or appointed for other purposes will be effectively put aside.

Second, the proposed amendment enables the Vice President to act as President in the event of presidential disability. It empowers a President who decides that he is disabled to turn over his powers and duties to the Vice President until his recovery. If the Vice President decides that the President is disabled, he is empowered, with the written concurrence of a majority of the Cabinet, to assume the powers and duties of the presidency pending the President's recovery.

The language in the section on disability is similar to that in the agreement between President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon and that between President Kennedy and Vice President Johnson. The weakness of those informal agreements is that they had no support in the law. The three most recent Attorneys General, while approving the agreements, nevertheless warned that the only way to settle the disability problem was by means of a constitutional amendment.

In the words of the Senate Judiciary Committee, there is an "urgent need" for a constitutional amendment "which would distinctly enumerate the proceedings for determination of the commencement and termination" of presidential disability. The Bayh amendment does that in clear language.



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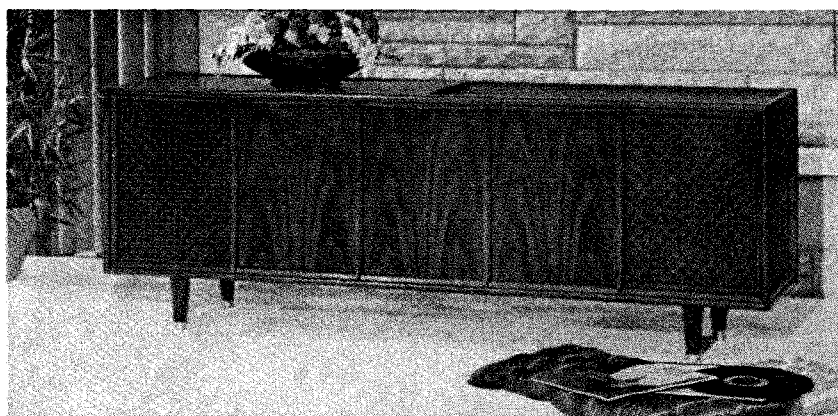
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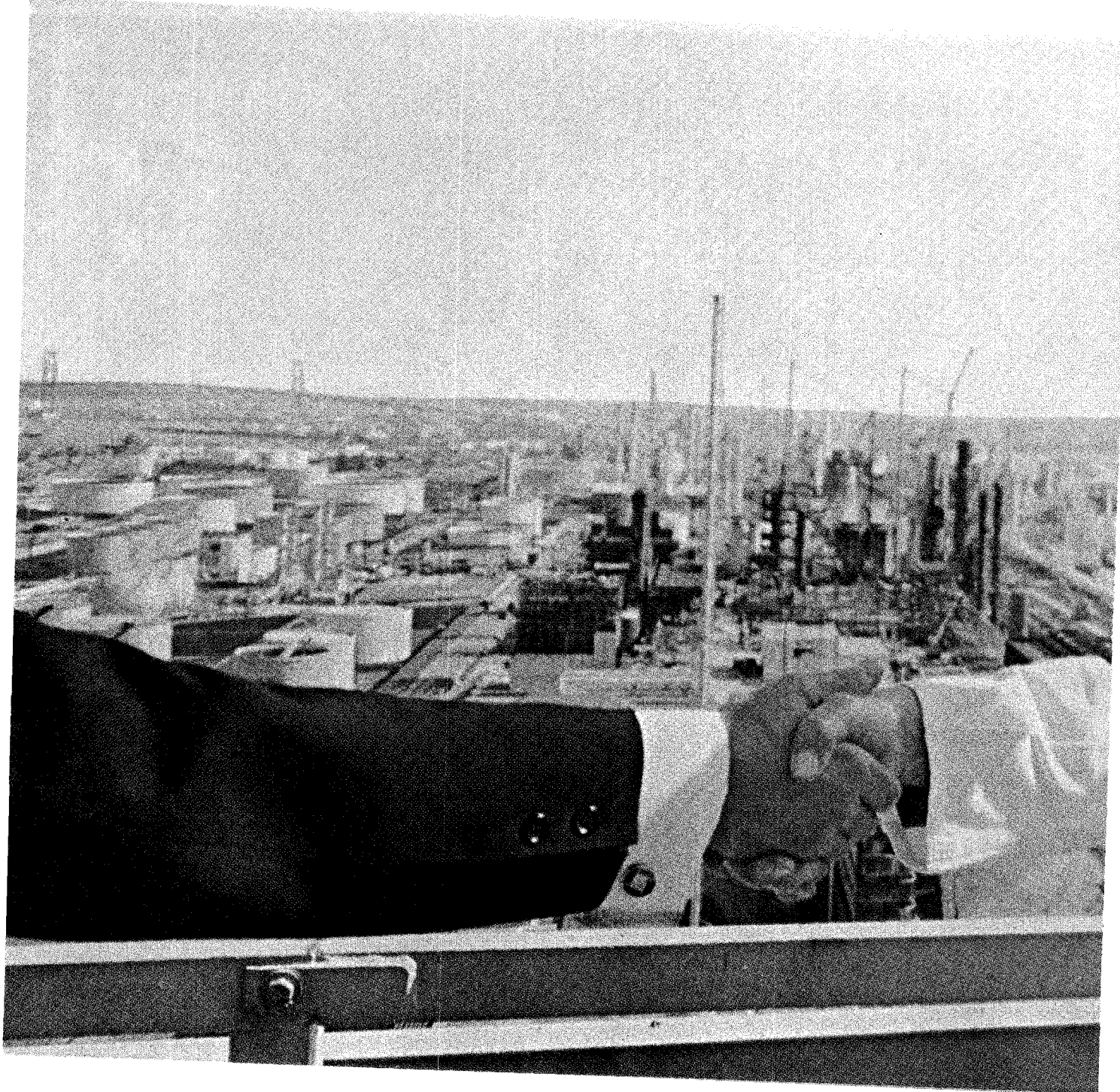
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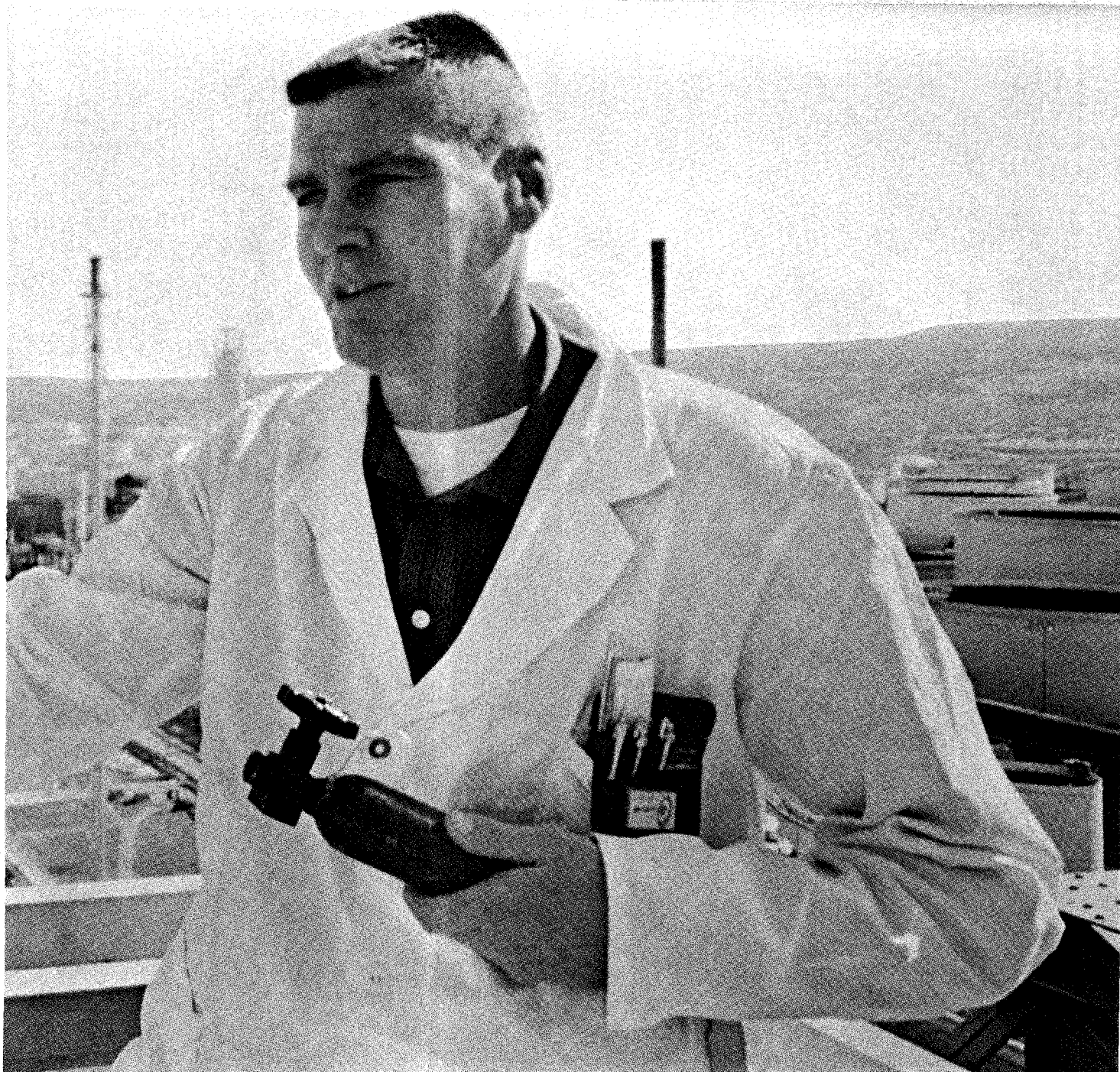
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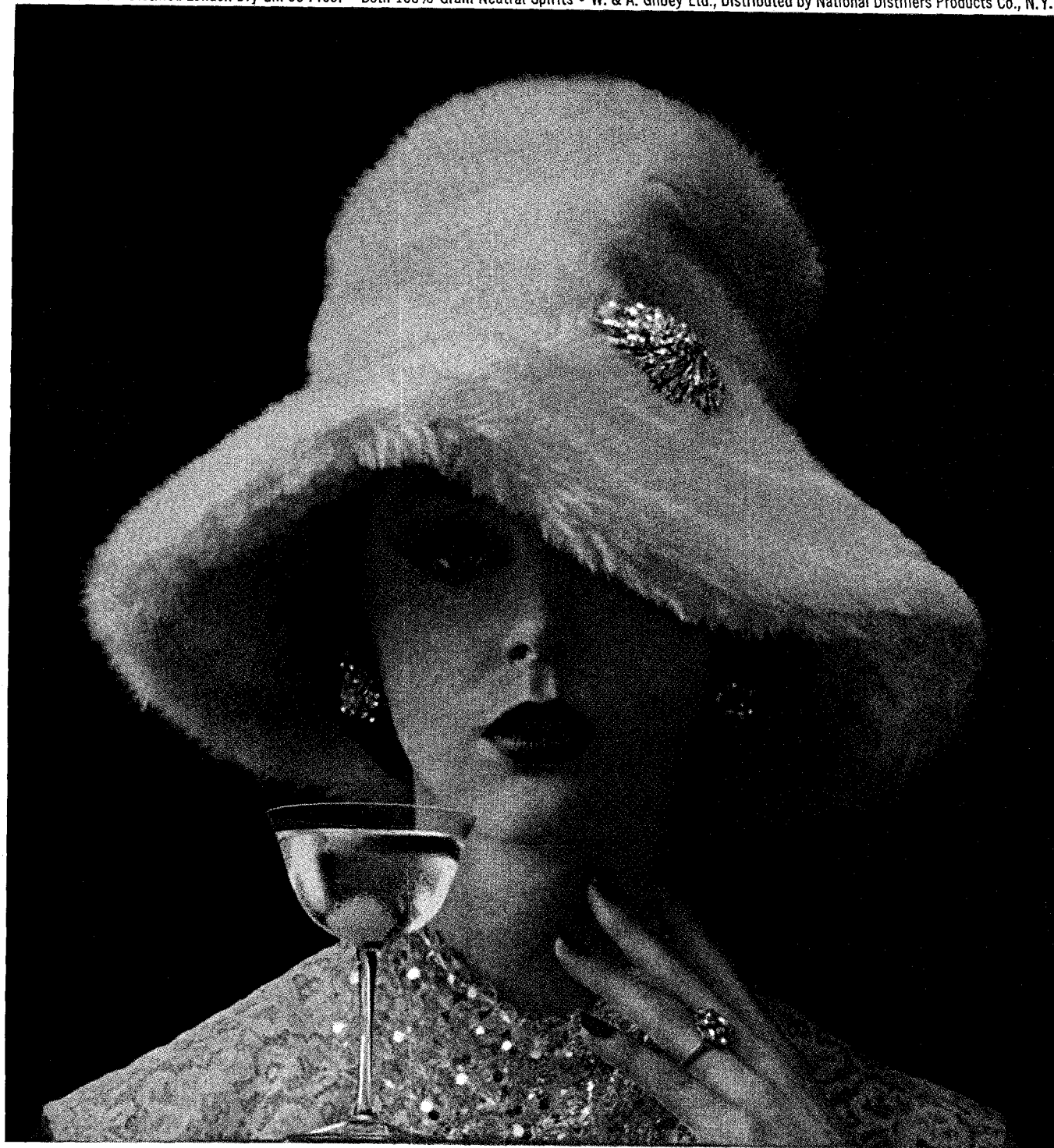
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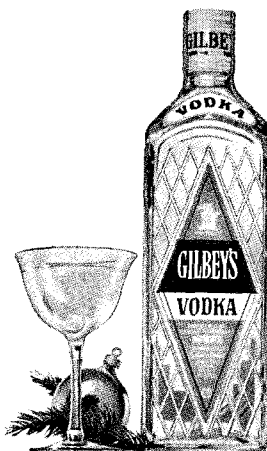




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The Atlantic Report THAILAND



THE golden-spired city of Bangkok is the capital of Thailand and the new crossroads of the Orient, a meeting place, as one traveler described it, of the world and of the ages. Twenty-five international airlines put down at Don Muang Airport among a patchwork of green rice fields on the rich Menam Plain. Almost every day the observation gallery has a complement of saffron-robed Buddhist monks, shading their shaven heads from the tropical sun with faded umbrellas and watching with curiosity the cosmopolitan crowd below.

To this gay and colorful airport scene this fall was added the more somber presence of a large number of U.S. Army transport planes and their crews, a reminder not only of the crises that have enveloped all of Thailand's neighbors but of Bangkok's other role: SEATO headquarters and the free world's capital in Southeast Asia.

Created ten years ago to keep the peace in Southeast Asia and to halt the advance of militant Communism, SEATO has never achieved the spectacular and only rarely essayed the successful. But its choice of Bangkok for its headquarters was felicitous.

At the first SEATO council meeting in 1955 laborers armed with spray pumps paraded through the city's run-down hotels to asphyxiate the mosquitoes, if not the guests, with clouds of acrid smoke. Dogcatchers seized thousands of Asia's mangiest specimens in the streets. And special guides politely tried to divert delegates' automobiles along roads that were only moderately rutted. Today Bangkok's modern hotels proliferate. Concrete roads run where once there were malodorous canals. New blocks of office buildings reflect an ever-increasing prosperity. And Thailand itself remains the stoutest friend and ally of the United States in all Southeast Asia.

Indicators of stability

Muong Thai, or Thailand, means simply Land of the Free. Alone among the countries of Southeast Asia it was never a colony. Spared, therefore, from much of the inner turmoil and the struggles

for independence that have convulsed its neighbors since the end of World War II, it has long been accustomed to the task of self-government and has no residual resentment against the West for real or imagined colonial wrongs.

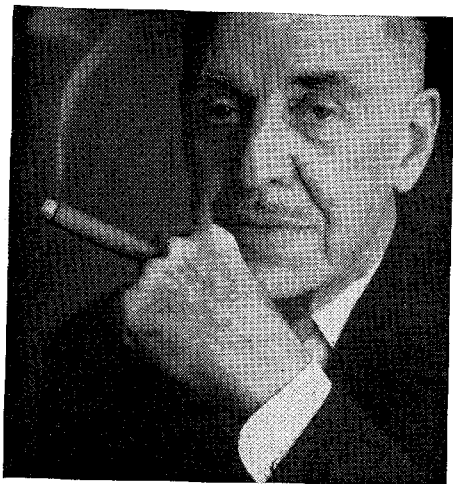
By Asian standards it is rich, and rich in potential. The peasantry is not vulnerable to Communist promises of land reform: 80 percent of all farmers own their own land. Though its people now number twenty-nine million, and are increasing rapidly, there is no pressure of population on resources. In fact, Thailand could comfortably support a population several times its present size. Rice production runs to more than eight million tons and earns close to \$100 million a year in export. Rubber, tin, and teak are other important sources of export revenue, and the economy generally has been growing at more than 7 percent a year.

These are all healthy indicators of stability, and Thailand has been the most stable of all Southeast Asian countries. Yet, as the Thais have become uncomfortably aware, the problems of survival are constantly growing more difficult.

The recent offer of twenty-five scholarships to Thai students by a friendly government provided a striking illustration of one internal weakness. The scholarships were competitive: twenty-three of the successful applicants were Chinese and only two Thais. Of Bangkok's population of two million about half are Chinese. They dominate the country's commerce, and by their wealth and industry they are a potent force behind government. They are also more prone to Communist subversion than the native-born and easygoing Buddhist Thais.

Ripe for subversion

Even more serious minority problems exist in the fifteen northeastern provinces, where about eight million inhabitants are Laos, not Thais. They speak the Lao dialect and in the past have felt that they have more in common with their kin across the Mekong than they have with Bang-



Man with an Idea

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WORLD LEADER IN LUXURY CIGARS.



Report on Thailand

kok, which for years turned its back on the northeast. Dissident northeastern leaders have habitually looked to their Lao cousins for support. During the days of the short-lived Laotian revolt against the returning French in 1946, northeastern Thailand became a sanctuary for Prince Souphanouvong and other Lao leaders, Communist and non-Communist.

In more recent times, the Communist Pathet Lao has been active in the northeast. Its agents can move across the 1000-mile border with impunity. Since the government's administrative apparatus does not get below the district level, and the villages, in effect, govern themselves, Pathet Lao agents have encountered few obstacles in their subversive path. One police officer and two men, with no means of transport other than their own feet, are often responsible for twenty or more villages in the northeast. For months at a time the monsoons prevent them from making even routine inspections. Since there are no telephones and no means of radio communication, the Communists could take over a whole series of villages and Bangkok might never learn of it.

A small Vietnamese minority, which plays in the northeast the same economic role as the Chinese in Bangkok, has been whittled down to about 35,000 by compulsory migration to North Vietnam. Enough remain, however, to cause trouble. It was among these people in this region that Ho Chi Minh, the North Vietnamese Communist leader, began his revolutionary activities in Southeast Asia more than thirty years ago. He is still very much of a hero to his expatriate countrymen. Thai intelligence in the area is patchy, but there appears to be enough hard evidence to confirm the report that at least two small guerrilla forces are training in the mountains of the northeast.

A similar situation exists on Thailand's southern border. Most of the inhabitants of the four southernmost provinces, with a population of about a million, are Muslim Malays, with an urban crust of Chinese.

Ten years ago the central executive committee of the Malayan Communist Party, at that time hampered in its unsuccessful attempt to take over Malaya by armed force, sought sanctuary in southern Thailand near the town of Betong. There, unmolested, the Malays have lived ever since.

Their relations with the local population are excellent. Now five hundred strong, they have won friends by paying for their food and other goods and have launched what appears to be an effective propaganda campaign among the Malays, promising that the inhabitants of the four provinces will be joined with their Muslim brothers in Malaya as soon as Malaysia has been crushed by Indonesia. While there is no indication that these Communist dissidents, either in the northeast or in the south, have any immediate plans for moving from subversion to insurgency, the potential exists.

Development for the northeast

Under the firm hand of the late Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, and with encouragement and assistance from the United States and other of Thailand's SEATO allies, a development program for the northeast began belatedly to make up for some past neglect. The United States is now extending the Friendship Highway, which begins in the Menam Plain and runs east to Korat. It will run north to the Laotian border and service a network of feeder roads.

Good results have already been achieved with crop diversification, and there are plans to spend about \$200 million in a general northeastern development program. Water storage and reticulation power generation, the creation of agricultural services and improvement units, and, where necessary, a land-reform program are all planned. The aim is to raise the living standard of the northeast to a level comparable with that in other regions, and to give its people a sense of identity with and loyalty to Thailand.

With unlimited time and external aid, this might prove practicable. Under present circumstances, the best that Bangkok can really hope for is to show its goodwill and in-

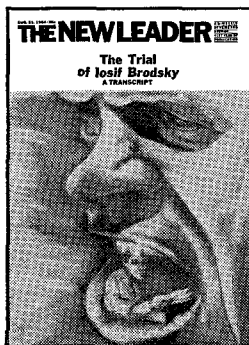
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A-1

The coupon above will bring you an ungrateful little biweekly magazine called the New Leader.

It doesn't pay its contributors for their articles. (Yet it often has the gall to argue with them publicly in its editorial columns.) It also regularly infuriates its readers and financial supporters.

Recently it upset so many of them by running Irving Kristol's hard-headed and, some thought, hard-hearted analysis of poverty in the U.S.A., that it had to devote the better part of two subsequent issues to rebuttals.

Soon afterward, it outraged some of its most influential subscribers—including members of Congress, and almost everybody at the State Department—by publishing a biting series of articles by Theodore Draper on U.S.-Cuban relations. Among other things, these articles revealed a well-kept secret: that the State Department had made an undercover attempt at *rapprochement* with Castro way back in 1960—including an offer of aid.)

But don't think it's just The New Leader's political articles that bite into its readers. More than one devoted sub-

scriber has yelped at an Albert Bermel drama review, a John Simon movie review, a Hilton Kramer art column, a David Boroff piece on the TV scene, or Dika Newlin on music. And some readers of gadfly literary critic Stanley Edgar Hyman do more than just yelp. A longtime subscriber, Mrs. M. of Wichita, Kansas, finally gave up and cancelled after reading Hyman's provocative column "In Defense of Pornography."

Why then, one wonders, does this ungrateful little magazine continue to have any writers, readers, or financial supporters. The first part of this question is the easiest to answer.

Men like (and as unlike as) Daniel Bell, Eric Bentley, Juan Bosch, Milovan Djilas, Ralph Ellison, Louis Fischer, Michael Harrington, Sidney Hook, Hubert H. Humphrey, George F. Kennan, Martin Luther King Jr., Marvin Kitman, Robert Lekachman, George Lichtheim, S. L. A. Marshall, Karl E. Meyer, Hans J. Morgenthau, Howard Nemerov, Reinhold Niebuhr, A. H. Ras-kin, John P. Roche, Bertrand Russell, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Jacques Sous-

telle, and Ronald Steel continue to contribute articles without pay to The New Leader for just three reasons: It will let them say what they want to say, the way they want to say it, to the people they want to say it to.

Which brings us to the part about the people who read The New Leader.

There aren't very many of them. The New Leader's total circulation is equal to only 0.022% of the adult population of the United States.

But it is a pretty special 0.022%.

Senator Paul Douglas reads The New Leader. And Willy Brandt reads The New Leader. And T. S. Eliot, John Dos Passos, Chet Huntley, Marvin Kalb, Dwight Macdonald, Richard C. Hottelet, Norman Cousins, William F. Buckley Jr., Leo Cherne and Max Lerner read The New Leader.

And the editors of The New York Times, Time Magazine, Fortune, Life, The Washington Post, The New York Post, and the St. Louis Post Dispatch (all of which have sometimes quoted from, praised, criticized, or publicly argued with The New Leader) read The New Leader. And the members of the Overseas Press Club (which has awarded its Citation for the "best magazine reporting of foreign affairs" to The New Leader) read The New Leader. And that's almost 0.022% of the adult population of the United States right there.

Presumably all these people continue to read The New Leader—even though it frequently infuriates them—because it airs facts, ideas, insights, and viewpoints long before they get aired anywhere else. As Murray Kempton put it, "The New Leader has always been about two years ahead of The New York Times in telling you what is going on in the world."

We think there are probably about 5,000 more people who would find this an adequate reason to subscribe. 5,000 more people who would enjoy and be stimulated by this toothy, audacious, ungrateful little magazine which they will find prophetic, candid, irritating, revealing, and—sometimes—even wrong.

Our coupon gives you a chance to find out whether or not you are one of them. It will bring you a year's subscription, 26 issues, for \$4.50. (Less than half the newsstand price.) If, after four issues, you feel you've been bitten too much and you'd like to tear up your subscription and send us the pieces, go ahead. We'll refund the balance. Or write us a furious letter, if you feel that that would be revenge enough. We'll probably publish it.

The New Leader *does* give its readers plenty of chances to bite back.

The New Leader

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Report on Thailand

tention. Backward as the living con-
ditions of the northeasterners may
be, they are much better than those
in most Laotian villages.

For a long time northeasterners
visiting Laos (without any formal-
ities of passports and customs) put
their cousins' lack of amenities down
to the inadequacies of French colo-
nialism. Today, those who have seen
the glitter of Bangkok — and the
Thai government has sponsored
many visits — seem to appreciate
that Thailand does have more to
offer than does any arrangement
they might enter into with Laos.
This attitude may well be strength-
ened if Field Marshal Thanom Kitti-
kachorn, who took power on Sarit's
death, succeeds with his proposed
constitutional reforms and ends the
more unpopular aspects of military
rule, including the unashamed use
of power for personal gain.

New leadership

Sarit gave Thailand its most ef-
fective government since the end of
World War II. Taking over at
a time when Thailand's loyalty to
the free world was in doubt, he cut
the growing links with China and
restored confidence in the American
alliance. As a means of strengthen-
ing the consciousness of a Thai
identity, he helped, with the willing
cooperation of shy but witty King
Phumiphon and the exquisitely beau-
tiful Queen Sirikit, to rekindle the
affections of the people for the
monarchy.

Sarit modernized Bangkok and
inspired much of the work in outly-
ing provinces, especially the critical
northeast. But he had his hand in
the till and indulged his lascivious
tastes in a way that stunned the
easygoing Thais when it was re-
vealed at his death. By the most
conservative estimate he left an
estate worth \$100 million, all of it
put together by influence or graft.
He also left an array of second wives
and concubines unmatched in Thai-
land during the past century.

Thanom, now fifty-three, was a
loyal lieutenant to Sarit, though he
is well known for his personal in-
tegrity. If he shared few of the
Marshal's weaknesses, he also had

few of his strengths. His interests
have always been more professional
than political or commercial. He
does not have Sarit's ambition and
drive. But he believes that the coun-
try cannot afford a repetition of the
Sarit scandal.

Thanom survived his first three
months in office partly because it
was considered unseemly to indulge
in power manipulations while Sarit
awaited cremation in his golden urn.
Subsequently, the Sarit disclosures
served to lessen the chances of the
strongest of his rivals, General Pra-
phas Charasathien, Minister of the
Interior and Deputy Prime Minister,
whose reputation for profit making
was exceeded only by that of Sarit.

Unable to marshal the support he
needed for a coup d'etat, Praphas
currently appears content to exer-
cise power behind the scenes, at the
same time taking care to ensure that
other aspirants for power, notably
the commander of the First Army,
General Kris Sivara, are restrained
by appropriate checks and balances.
While this situation persists, Tha-
nom appears secure.

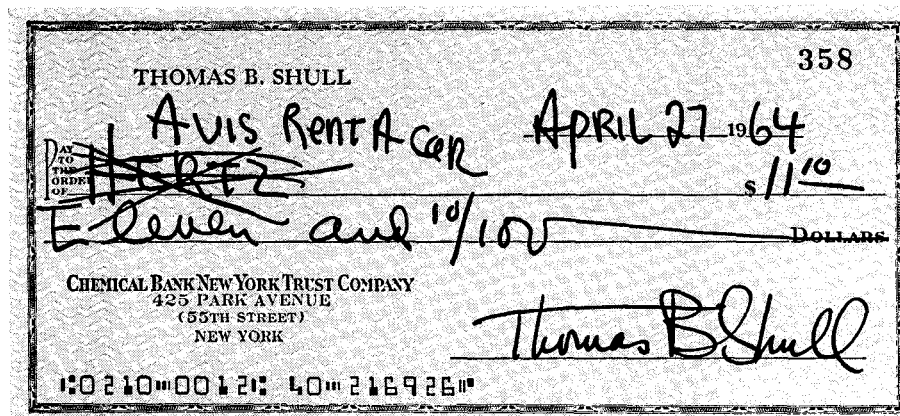
He is sincere in his belief that the
time has come to end martial law.
At his direction Prince Wan, an
uncle of the King and former Presi-
dent of the U.N. General Assembly,
has accelerated work on the new
constitution, which is based largely
on British procedure.

Under its proposed terms, there
will be an elected lower house of
about 200 members and a somewhat
smaller upper house, which will
have veto rights but no power to
initiate legislation. The Prime Min-
ister will be appointed by the King
after consultation with the leaders
of the two houses. If all goes well,
the first elections under the new
constitution will be held next year.

Wanted: assurances

Unfortunately, all is not going
well elsewhere in Southeast Asia,
and there are many Thai military
men who feel that their country's
fate should not be entrusted at this
time to elected civilians. They fear
that elections will reflect neutralist
tendencies and that Buddhist politi-
cal ambitions, given the chance, will
follow the undesirable example of
Ceylon and South Vietnam.

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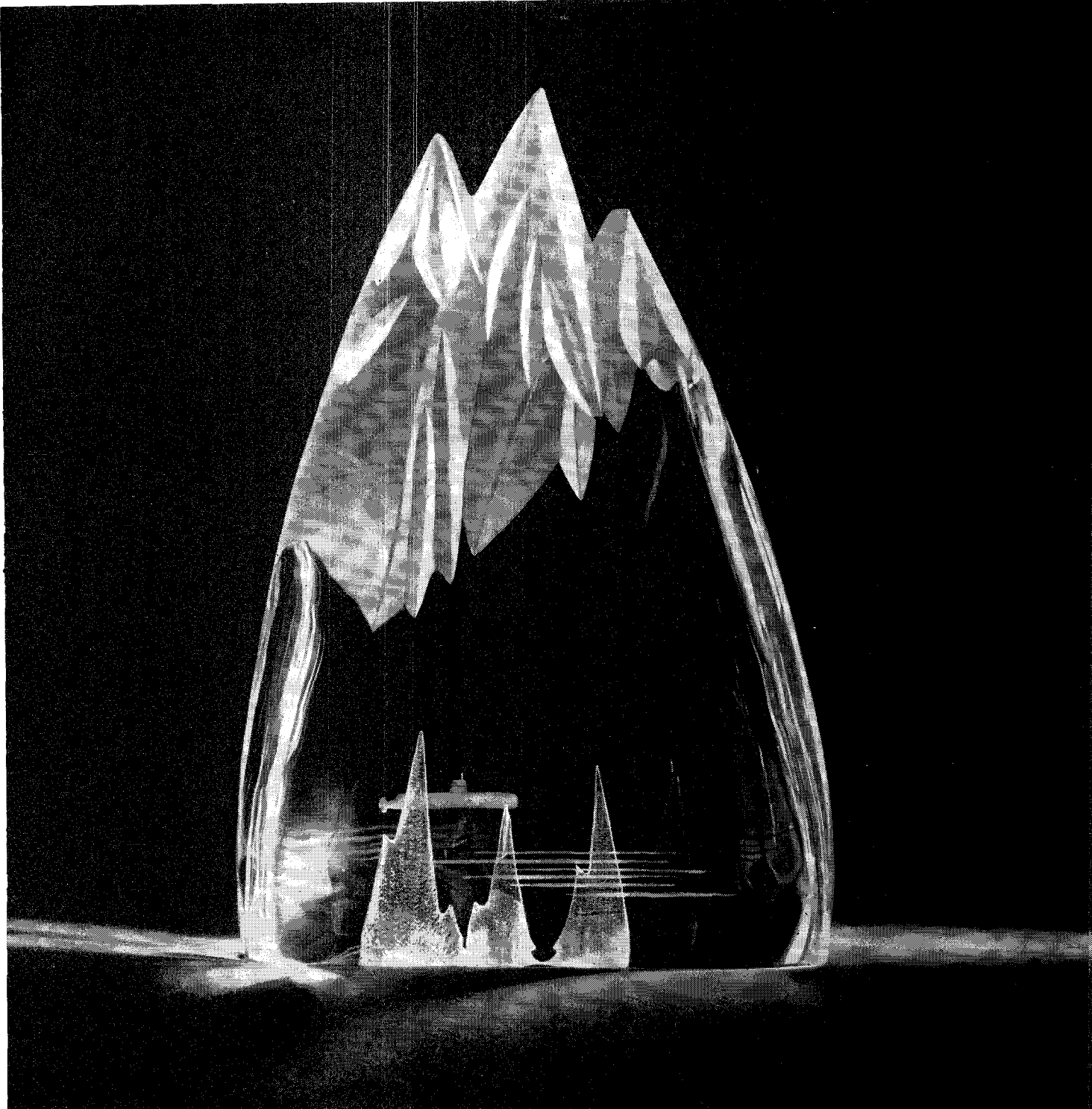
Fourth in the series *OUR BEST HIGH SCHOOLS*

Report on Thailand

There have been times when members even of the present Thai government have expressed some qualified doubts about Thailand's close military tie-up with the West. They were sorely disappointed with SEATO's restraint on the Laotian situation. They also disapproved of the 1962 Geneva Agreement on Laos, signing it with reluctance only after extracting from the United States an assurance that SEATO would impose individual as well as collective responsibilities on its members and that these responsibilities would be met by the United States if Thailand were threatened.

"Neutralization is not a solution but rather a temporary expedient, or at best a moratorium, before ultimate surrender and subjection takes place," wrote Thanat Khoman, the Foreign Minister, in a recent article in *Foreign Affairs*. But Thanat himself is among those who have used neutralization as a half threat in the past to press acceptance of a Thai point of view. With the deterioration in Laos and South Vietnam, Thailand again sought assurances from Washington, and from other allies, that it would not be left in the lurch. "We know all about the falling dominoes theory," said one cabinet minister. "If you'll look at the map you'll see that Thailand and Malaysia are about the only Southeast Asian dominoes left." U.S. military aircraft on the tarmac at Don Muang are one assurance, but the specific guarantees which the Thais would like have not been spelled out.

During the summer there was no panic. General Maxwell Taylor's appointment as ambassador to South Vietnam seemed a genuine pledge of U.S. intention. By the beginning of fall, however, when it had become apparent that Taylor's presence in Saigon worked no particular magic with its generals and politicians, there were signs that despite Thant's good intentions, the maintenance of Bangkok's role as the stable capital of the free world in Southeast Asia might ultimately need not only the fullest and frankest assurances but, if the South Vietnam decline continued, even more of a physical American presence.



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The Atlantic Report LONDON



IF BRITAIN's momentous 1964 general election was a clear victory for anyone, it was a victory for liberals. But the Liberal Party, although it won substantial popular support, was almost utterly defeated by the electoral system. The British system has no room for third parties. Nevertheless, the nine Liberal Party members were immediately put in a strong position in Parliament.

The closeness of the vote, the close approach of the two main-party platforms in the bid for middle-of-the-road votes, the size of the Liberal vote, the rejection of the Tory leadership, all these things underlined the new significance that the liberal attitude has for British politics now and in the immediate future.

This attitude has been defined by Professor Max Beloff of Oxford as "a concern for individuals that makes possible plans for social action that do not weaken the sense of personal initiative and personal responsibility to the point where the social order must be sustained by a degree of state control, wasteful in itself, and relying upon an unacceptable degree of coercion."

It has also been remarked that Harold Wilson himself as a student at Oxford was a member of, and indeed an official of, the university Liberal Party, and not, as many people seem to have assumed, a left-wing socialist. Wilson's basic liberalism made him feel especially close in political attitude to President Kennedy. And the whole liberal trend in the United Kingdom, particularly when it is considered alongside De Gaulle's anti-Americanism, suggests that Great Britain is likely to move closer to the United States.

There is one other highly significant aspect of this strange election: politically the United Kingdom has become "two nations." The north of England and Scotland went Labor in a landslide. The majorities were as great as, and in some cases greater than, the Labor majorities in the famous 1945 landslide, when after the war, and even with Churchill leading the Tories, the socialists swept into power.

The south of England, overcrowded already, nevertheless has a serious labor shortage. It enjoys a scale of prosperity that is as yet unknown north of the English Midlands. The north still has an unemployment problem, and the farther north one goes the larger and more intractable it seems.

The traditional Labor attitude thus still has very strong support in Britain. Prime Minister Wilson and Parliament have to adjust to it or meet a very strong left-wing reaction. The question, however, is how far Wilson can go in forcing through the more controversial of Labor's proposals without losing his slender control of power.

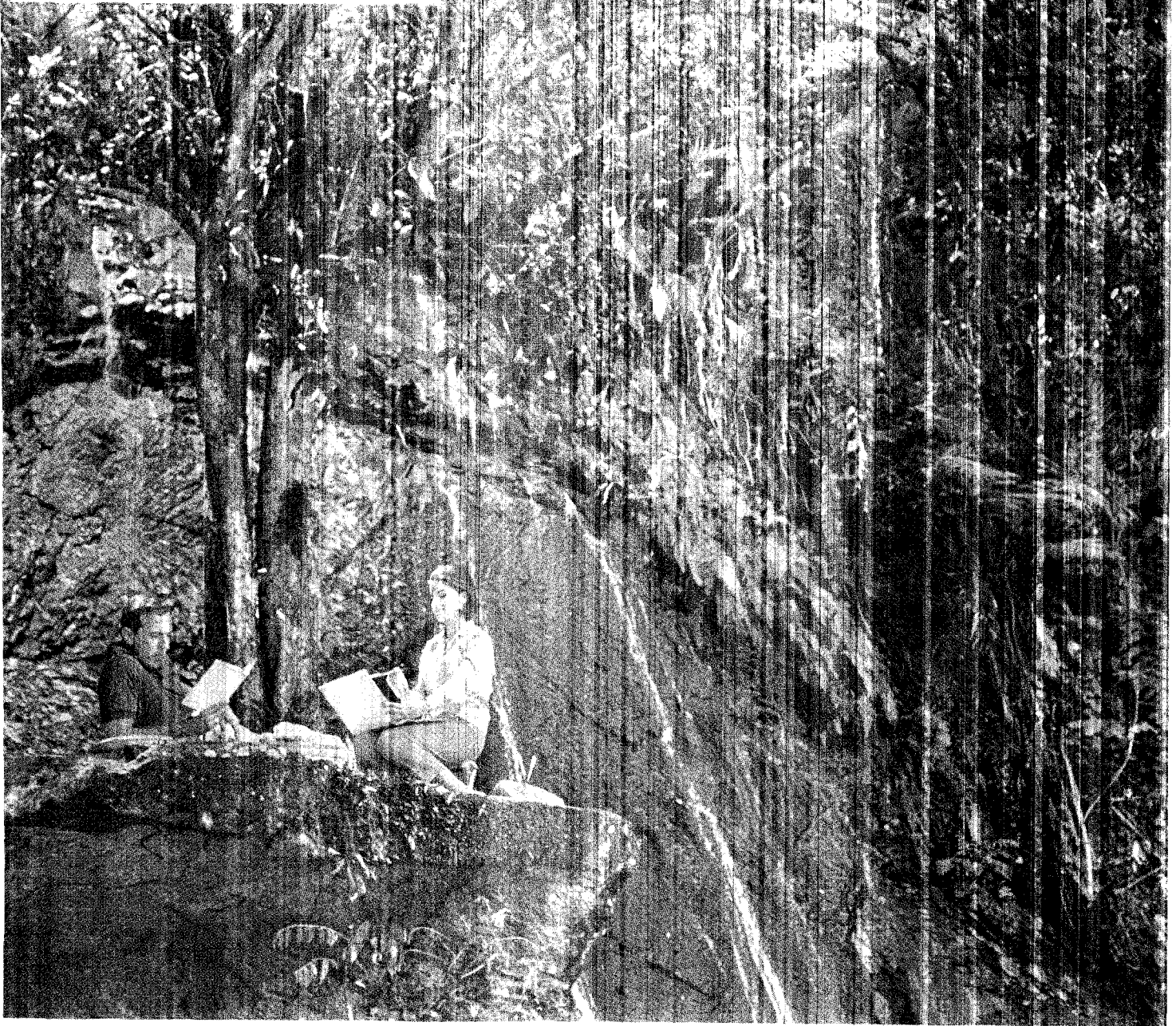
Labor's program

Labor's plans originally included a new Ministry of Economic Planning, functioning through regional planning boards; nationalization of steel and of the water supply and of part of the road-transport industry; and the purchase of new building land "for the nation" by a new Land Commission. In the area of defense, Labor is pledged to abandon Britain's deterrent and to renegotiate with the United States the Nassau agreement, which gave Britain the prospect of Polaris submarines instead of Skybolt missiles.

In welfare, Labor has promised to raise all benefits and pensions and to link them in the future to average earnings. In taxation, Labor insists on introducing a full capital gains tax and is pledged to "change the tax system to encourage industries and firms to export more." All parties favor a huge increase in educational facilities and in scientific development.

To pay for its expensive welfare, educational, and scientific programs, and to support nationalized industries that do not make profits, the Labor government must maintain a 4 percent, or perhaps 5 percent, rate of economic growth. Here it finds itself immediately in difficulties. It has first to restore the balance of payments.

The major problems that Great Britain has to face would test even a strongly entrenched



Plastics manufacturer Brent Pendleton and his wife Dina relax at El Yunque rain-forest.

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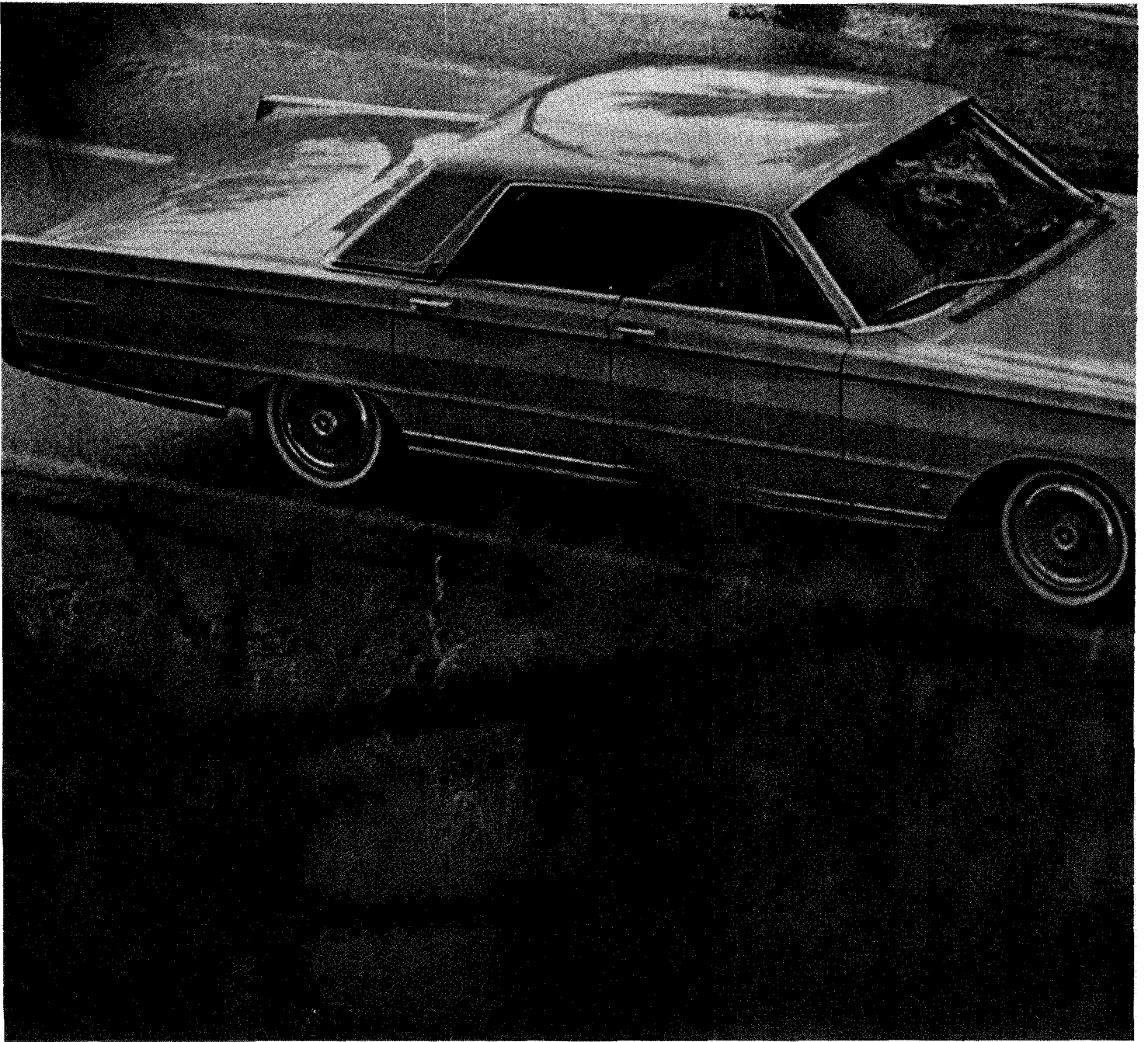
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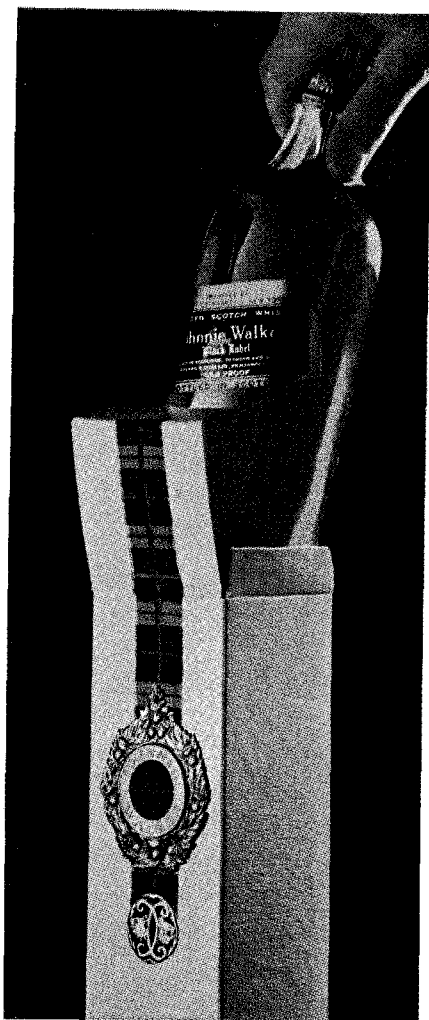
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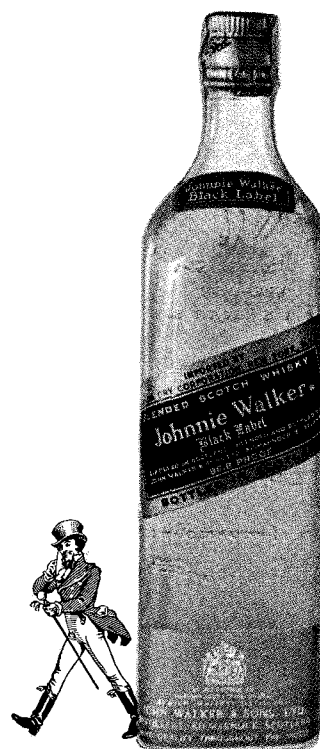


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Report on London

government. They can be summarized as follows: relations with the United States, particularly with regard to the multilateral force; relations with Europe, particularly with regard to probable measures which will be taken within the Common Market to make a start on political union; relations with the Commonwealth, particularly with regard to Africa, especially Southern Rhodesia; economic growth, and the deficit in the balance of payments, which threatens to mortgage Britain's entire gold and foreign currency reserves within eighteen months; inflation, welfare, and transportation. On so crowded an island, with an increasing population, a balance has to be struck between public transport and private transport which will halt the constant rise of transportation costs and release the brake upon national growth.

If it ever gets time, the new government will also have to consider trades union reform, House of Lords reform, and tax reform.

In the long run the most significant of these problems may well be relations with Europe and with the United States. Sir Alec Douglas-Home during the election campaign made a particular point of claiming that because of Britain's long-established independent deterrent, its Prime Minister sits "with the Chairman of the U.S.S.R. and the President of the United States" when the truly great issues are decided.

But with or without a deterrent those days may be gone. Certainly if it were ever to "join Europe," Britain would have to renounce its claim to be Europe's permanent representative at the summit. And the likelihood has to be faced that with or without Britain, Europe may take some steps at least toward political union, even if it has to allow De Gaulle to call the tune. The affairs of the Common Market, now that it is 60 percent of the way toward full trade freedom, have reached a point where the momentum must be maintained or the whole project will fall to the ground. And momentum can probably be

maintained only by steps toward economic, monetary, and fiscal union, which are essentially political steps.

Britain will be forced to react to any measures of political union that are taken. It may also find that for economic reasons it will have to come closer to the six countries of the European Economic Community, for it urgently requires that market for its exports if substantial growth is to be maintained. The European Free Trade Association, in which Great Britain's exports have grown swiftly and steadily, may have to merge with or become the trade partner of the Common Market.

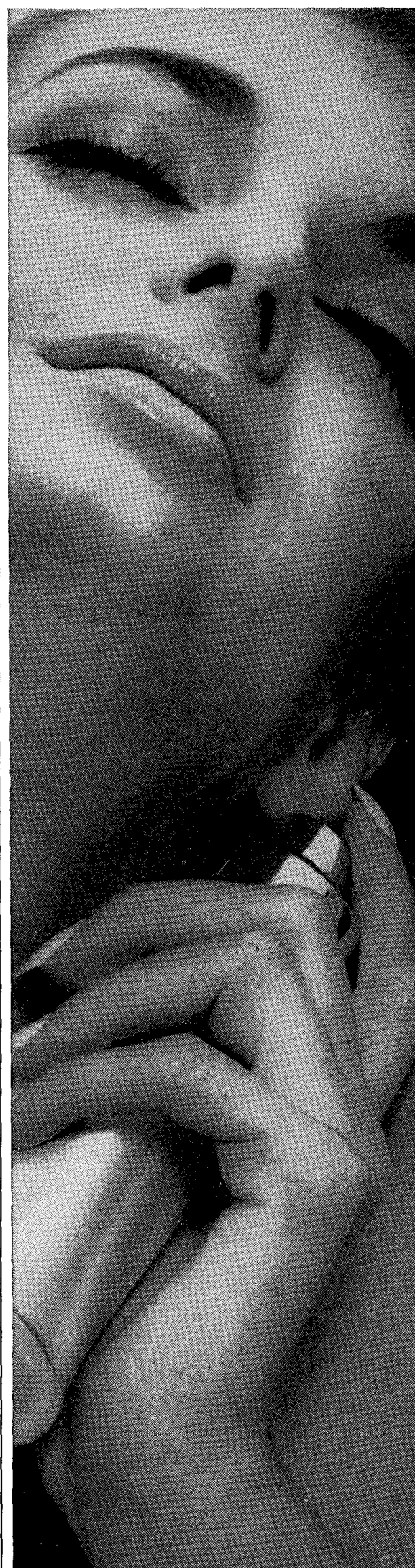
Growth versus balance

The most immediate problem facing the new government is that of economic growth itself. The last months of the Tory government, while they produced no crisis, made it clear to all that the secret of steady growth for Britain has yet to be discovered.

Reginald Maudling, the Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer, had been unusually successful in steering a course between overexpansion and stagnation. The 4 percent growth rate was achieved. On that score his critics were confounded. But once again when growth was achieved the balance of payments went awry. Imports grew. Exports failed to expand equally fast. Invisibles, while strong, failed to cover the gap.

The position of balance has to be restored fairly quickly. For although Britain has huge drawing rights against the International Monetary Fund and other sources of credit, the deficit, if it continued, could swallow the reserves that stand security for those borrowings within eighteen months. The new government will be loath to hike interest rates very high or to restrict credit, and therefore investment, very severely. That sort of remedy is considered out of date. The cure is as bad as the disease.

The government may well try unconventional methods instead. It can, for instance, adopt a two-tier system of interest rates, low for home investment, high for overseas deposits. It can subsidize exports indirectly, through a rebated turnover



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Still Strictly A Family Affair

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.,
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



After more than 60 years as President of our family distillery, my father, the long-time editor of these familiar columns, assumes the title of "Senior Proprietor".

As a rugged independent of the old-fashioned Kentucky Sour Mash School, he prefers this title to the customary "Chairman of the Board".

"Chairmen," he claims, "are on the last step up the ladder. Senior Proprietors are on the rung after that!"

Now, in a gesture both modest and generous, he hands his pen to me to acquaint you with *two* promotions, his *and* mine. After more than a quarter-century under his direction, "aged-in-the-wood and bottle-ripe", he now names me OLD FITZGERALD's President.

Traditionally, the making and aging of old-fashioned Kentucky Bourbon has always been a family enterprise—a father-to-son affair in which the family recipe, so carefully protected through the years, is preserved for the generations to come.

Thus, as one of a dwindling handful of Kentucky independents, our modest country distillery remains, now as always, "strictly a family affair."

And so committed are we to the best tradition of old-fashioned Kentucky sour mash that our OLD FITZGERALD recipe remains today as it was three fathers-and-sons ago.

With my father's pen now in hand, I assure you it will always be so. Whatever change the future may bring, there will be no compromise of famous OLD FITZGERALD quality.

In the words of our newly-appointed Senior Proprietor: "We invite you to join an Inner Circle of the Bourbon Elite who have discovered the everlasting goodness of our OLD FITZGERALD, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends."

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at Mellow 100 Proof

Report on London

tax, as some European countries do. It has already put a 15 percent tax on imports, and it can make the matter of financing imported stocks almost too expensive to contemplate.

Halting the rise in prices

But these are very short-term measures, and they are likely to be self-defeating. The shared experience of all Europe—shared through the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development in Paris—shows that when it is rising prices that disturb the balance of payments, the only effective cure is to halt the rise in prices.

There has been some argument whether Britain's export prices are in fact too high. It is claimed that Europe's have been rising faster. And so they have in the past eighteen months. The Economic Commission for Europe, noting this, has predicted a faster growth this winter for British exports. Yet if one takes the figures for a five-year period, the outlook seems less optimistic. French export prices since 1958 (when the franc was devalued) have risen on average less than 5 percent. German prices have risen 8 percent. Italian prices have risen only 3 percent. But British export prices have risen 10 percent.

Before the election, the Board of Trade admitted: "There has been a pause in the growth of exports in recent months. In the last three months their volume was 4 per cent less than in the previous three."

To halt the rise in prices must therefore become a prime aim of the new government. Ordinary humanity, as well as its own welfare promises, demands it. Britain's welfare state has fallen behind in quality. Its retirement pensions, for instance, now are 15 percent below those of Holland and Germany. They buy so little that one in five of Britain's 5,800,000 pensioners draws the supplementary National Assistance each week, a hated sign of poverty.

Getting people around

There is also a problem of equal urgency to which little attention has yet been given by overseas commentators, or even by British economists.

That is the transportation problem. Town planners and Labor politicians tend to rely upon the argument that public transport must be expanded and that the costs must be borne by fresh taxes on private transport, and are willing to leave it at that. But it cannot be left at that.

Since 1953 about \$15.5 billion has been raised in taxes on private transport. Only some \$1.5 billion has been spent on new or improved roads. This alone makes congestion inevitable. But at the same time, with taxes and spending for roads entirely dissociated, the roads appear to their users to be "free." Congestion becomes doubly inevitable.

Meanwhile, the railroads, already nationalized, have been losing money at the rate of more than \$400 million a year. This loss is a brake on economic growth. It means that the railroads cannot pay their employees a decent wage. It means also continuous annual increases in fares and freights, making price inflation virtually inevitable.

The automobile industry is by now vital to Britain's growth. This year its export performance and its productive performance have been relatively better than those of either Germany or France. What is required, therefore, is a balanced transportation system that is neither a brake upon growth nor a constant spur to the rise of prices.

Here, as elsewhere, what Britain most requires is a balance between community interests and individual liberty. This, as the British see it, is the very essence of the general task that the electors will demand of their new government. This is the significance of October, 1964.

The Tories take stock

For many of the younger Tories, the disappointment at defeat was lessened in a way by the fact of Wilson's slim majority. Particularly if there is an economic crisis, this could mean a short life for the Labor government. And as these younger Tories see it, the party needs time to rethink its policies and to establish a new chain of command.

Douglas-Home almost brought off a miracle. He took over the Tory

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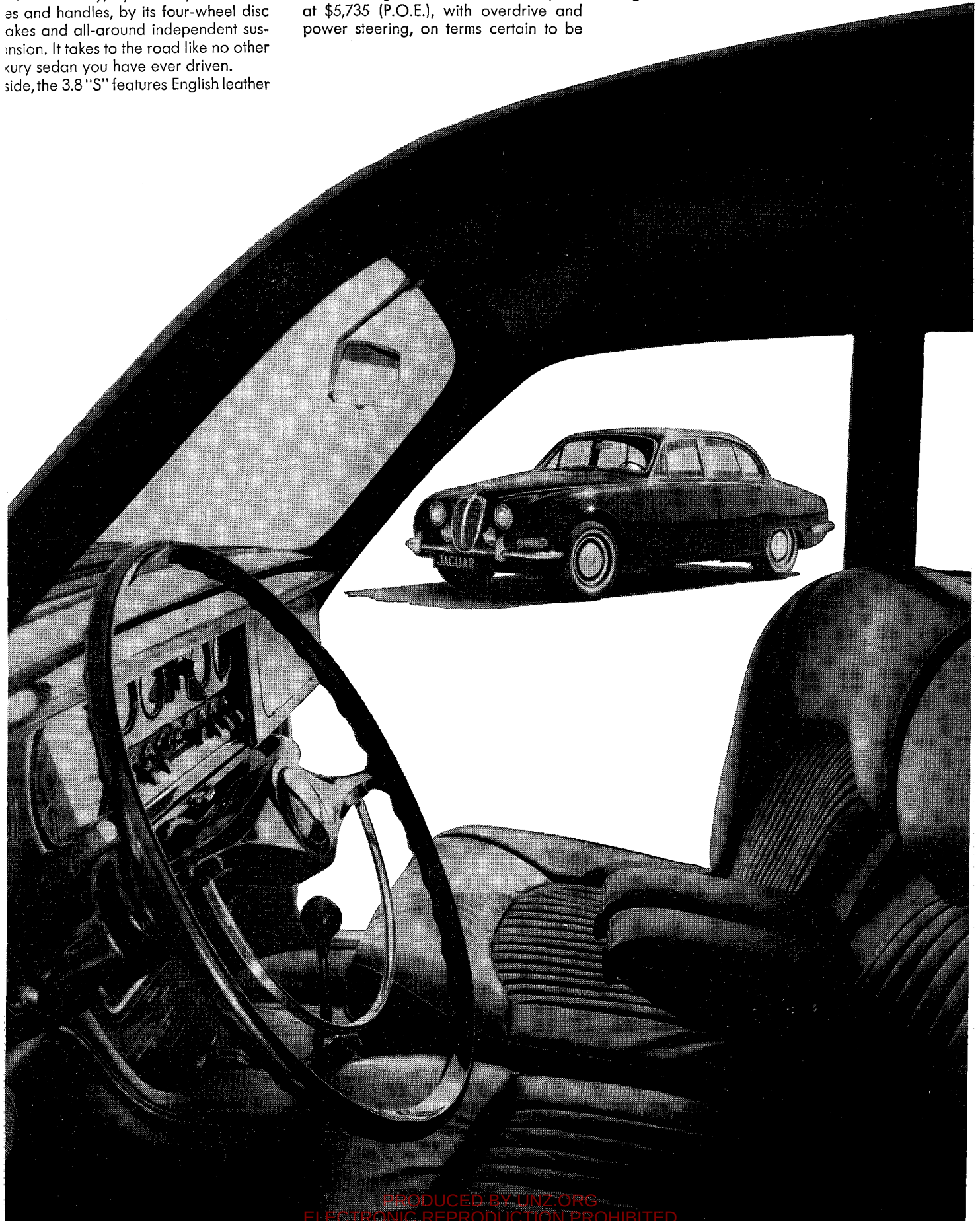
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Report on London

This business of "getting what you pay for" certainly holds for liqueurs. Take Crème de Menthe, for example.

Is it true that some are better than others? Of course it is, and the better ones cost more...for good reasons. Nowhere in the world does mint grow as flavorful and fragrant as in France and the United Kingdom. So the best Crème de Menthe must be produced from these leaves, and they must be plucked at their peak and processed immediately to preserve their full flavor.

Mint leaves, tender and fragrant, are vital to a superb Crème de Menthe. But that's not all. The liqueur must be bottled as soon as possible after it is made. For this is one sure way to capture its true flavor and delicacy. One liqueur producer still takes such pains with Crème de Menthe—and 18 other delicious flavors—all made and bottled in France.

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party at the nadir of its reputation, when a crushing defeat at the polls seemed almost inevitable. Yet he nearly won.

But Douglas-Home is the Establishment personified — the gifted amateur politician with little grasp of economic or social problems, a great landowner, an earl descended from the Duke of Marlborough and related to most of the other great political and financial dukes, earls, and viscounts of England.

Home undoubtedly will fight to retain the leadership of the Conservative Party. To him this is what the aristocracy is for; he believes that it is his duty to lead. But the rank and file of supporters are bound to turn to different, younger men with different backgrounds and ideas.

Maudling has very strong support. He is a rich man from a public school and Oxford background. But he is plain "Mister" and the same age as Wilson. Sir Edward Boyle, a third baronet, is another product of Eton and Oxford, and he is younger still — barely forty. Edward Heath, who unsuccessfully negotiated for Britain's entry into the Common Market, is a solid middle-class professional politician. But he did not shine in the election and has virtually no public following.

Ian Macleod, however, could make a comeback. A young liberal Conservative who held cabinet rank, he resigned when Home was made Prime Minister. One dark horse is Enoch Powell, the "conscience of the party." A stern, high-principled, thoughtful right-winger, Powell conceivably could benefit if there were opposition to the progressive liberalism of the other candidates for party leader.

Another liberal Tory, Aubrey Jones, once Minister of Fuel and Power, has written that the Tories lost the election because "they lost their hold on the middle class." The Tory party has, he says, also lost touch with young scientists, professional men, and business executives. To win again, it must regain that touch.



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The Atlantic Report MALTA



MILLIONS of years ago the Mediterranean Sea was apparently no more than a series of shallow inland lakes. Then, owing to some unknown natural cataclysm, the ocean swept in. Almost the only remnant of the continuation of the Italian isthmus hitherto joining Europe to Africa was the tiny Maltese archipelago, comprising Malta, Gozo, and Comino, with a total land area of 122 square miles. Proof of this great prehistoric event can be found in the caves of Malta, where the bones of giant extinct animals still abound, marooned when groping their way slowly southward to Africa as the Ice Age in Europe advanced.

The Phoenicians formed the first colony sixteen hundred years before Christ; they were followed by the ancient Greeks, and they by the Carthaginians, who here, as elsewhere, fell at last to the Romans. On the downfall of the Roman Empire, Vandals and Goths fought over the spoils.

As the Dark Ages began to recede, Malta was loosely reattached to what remained of the fragmented Roman Empire in Byzantium. The relief from barbarism lasted only a short time before marauding Arabs took over. In 1090 the Count of Sicily, and after him a whole series of European nobles and monarchs, extended their nominal sovereignty over the island, leaving the people to look after themselves.

In 1530 the Emperor Charles V of Spain magnanimously, according to his lights, gave Malta as the private possession of the Christian Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, to be held by them in perpetuity as compensation for the loss at Saracen hands of their older, traditional homeland in Rhodes. Thus Malta remains the only example in the world of a country once *owned* by a religious order, whose sway continued until Napoleon's sudden assault and the long British rule that followed his downfall.

During all these troubled centuries three crises stand out. The first was in 1565, when the Christian Knights and their Maltese subjects successfully resisted a long, bloody siege by superior

Turkish forces bent, in a final desperate fling, on replacing the Cross with the Mohammedan Crescent within Western Europe.

The second was in 1798, when the unarmed peasant inhabitants, on their own initiative, rose against Napoleon's occupying army and fought and beat it almost to a standstill before the invading British forces were landed to assist them and become their last foreign "patrons."

The third was during the last world war. The unexampled heroism of the forces stationed there and of all the inhabitants, who refused to surrender, although often near starvation, to endless heavy bombing attacks by Nazi and fascist planes, earned the Maltese their proudest possession. This, the George Cross, Britain's highest decoration — awarded by King George VI not, as usual, to individuals, but to the whole island and its people forever — is now embodied in their new national flag. Thereafter, a long climb to sovereign independence began.

The road to freedom

The fact that the process of full freedom has taken so long is due to several factors. The islands have always held such a strategic, indeed commanding, position in the Mediterranean that Britain has never felt able to contemplate yielding control to any hostile or potentially hostile power. The population, too, is so small — about 330,000 men, women, and children — and the natural resources of the islands so negligible that remorseless economic needs have for centuries driven the Maltese to accept their protection and sustenance from outside. All they have had, and still have, to offer in exchange has been their militarily strategic situation.

This problem has still not been resolved for them; perhaps it never will be. Indeed, to some extent it has become more crucial, because with the decline of traditional naval power requiring large-scale dockyards and refueling facilities, the price that they can demand for their loyalty has in itself inevitably been reduced. Even so, on the

on the never-ending joys of diamonds

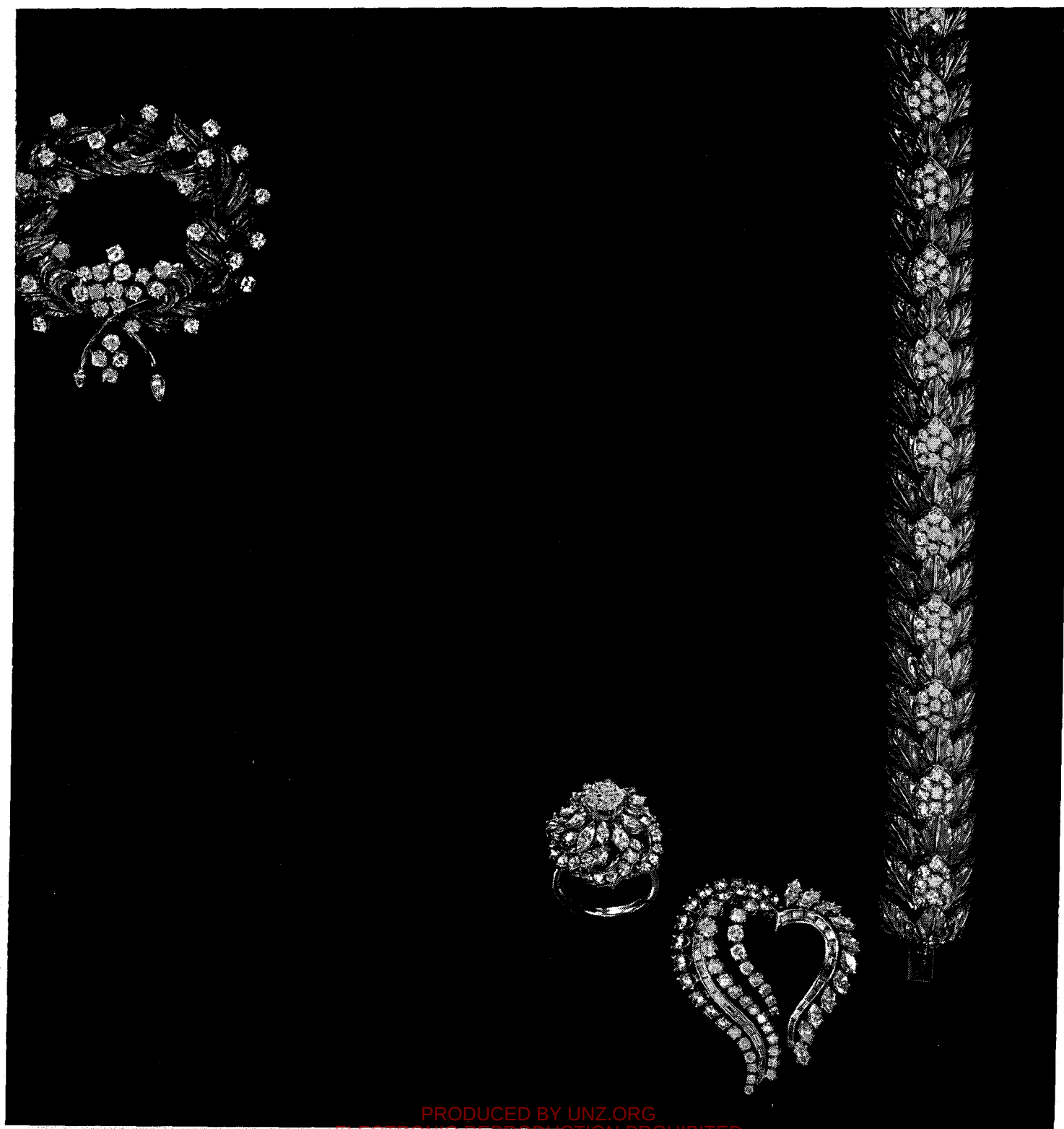
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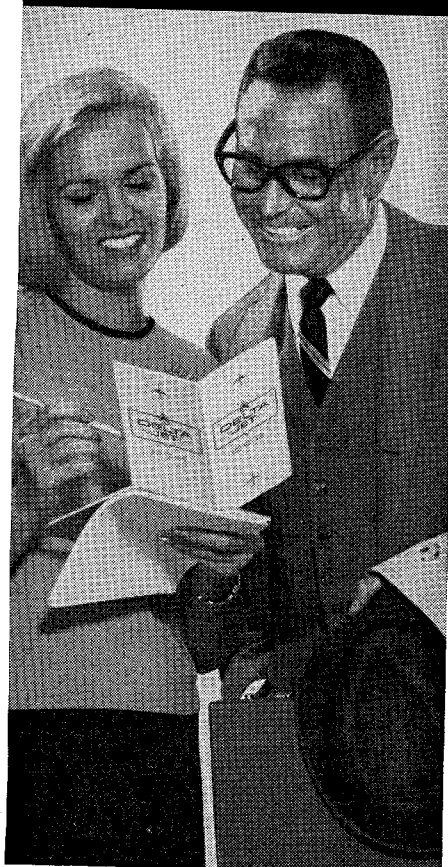
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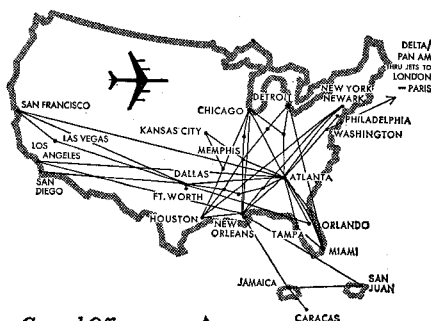


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Report on Malta

attainment of Maltese independence, Britain, with the support of NATO, has thought it well worthwhile, in the interests of its own as well as Western security generally, to conclude a strong mutual defense treaty, to last at least for the next decade.

The role of the Church

Religion is fundamental in Malta. St. Paul, shipwrecked there in A.D. 60, found enthusiastic converts to the Christian faith. Ever since, Malta has been insulated from many of the doubts that have beset so much of the Christian world. Ninety-nine percent Roman Catholic and nearly all actively practicing their faith, the inhabitants today still find it difficult to define exactly what should belong to God and what to Caesar.

The Roman Catholic Church continues to play a pre-eminent role in every aspect of Malta's being. Again and again this has caused friction between the Church and the left, or radical, forces of the day, because to succeed against the Establishment the opposition had to be anticlerical. Yet to be anticlerical in Malta is bound to lead to frustration and still further bitterness.

At the last elections, the two principal parties—Nationalist, supported by the Church, and Socialist, opposed by it as representing political ideas associated with the arch-enemy Communism—fought it out with no holds barred. Labor spokesmen alleged that the time had come for the priests to “get off the backs” of the people.

The Church reacted by virtually making it a mortal sin, with all that entails for devout Catholics, to vote for the Malta Labor Party. The Nationalists won; and the Premier whom they defeated, the fiery Dom Mintoff, left-wing agnostic leader of the Labor Party, has never forgiven his political enemies for his defeat.

When Mintoff was Premier, impelled not by any particular love of the British but probably by a desire to escape Church domination by one route or another, he proposed complete integration of the island

with the United Kingdom, with ties to Britain comparable with those of Northern Ireland. Under this system Malta would have sent four M.P.'s to Westminster and Mintoff's foes on the island would clearly have had their influence reduced in many important matters.

The average Maltese approved the proposal, simply because the people of the island feel a strong emotional kinship with Britain. Indeed, thousands of them have emigrated to the United Kingdom, and many more do so each year. The local Roman Catholic hierarchy, however, never really favored the integration scheme, since they dreaded the ultimate consequences to the Church if Malta's 330,000 Roman Catholics become absorbed in Protestant England's 50 million, with wholly different ideas on marriage, divorce, and other issues.

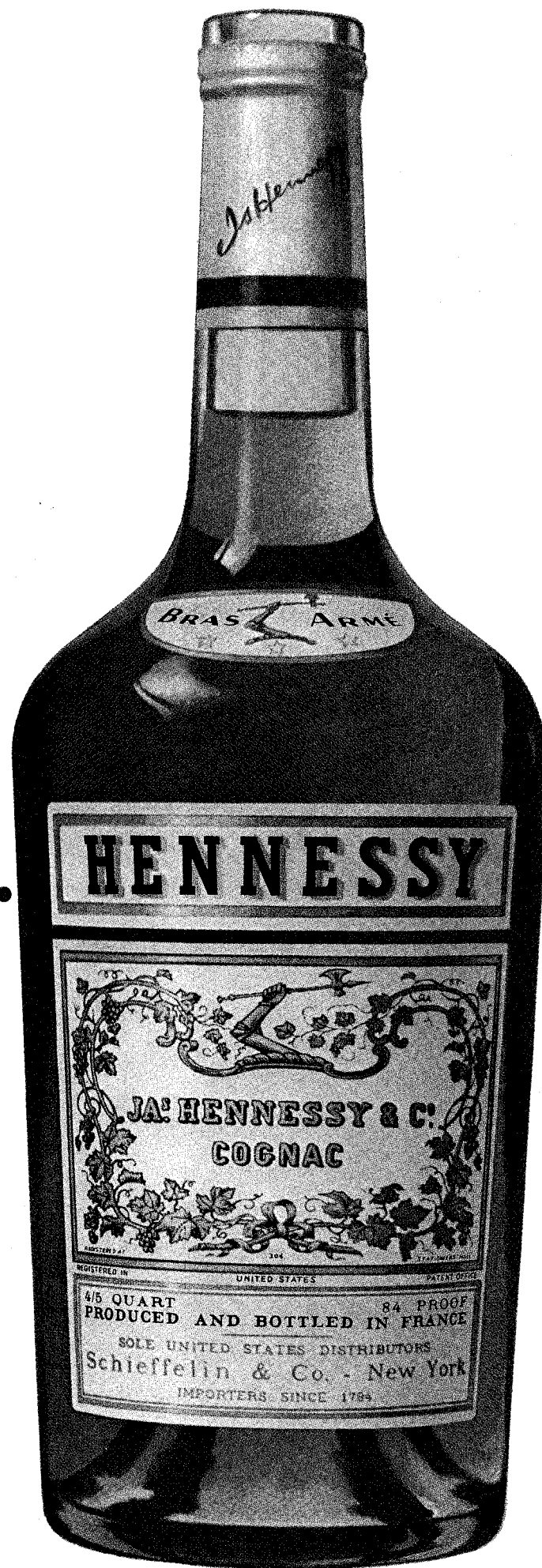
Despite clerical and political opposition, the enthusiasm of the Maltese people was so positive that the integration plan nearly succeeded. But it died when Mintoff and his Labor Party supporters began to have misgivings on finding that integration, pressed to its logical conclusion, would mean not only that they would receive British social welfare benefits and economic advantages but that they would have to pay a British income tax as well.

A small handful of British politicians helped to block the plan, because they did not like to see the House of Commons involved in such a drastic constitutional innovation as admitting M.P.'s from outside the United Kingdom. They were fearful that similar demands would come from other small British non-European colonies.

Constitutional compromise

In forming the new constitution the leadership had to bear in mind two important factors. The first was to take full account of the special position of the Church, not only in matters affecting marriage and social customs but also in relation to the tendency of the clergy to speak out fearlessly on purely political subjects whenever they seemed to run counter to the practice of the Christian faith, in a much more contentious manner than would be acceptable in other Western societies.

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Report on Malta

Second, without any overt infringement of political sovereignty, no escape has been possible from the reality of making ends meet in a nonviable economy, with virtually no natural resources and with a constantly growing population. Since birth control is rigidly barred, emigration, even at its present high rate to the United Kingdom and Australia, cannot keep pace with population growth.

As to the first of these, the Nationalist Party, most closely identified with the Church, put forward one constitution; the Labor Party, anticlerical in its leadership, although not among the main body of its supporters, proposed another. Three smaller parties were bold enough to come out against independence altogether, on the sophisticated but unfashionable basis that dependence on one great power or another was inevitable under the special circumstances and that Great Britain had proved to be a good friend.

After a rather indecisive referendum victory by the Nationalist Party, it was Britain's task to adjudicate on the result. With the concurrence of all except Dom Mintoff and his most violent left-wing extremists, the United Kingdom introduced a constitutional compromise designed to accommodate the general wishes of the great majority of the islanders.

The Nationalist Party government, after protracted negotiation last summer, accepted Britain's solution and incorporated in it a ten-year defense treaty with Britain, permitting, also, continued use of the island's ports and airfields by all the other NATO powers, including, of course, the American Mediterranean Sixth Fleet. The price Britain paid for this settlement was \$150 million, to be paid at an annual rate of \$15 million a year as long as the treaty is observed.

Dom Mintoff was furious. He had aimed first at breaking all ties with Britain and the West, and then wanted to put the island's loyalty literally up for sale to the highest bidder—be it Britain, the United

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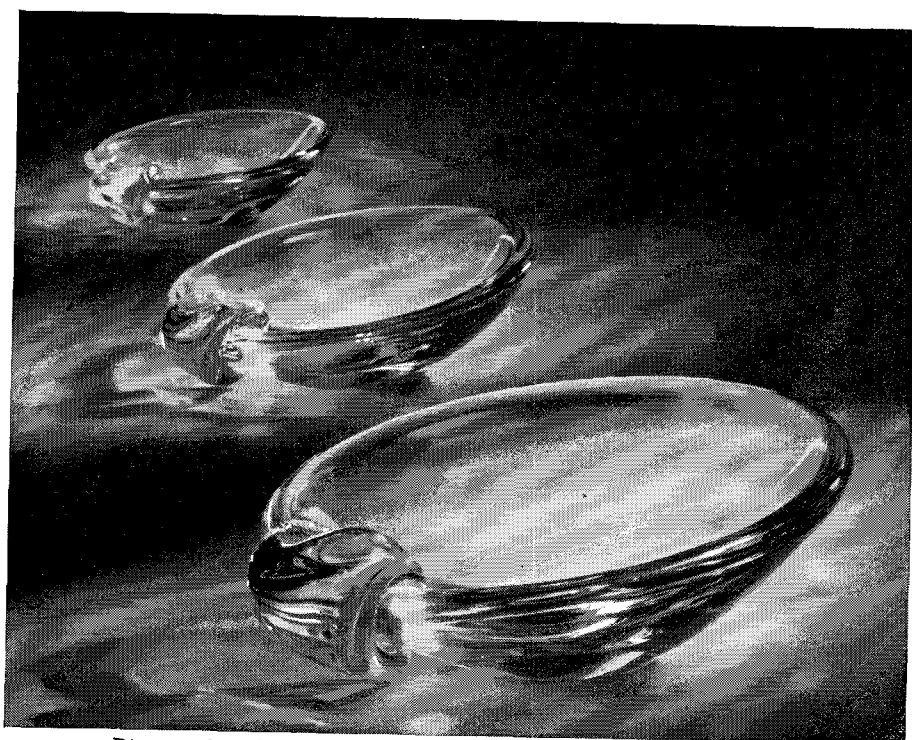
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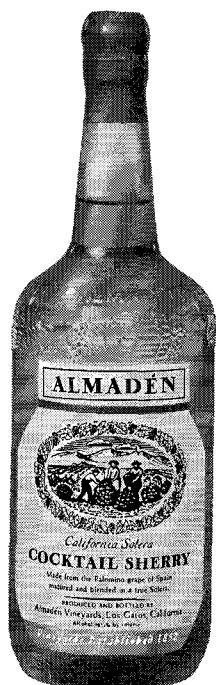
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Report on Malta

States, the Soviet Union, or Nasser's Egypt. Mintoff also objects to Malta's remaining a monarchy and adopting the British Queen as its own, not so much because of any ideological feeling on what is nowadays a matter more of form than of substance, but simply because his Nationalist foes and the islanders generally who support the Church are deeply royalist in sentiment and are especially attached to Queen Elizabeth, and to Prince Philip, who lived in the islands for some time during his active service in the British Navy.

The auctioneering policy of Mintoff on his country's future was never very seriously regarded by the population, because everyone, including Mintoff, knew well enough that the threat to turn to the Communists for aid was unthinkable in so staunch a Roman Catholic society.

The economic challenge

As it is, Malta goes forward, one of few former colonies to gain independence with an unashamed conservative regime, openly attached to the West in actions and outlook. There is one shadow on the horizon. Britain's annual retainer of \$15 million, large though this may seem in the context of so small a population, is not enough in itself to maintain the comparatively high standards of living to which the islands have become accustomed under direct British rule.

To fill the gap, discarded naval dockyards are being converted to handle mercantile repair and refitting with already promising results. Tourism, too, is being developed, to put to good use amenities akin to what one finds in the Caribbean, in the hope that it will provide another way to ensure increasing prosperity.

If, owing to global conditions quite outside Malta's control, these efforts should falter and the present governing party should become unpopular, there is as yet, unhappily, no alternative for the people to turn to other than resentful, frustrated Dom Mintoff, still dreaming of the downfall of the Church and the rising in Malta of a Marxist dawn.

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In other words, the extraneous and often conflicting activities in which banks and

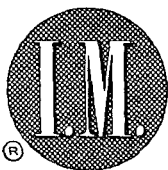
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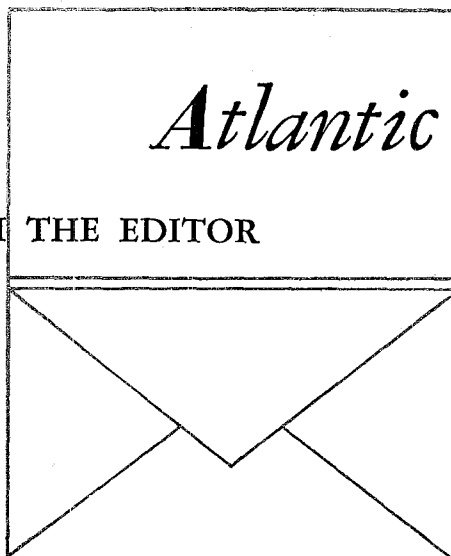


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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



The best schools

SIR:

We were most impressed with your fine article on the Newton schools ("The Schools in Newton: Experiment in Flexibility" by Charles E. Brown, October *Atlantic*). Please keep up the good work.

KENDRICK Y. HODGDON
*Principal, Mount Savage School
Mount Savage, Md.*

SIR:

I have read with interest and enthusiasm that you are planning a series of articles about outstandingly good American high schools. I believe that such a series of articles in any magazine of the stature and reputation of the *Atlantic* will be a major contribution to the cause of American public secondary education. The October issue has been received and read with interest.

It has been recognized in the suburban Philadelphia area for some time that the schools of Bucks County are unusually strong and progressive and on the "growing edge." Standing out among this complex of thirteen administrative units is the high school of the Central Bucks Joint School System. This is a school system that has 1500 senior high pupils in a building that provides as broad and comprehensive an educational program as it has been my pleasure to observe anywhere. Pupils move at their own rate; there is a broad audiolingual six-year program in modern foreign languages, an exceptionally strong modern program in mathematics, a high degree of success in post-high-school institutions, courses for the

gifted, the average, and the slow; and each child's schedule is tailor-made for his particular interest and ability with the help of a corps of trained, certified guidance counselors. I offer for your consideration and observation, and perhaps for inclusion in a report, an outstanding high school in Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

B. ANTON HESS
*Regional Superintendent
Central Bucks Joint Schools
Doylestown, Penn.*

SIR:

I am wondering if you have studied the high school at Fargo, North Dakota, in your series of the best high schools in the United States.

There is something, I think, unique about the Fargo school system. Fargo acquired a charter before statehood; it still runs its school under the charter and does not feel bound by the demands of the state curriculum.

For example, when the enthusiasm for teaching foreign languages in the grades swept the country, the rest of the state halfheartedly excused themselves: "Couldn't find enough qualified teachers that had all the academic or teacher-method courses required under the state requirements," and so forth. Fargo even got war brides, with special training no doubt, and went ahead with conversational languages.

I am just a mother and not an educator. Thanks to the school system in Fargo my two daughters came through as Merit Scholar finalists. The third child, as bright, sat and sat in the Mandan school sys-

tem. Fortunately, he was saved by winning a scholarship to Exeter Academy in New Hampshire. The excuse constantly given me was "curriculum, etc." The Mandan school may be an exceptionally poor one; but Fargo must have the key to a better school system. I know there are dedicated and inspired teachers everywhere. Is the whole system crippled by curricula and outdated requirements from state departments?

In North Dakota when a judge is to be appointed, the governor selects from a list submitted by lawyers, who can surely pick the best qualified from their ranks. It seems that anyone who can win the popularity contest for superintendent of the educational department gets in—and he wants to be elected again. This isn't exactly the way to get the best man, or an inducement for him to be "inspired."

How much do legislators cramp education? Don't they pass laws requiring that certain courses be taught?

I know I seem ignorant, but if I am, then perhaps there are many other parents who are also. I read with great interest your first article on the best high schools, and thought of the teachers who would like to go ahead and do likewise but are handicapped by the restrictions from above.

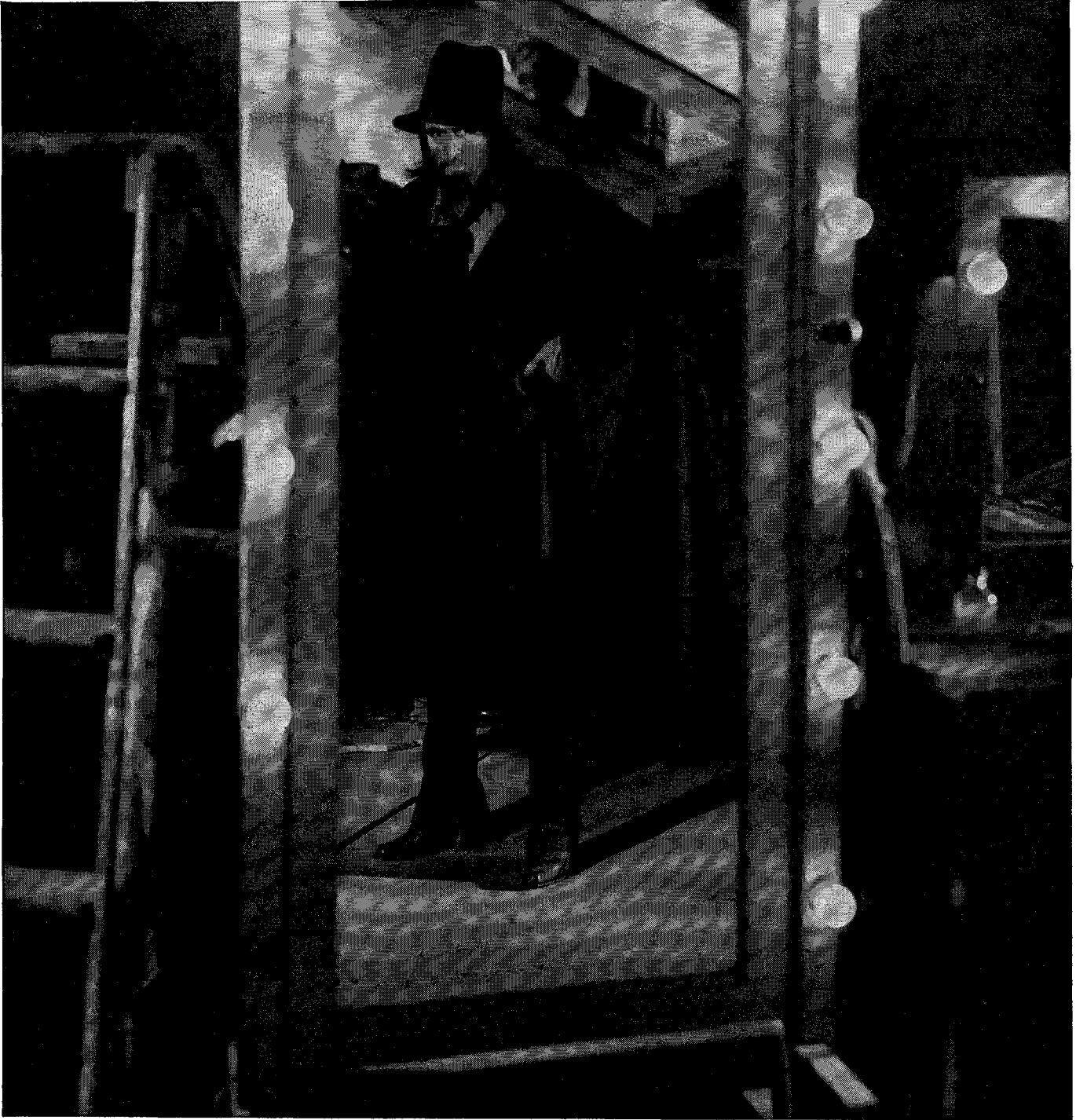
MRS. ROBERT VOGEL
Mandan, N.D.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

"The Bronze-Age Ship" by Peter Throckmorton in your June issue

1931: John Barrymore in the title role in "Svengali," the screen adaptation of Du Maurier's "Trilby." New England Life was in its 97th year.



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is an absorbing account of marine archaeology and its techniques. Since it appeals especially to scholars of ancient cultures, may I venture a trivial comment? On page 104, last paragraph, I'm sure the author meant to write *naves onerariae* instead of *navi onerari*. Any Latinists who have survived thus far would be much happier if he had.

ADA H. COE
Washington, D. C.

SIR:

Apropos Miss Stephanie Cousen's generous estimation of Joseph Conrad's and my skill in using English (Repartee, October *Atlantic*), it is not a matter of being a Pole or an American which determines how one uses his tongue, but the passion behind the words that cluster into the phrases. Is not all writing but a talking with oneself? An introspection?

Conrad could not remain among his compatriots, the Poles, and become a respected author. Thus he lost his country, the passion of his youth. In my case, after totally dedicating myself to contributing to the Polish culture, my whole life's works were looted, privately sold, or destroyed, not by the Germans or the Russians, but by my former compatriots through their Ministry of Art and Culture. Russia forbids real art within its empire and in every other land where its agents, the professional art critics, have control of publicity.

That Conrad wrote so excellently in English was not because he was a Pole, for he had hesitated in choosing between that language and French as his vehicle, but because he had lost the longed-for paradise of his youth, his country. How did he lose it? No, not to foreign invaders but to the native cannibalism of a society that always despises all men of spiritual worth as long as they insist on living. The endemic proclivity for historic suicide makes us, the Poles, the best "talkers to ourselves" in exile. Hence the writing behind which there is a howling despair. Writing, in *any* language, not only English.

Is there anything that the American people have lost — forever? Do they talk to themselves in long sleepless nights, unable to stop their tumultuous musings?

STANISLAV SZUKALSKI
Tarzana, Calif.

SIR:

Neil W. Chamberlain ("Retooling the Mind," September *Atlantic*) takes the human mind for granted. It may be the last thing which even economic man can afford to take for granted.

The obsolescence of our educational system is much aggravated by the proliferation of practices, skills, and special knowledges that are so useful in our economy. But let us be clear about the difficulty. The "explosion of knowledge" is not the root of the difficulty in our educational system; the root difficulty is its inability to educate for rapid and perceptive adaptation to an ever-changing world. And *that* is a problem of intellectual design.

Of all the professions and crafts, only medicine now seems to know that what is needed to handle obsolescence is good minds. To be sure, a doctor acquires bundles of relevant knowledges which he cashes in and replenishes. But the first thing a doctor has to be is a person.

"Mind" is a very hard word. Before entertaining plans for its retooling, we should brood about programs of being; for rational machine systems increasingly are able to contain the knowledges relevant to production processes in our economic system — and maybe more.

REGINALD C. JACOBSON
Duluth, Minn.

SIR:

In these days when sour cynicism and rank commercialism compete for pride of place, it is refreshing and stimulating to read such an article as that by Leonard Baskin ("Of Roots and Veins: A Testament," September *Atlantic*).

More power to his pen, and may he use a broader nib.

HARRY DRAKE
Bradford, England

Greece and Cyprus

SIR:

Your October issue carried a disingenuous report on Cyprus. The island's constitution gives the 18 percent Turkish minority power equal to that of the 80 percent Greek majority on essential legislation. The Greeks accepted this undemocratic and discriminatory arrangement under intense and threatening pressure from Turkey, both in Cyprus and against the Greek community in Istanbul. (Greece never re-

taliated against Turks within its borders.)

The Turkish minority on Cyprus used its disproportionate legislative powers to demand a virtual partition of the island, blocking all essential legislation — including the collection of revenue — unless their dictation was accepted.

When, in November, 1963, the President of Cyprus asked for consultations to end the legislative deadlock, the Turkish minority launched an open rebellion, and Turkey began immediate preparations for an invasion.

What a threat of Turkish invasion means can be seen in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which describes how hundreds of thousands of Greeks, Armenians, and Kurds were pillaged, raped, and slaughtered by Turks in the twentieth century. The Turkish threat, therefore, produced panic on Cyprus resulting in an inevitable breakdown of law and order, and consequently Turkish as well as Greek Cypriots died.

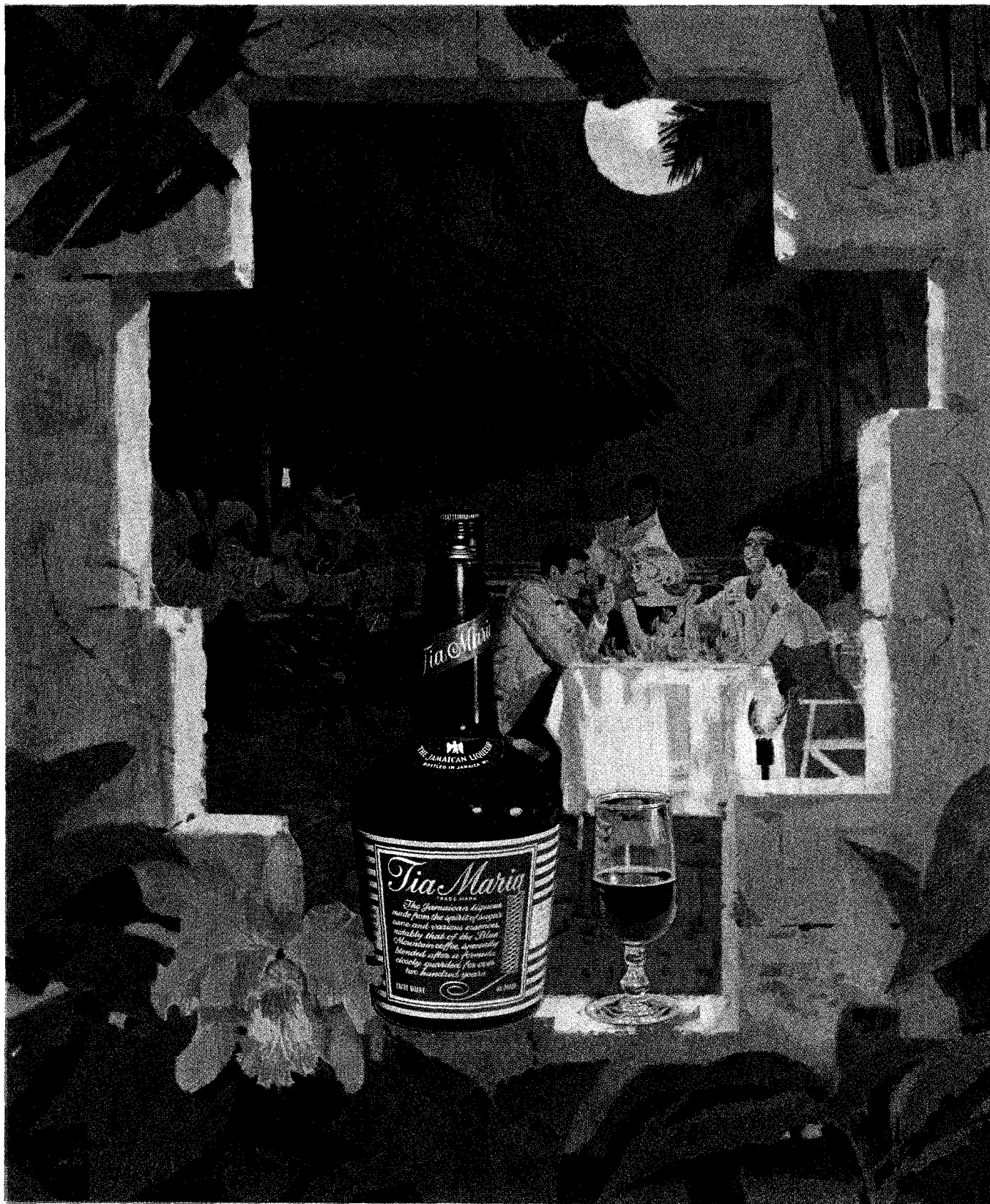
The Turks then readied a beachhead in northwest Cyprus for an invasion, thus increasing the tensions to the breaking point. It was to stop Cypriot efforts to eliminate this invasion beachhead that in August Turkish Air Force saber jets burned Cypriot villages with no military targets and empty of able-bodied men.

Thus, Turkey has provided one more cause for terror and has made more difficult the restoration of law and order; because as long as the threat does not abate, Greek Cypriot leaders cannot ask their followers to surrender their arms or give up their defensive preparations and the island will remain on a war footing, precluding peaceful democratic solutions with foolproof safeguards for the individual rights of minorities.

ALEXANDER A. MATSAS
Ambassador of Greece
and in his absence
G. Gigantes
Minister Plenipotentiary

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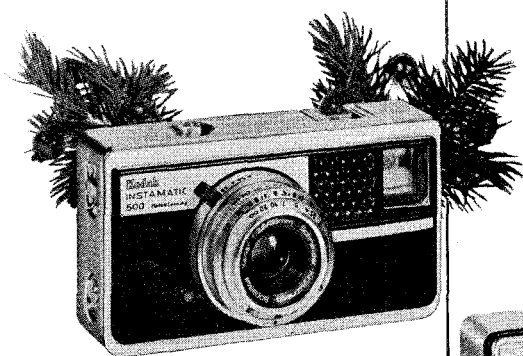
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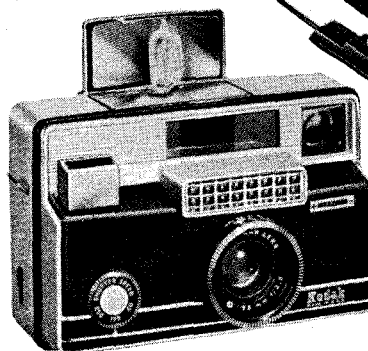
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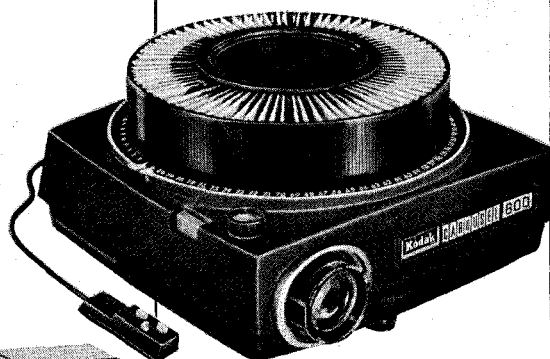
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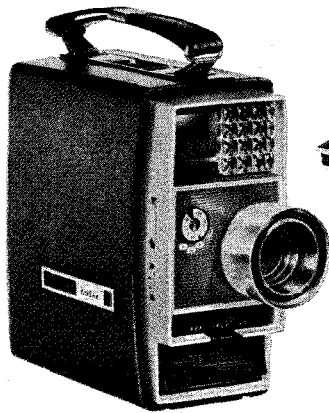
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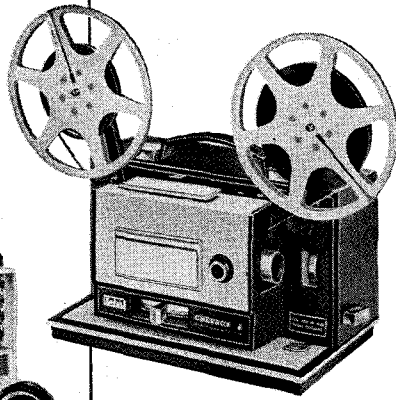
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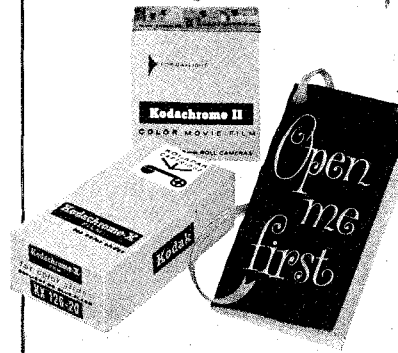
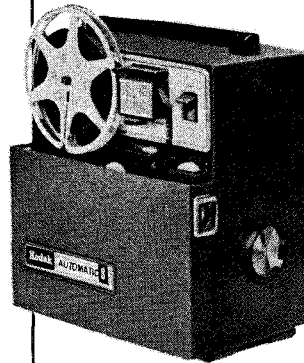
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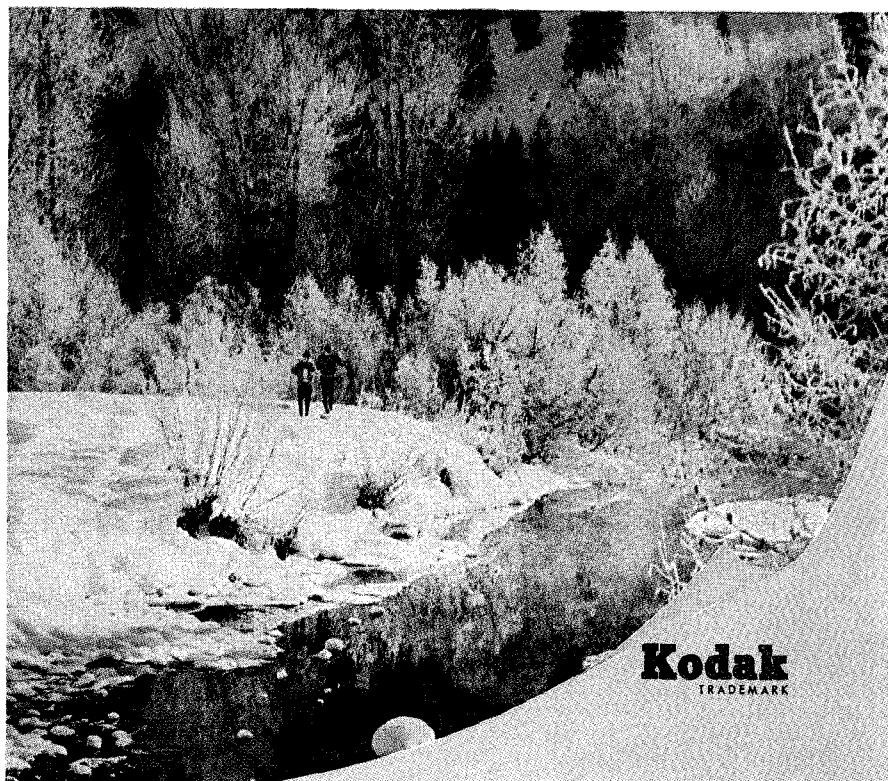
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WHY EUROPE FEARS US

BY RAYMOND ARON

Professor of sociology at the Sorbonne, RAYMOND ARON, who was born in Paris in 1905, is widely known as one of Europe's ranking commentators on political and economic affairs. This paper and the one to follow have been drawn from Mr. Aron's new book, THE GREAT DEBATE: THEORIES OF NUCLEAR STRATEGY, which has been translated from the French by Ernst Pawel and will be published by Doubleday early in January.

WAR offices and general staff headquarters in pre-atomic days collected filing cabinets full of operational plans, all designed to meet any of the various contingencies that the fertile brains of diplomats or soldiers were capable of dreaming up. But these plans, classified top secret and carefully protected at least from the prying curiosity of common mortals if not always of enemy spies, were not subject to public discussion and could not possibly cause friction among allies — especially since allies almost never went so far as to agree on a joint course of action in advance of the outbreak of hostilities.

But, as Molière's "physician in spite of himself" put it, "we've changed all that." Any journalist, politician, or diplomat now feels qualified to hold forth on the respective merits of counterforce versus countercity strategy or on the deployment of tactical atomic weapons. American refusal to install medium-range missiles on European soil becomes a topic for polemics. Measures, even mere suggestions, of a purely military nature are interpreted as symptoms of political intentions. Ever since 1961, when the Kennedy Administration took over in Washington, atomic and thermonuclear arms have become the central issue in controversies among the Western allies on the one hand and between China and the Soviet Union on the other.

The explosive power of nuclear weapons and the speed of delivery are such that henceforth no major power can afford to shirk the obligation of a perma-

nent alert. It is doubtful whether the mobilization of human and industrial resources is still feasible in the wake of nuclear exchanges; at least in the event of all-out war there will be no discernible difference between the forces available in peacetime and those that can be mobilized in time of war. By way of another paradox, mobilization in the traditional manner will now take place only for secondary conflicts of the Korean type or to demonstrate resolve as a means of deterrence, as, for instance, in the Berlin crisis of 1961.

Permanent mobilization is part of the permanent alert; and the measures taken, deployment of divisions and of tactical atomic weapons, predetermine the course of events. Since the prime objective of these measures is deterrence — that is, the prevention of hostilities — strategy and diplomacy are now intertwined as never before. Words alone are wasted unless they convey a threat backed up by military measures.

This situation, inevitable though it may be, entails obvious risks. In the old days staff headquarters did not regard certain contingencies as likely just because they had provided for them in their advance planning. Today one is sometimes inclined to feel that the West fears certain dangers not because they are real, but because planners have included them in order not to omit any theoretically conceivable Soviet move. It is almost as if the less cause there is to fear Soviet aggression, the more the

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West worries about it. The arguments have grown more intense because people are increasingly sophisticated and can now perceive situations that ten years ago, when nations were less well armed and less well informed, would have escaped their attention. What scares them, in a way, is their own shadow; and the American analysts are scaring Europeans by taking precautions against contingencies that to the latter seem improbable, to say the least.

Since 1958 and 1959, atomic weapons have transformed relations among allies as much as among enemies and have shaken both power blocs in such a way as to create a more favorable climate for an incipient détente between enemies. The damage to European security as a result of the increasing vulnerability of the United States has never been evident except in books and newspapers; it has been felt far more acutely by specialists, statesmen, and experts than by the man in the street.

Here again the paradox is apparent rather than real. In theory the experts are right: the threat of thermonuclear arms becomes more and more implausible as the possibilities of devastation to which anyone resorting to it would expose himself increase. But the devastation would be no less terrible for the nation provoking this outburst of insanity, so that extreme provocation is no more probable than the thermonuclear response. Thus the two major powers have, by gradually feeling their way, come to discover and respect certain simple rules. Neither has pushed the use of thermonuclear arms to extremes in diplomatic offensives, and with the exception of Cuba, neither has taken the military initiative in a zone of influence staked out by the other, at least where a line of demarcation had clearly been traced.

These rules — to refrain from using regular armies to modify the status quo and from using the thermonuclear threat to obtain concessions — conform to the extreme prudence dictated by the monstrous destructiveness of the weapons available, but they are also in line with traditional Bolshevik concepts. Obviously the Bolsheviks are not loathe to spread socialism at the point of the bayonet. But except for the North Korean aggression (which at the very least they condoned), the Soviets, under Stalin as well as under Khrushchev, never contemplated waging a major war for the *sole* purpose of advancing the cause of socialism. The nature of thermonuclear arms is such that even the men in the Kremlin no longer regard a third world war as the final and inevitable stage of the present world crisis marking the transition from capitalism to socialism.

Constant and careful thought will from now on have to be devoted to the best ways of meeting any emergency, including raids, local aggression against

one member of an alliance, aggressive probes, major aggression with conventional arms only, and massive aggression. At the same time, however, it would be quite unreasonable to ascribe to the enemy wholly improbable intentions that are conceived exclusively for the purpose of preventing them.

WESTERN Europe as seen from Moscow resembles nothing so much as a powder keg which the least spark is liable to set off. Neither Soviet rules of conduct nor the European situation is likely to lure the Kremlin into testing a strategy of minor aggression that relies on the manifest American reluctance to unleash a total response or to provoke an immediate escalation.

For yet another reason, never, to my knowledge, properly emphasized, the American strategy of graduated response does not, for the time being, seem so likely to increase the probability, or reduce the improbability, of limited operations as is generally believed. The fact is that *up to now, Soviet leaders and theoreticians have refused to subscribe to the ingenious distinctions so carefully elaborated by the American analysts.*

This point calls for some reservations. We do not know with any degree of certainty just what strategic doctrine has in fact been adopted either by the Soviet government or by the military leaders. All speeches and books that appear in the Soviet Union, even those of an apparently scientific character, inevitably contain an ideological component, a dash of propaganda. Moreover, the strategy of deterrence cannot be conducted without an element of bluff. The Soviet leaders, in their answer to the twenty-five points raised by the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, maintained that they would counter any U.S. aggression against Cuba with thermonuclear missiles. No one can tell whether this claim would be backed up in the hour of truth. Subject to this reservation, however, the fact remains that Soviet theoreticians seem rather baffled by the strategic universe that the American analysts have constructed, and Premier Khrushchev in particular was definitely opposed to this sort of speculation. He apparently believed that any conflict involving the two thermonuclear powers would fatally escalate to extremes — that is, become both global and total.

Let us assume that those now in power in Russia agree, and examine the possible consequences. The Soviet Union seems to act as though it were satisfied with what the American theoreticians refer to as a minimum deterrent, meaning a retaliatory capability sufficient to inflict, in response to any direct aggression, destruction deemed unacceptable to the enemy. It has not mass-produced

strategic bombers able to strike at targets located within the continental United States, nor has it produced the hundreds of intercontinental missiles that U.S. experts worried about in 1957-1958. Whether because of inadequate resources or because they want to put more effort into succeeding generations of missiles, the Soviets have confined themselves to offsetting the huge American system by a certain response capability (a retaliatory capability that they consider secure regardless of circumstances) and by superiority in intermediate-range missiles over Western Europe's means of defense or response. This was the meaning of Khrushchev's remark to a U.S. journalist in 1962 that he was holding Europe hostage. The Soviets do not explicitly claim to be able to destroy the American retaliatory force, but they intimate that once nuclear explosives start "speaking," nothing will be able to arrest escalation, and that they themselves will simultaneously attack launching ramps, airports, and cities.

THE United States for its part has, or thinks it has and will continue to have for a few more years, a certain strategic counterforce capability. It claims that it is in the common interest of both sides, recognized by both, to attempt to limit a conflict if and when one does break out. American policy, therefore, is to multiply the intermediate steps between total passivity and thermonuclear paroxysm. In American eyes the advocates of massive retaliation seem immoral (the amount of force applied should bear some relation to the significance of the crime committed or object at stake), imprudent (what will they do if backed against a wall?), and foolish (do they not understand that this sort of doctrine is tantamount to a bluff that sooner or later is bound to end in tragedy?).

The Soviet theoreticians, as seen from the perspective of Washington, are irrational. Thermonuclear arms make it necessary to revive, by way of technical innovation, the old doctrine of limited wars. The military leader must attempt to impose his will upon the enemy, but reason compels him to do so at the lowest cost to himself, and sometimes even to his opponent. In the old days one could always regard the destruction of the enemy's armed forces as equivalent to total victory. Nowadays the destruction is likely to involve the entire country rather than merely the armed forces, unless the restraint formerly urged upon military leaders in the mobilization of resources and the exploitation of victory is introduced into the conduct of the operations themselves. The American analysts consider that differentiation between the various possible phases, separating minor operations carried out with conventional arms from an all-out thermonu-

clear paroxysm, is the obvious and inevitable consequence of the technological revolution set off by thermonuclear arms.

The Americans regard the Soviet thesis as all the more irrational in that it keeps the Russians from exploiting their own unquestionable superiority. If we consider the situation in Europe, we find that Europeans no longer regard a massive Soviet attack as a major danger. Such an attack would in all probability provoke a nuclear response from the United States; in any event, it would entail the destruction of Western Europe, the very area for whose possession the aggressor would have taken an incommensurate risk. What Europeans now either fear or pretend to fear is that the subtle sophistry of a graduated response might tempt the Russians into a partial attack held below the atomic threshold. Luckily, however, the Russians, by refusing to believe in the possibility of limiting the scope of a conflict, aid in reducing the dangers created by the American theory.

The present asymmetry between Soviet and American theories is all the more paradoxical in that each country seems to be adopting the doctrine more appropriate to the other's military situation. The Russians have the upper hand in conventional arms at many points along the borders that separate the two worlds, and hence would stand to gain from propagating the idea that containment of hostilities is possible; that thermonuclear arms constitute a "shield," a deterrent that will prevent the enemy from using his own thermonuclear arms; and that henceforth conventional arms are the "sword," the weapon of choice when it comes to dealing with the enemy at a low level of violence, with both sides being protected from escalation by the monstrous nature of the ultimate weapons.

I have often wondered whether or not it would be desirable for Soviet leaders to undergo a training period at the Rand Corporation. In a somewhat more serious vein, one might ask if in the interest of world peace it would be better for the leaders of both thermonuclear powers to think along analogous or divergent lines. Mutual understanding is imperative among allies, and the controversies within the Atlantic alliance derive at least partly from misunderstandings; but the absence of understanding between Russians and Americans may very well favor the prevention of war.

The Americans are in fact familiar with the officially proclaimed Russian doctrine that denies the possibility of limiting any conflict between the Big Two. They are far from taking the Russians at their word; as Albert Wohlstetter put it, "Between crises the Russians play poker; but once the crisis comes to a head they too play chess." And in the 1962 Cuban crisis, for the first time they successfully tested their own doctrine of the "shield" and

"sword." But what they regard as Russian simple-mindedness nonetheless effectively spurs them to an even greater caution; as long as the Russians cling to the primitive strategy of thermonuclear spasm, even if it may merely be so much talk, the Americans consider it the better part of wisdom to avoid direct confrontation at almost any price. The Russians in turn are not unaware of American theories, and their experts probably understand them, too. But they must again be thinking somewhat along the lines of "How can you figure those damned Yankees? They tell you that they aren't interested in Korea, and then they spend three years fighting for it; after that they reduce the risk of escalation to a complex verbal construct as though they absolutely wanted to bait us into limited operations below the atomic threshold. What would really happen the day the fate of the world came to depend on such subtleties?"

THUS, inadequate understanding coupled with mutual suspicion tends to keep each side from moving against the other. Mutual understanding, with both opponents subscribing to the same doctrine, whether of inevitable escalation or of multiple intermediate steps, might not be preferable at all. Russia and the United States threatening total response on every occasion would be rather like two poker players bluffing all the time or two drivers playing "chicken"; inevitably the moment is bound to arrive when neither "chickens out." If both sides were to act upon the first doctrine, the results in the long run would be disastrous. But the second doctrine, if perfectly assimilated by the Big Two, would again involve dangers of its own. Each side would believe it safe to wield the "sword," that is, superiority in conventional arms wherever this applies, without serious risk of escalation. Once this happens, the two camps could regain security only by a kind of parity at all levels. But deterrence by conventional arms has never been wholly effective in the past and is even less likely to work today if each side, familiar with the other's way of thinking, stops being afraid of escalation.

This paean in praise of strategic asymmetry or lack of understanding is really less of a paradox than it seems. The one type of communication that the analysts regard as absolutely essential is the capacity to communicate at the moment of crisis, a function of the hot line. This understanding of strategic doctrines in advance of a crisis is a component of that same uncertainty whose necessity (in the dual sense of being both inevitable and indispensable) the analysts have stressed time and again. Of course, this is quite different from the classic concept of uncertainty. If A wants to deter

B by making him fear the worst ahead of time and B refuses to let himself be deterred, A retreats before the apocalypse. He does not wish for perfect communications in advance of a crisis, but once it comes to a head, he thinks them desirable in order to avoid being impaled on the horns of a dilemma between surrender or death. The American doctrine aims at reducing the contradiction between strategy of deterrence and strategy of use implicit in the formula of massive retaliation; in the long run it is bound to spread, but stability at the upper level will have to be paid for by increased instability at the lower one. For the time being the uncertainty derives from the disparity between the Soviet threat of total response and the American threat of graduated response, with neither side fully accepting the other's professed doctrine at face value.

One objection may be raised against this analysis: as long as the Americans have a certain counterforce capability, the Russians cannot use their conventional superiority as a "sword" because they do not want to give their rivals the advantage of a first strike. This, in fact, constitutes the rationalization of the Soviet doctrine according to the American theory. Personally, I am not sure that this rational formulation corresponds to the authentic motive.

An odd feature of this duel is that the Americans are playing chess while the Russians play poker. Now, the Russians are the world's champion chess players, while the theory of games was worked out in Princeton around a poker table. Yet the American strategy of graduated response and calculated moves, of anticipating and weighing the possible countermoves, is closer to chess, while the Soviet strategy of brandishing the apocalyptic threat and preparing to retreat if blackmail is met with resolve is much more typical of poker.

It is possible that this paradox is explicable if the Soviet purpose is to eliminate the use of armed forces altogether and to play chess exclusively, but at a purely political level — subversion and guerrilla warfare being considered an integral part of politics.

ONLY once did the Soviets break the unwritten rules on the use of ballistic missiles in diplomatic offenses. (In the Berlin crisis Khrushchev indicated diplomatically offensive use, but in a much more vague manner.) Only once did the Big Two directly confront one another, one side taking the initiative by provocatively installing medium-range missiles some 125 miles off the coast of Florida, the other responding by a quasi-ultimatum, demanding and obtaining the withdrawal of Russian missiles, but in exchange for a more or less explicit American promise not to invade Cuba. The prom-

ise was explicit in exchange for the on-the-spot inspection. Castro opposed inspection, and the promise no longer fully applies.

To regard the Cuban episode as conclusive confirmation of American theories and doctrines would be to overstate the case. All circumstances in this instance combined to favor the Americans. They held an overwhelming local superiority in conventional arms. The theater of operations was close to their home grounds and thousands of miles removed from Russian bases. The average Soviet citizen knew nothing about the Cuban People's Republic and might have found it rather difficult to understand why he should expose himself to terrifying danger for the sake of so trifling an objective. American public opinion, on the other hand, was at fever pitch and goaded the President, who would have jeopardized his political future if by inaction he had countenanced the establishment of a Soviet missile base in Cuba. The psychological factor, therefore, was weighted heavily in favor of the United States, since it was superior locally in conventional arms and its stakes in the encounter were infinitely greater than what the Russians could expect to gain.

Finally, we must remember that the retreat was an honorable one and that ultimately the American success proved limited in scope. Cuba remains a Soviet military base, powerfully defended against any invasion attempts carried out with only conventional arms, as well as a focus of subversion from which propaganda and guerrilla fighters spread throughout Latin America. In material terms the episode, as far as Moscow is concerned, amounted simply to a no-sale transaction; the Russians withdrew only the missiles, while President Kennedy failed to demand, as he probably could have done, the withdrawal of all Soviet military personnel.

In the area of atomic strategy, the Cuban episode lends itself to other interpretations as well. Thus, according to Stanley Hoffmann, "the Americans claim, first, that Cuba proved their determination to defend vital U.S. interests and, furthermore, that the crisis demonstrated the advantage of superiority in conventional arms. But in the eyes of many Europeans what the episode really proved was, first, that the peace of the world may continue to be jeopardized by Soviet moves based on inadequate appreciation of American resolve; second, that if the automobile cracks up because the driver failed to signal a turn far enough ahead of time, the passengers will be killed along with the driver; third, that in the Cuban encounter the automobile was able to scare the Soviets off the highway not only because it was more powerful but also because the driver gave visible evidence of his manifest determination not to flinch from escalation if it came to it."

These three points are correct but contribute no

decisive argument to either side in the great debate that rages within the Atlantic alliance. It is true that determination to escalate in case of need is essential to the efficacy of either use or the threat of use of conventional arms, but the American strategists have never denied this. The orthodox doctrine postulates the *risk of escalation* but does not conceive of it as being *automatic*.

It is unquestionably true that in the event of an accident the passengers would perish along with the driver. Arnold Toynbee has expressed the same idea more vividly: "No annihilation without representation." But whatever the formulation, it merely raises the problem without contributing to its solution. How is one to grant the passengers representation while negotiating a tricky stretch of road? As to the delay in using directional signals, the danger is real but inseparable from that of a misunderstanding or of the risk that an aggressor will not let himself be deterred. Once again we come back to the eternal questions of who can deter whom, from what, in what circumstances, and how. Are the Europeans better able than the United States to deter the Russians from minor aggression? It is understandable enough for them to want to have their say and not to trust the driver blindly where their own lives are at stake. But unexceptional though these principles may be, the best way to put them into practice is far from clear.

The international situation does not warrant the heat of the arguments within the Atlantic alliance. Proponents of divergent or conflicting theses carry on as if one kind of strategy would increase the likelihood of minor aggression while another would bring about ultimate escalation. In fact, however, the Berlin crisis was the only one since President Kennedy's inauguration in 1961 that seriously endangered world peace. The strategy worked out to cope with the probable course of that crisis was graduated response. The West rather than the Soviet Union would have had to take the initiative in any recourse to force, which means that force would initially have remained limited.

Even if the satellites did not have to depend on Big Brother for support, the Soviet Union and the sovietized countries of Eastern Europe would continue to be linked by a sense of solidarity far more spontaneous than the affinities between the United States and Western Europe, where one partner is in direct contact with the potential enemy while the other is several thousand miles away.

Missiles, of course, can traverse these thousands of miles within a mere half hour. But precisely for that reason they have only to be neutralized and the United States becomes safe once again, restored to its preferential position of arsenal and last reserve. The American strategy of graduated re-

sponse — the McNamara doctrine — aims at *minimizing the risk of the use of the only weapons to which the American mainland is really vulnerable*. And this strategy, regardless of whether or not it is the most effective one, appears much too closely identified with the strictly national interests of the United States not to arouse European suspicions. To keep hostilities from escalating means turning Europe into both the theater and victim of operations, with U.S. participation limited to an expeditionary force.

But even if the United States were to behave with the greatest of wisdom, and the driver of the automobile were to inspire total confidence, the passengers would still resent the place accorded to them in the Atlantic alliance. Almost the entire American deterrent remains under completely American command. NATO is headed by an American general, appointed in fact by the President of the United States though chosen in theory by all the allied governments.

The national defense budget of the United States, totaling \$50 billion, is twelve times the French budget, more than five times the budget of all other NATO members combined. This discrepancy is so vast that U.S. military and civilian chiefs inevitably exercise a preponderant influence in Atlantic councils, especially in matters concerning strategy. In the eyes of a traditional statesman like General de Gaulle, Atlantic interdependence (or Atlantic association) is sheer window dressing, barely veiled hypocrisy designed to camouflage Europe's reduction to political vassalage by the United States in the guise of protection. As long as the countries of Europe are content to let the United States retain a monopoly of the weapons regarded as decisive, they will be dependent protégés, if not satellites.

This quarrel was bound to erupt sooner or later, once Western Europe had rebuilt its ruins and regained its self-esteem. The passion with which it is being pursued, at least on the surface, stems from the McNamara doctrine (and the manner in which it was presented) as well as from the policies of General de Gaulle. The McNamara doctrine, even when completely understood, stung the sensibilities not only of many a Frenchman and German but also of other Europeans quite ready to leave the responsibility for thermonuclear arms and their use to the United States.

Alliances between countries that cherish their sovereignty are put to a grueling test by thermo-

nuclear weapons. But the noncredibility of the threat brandished by a major power for the benefit of its protégés is at present more of a rationalization than an expression of profound intent. Any country is bound to be uneasy about leaving exclusive responsibility for decisions affecting its life and death up to another, even if it is an ally. If this ally will not share the fate of his protégés, they will profess fear of possible rash action on the part of their protector; but if the latter becomes equally vulnerable, they will express the opposite fear. The protector, in turn, will attempt to formulate a strategy minimizing the risk of suicidal involvement; that is, in the present context, of a thermonuclear war. But this again leads the protégés to fear other types of conflict. The major nuclear power will finally seek an implicit agreement with its enemy partner, equally interested in avoiding a nuclear holocaust. The allies of either rival are unlikely to be victimized *militarily* by such an implicit or explicit agreement, because it can be reached only on the basis of the status quo and mutual respect of vital interests, but they may become its *political* victims.

The truth, far more complex, is that at this time nations can neither rely wholly on alliances nor do entirely without them. This is why present diplomacy resembles that of the past more than some observers are inclined to believe. The novel aspect is the danger of dissolution to which the alliance is exposed as the junior partners rebel against the senior's exclusive command and attempt to regain some mastery over their destiny.

This, however, does not justify concluding that the Atlantic alliance is doomed. It does mean that the links between its members are bound to weaken if, in the absence of an agreement on joint strategy, several countries decide to play a fully independent nuclear game. To this extent the national deterrents risk precipitating the very danger that theoretically they are supposed to prevent or compensate for — that is, the decline of the American deterrent.

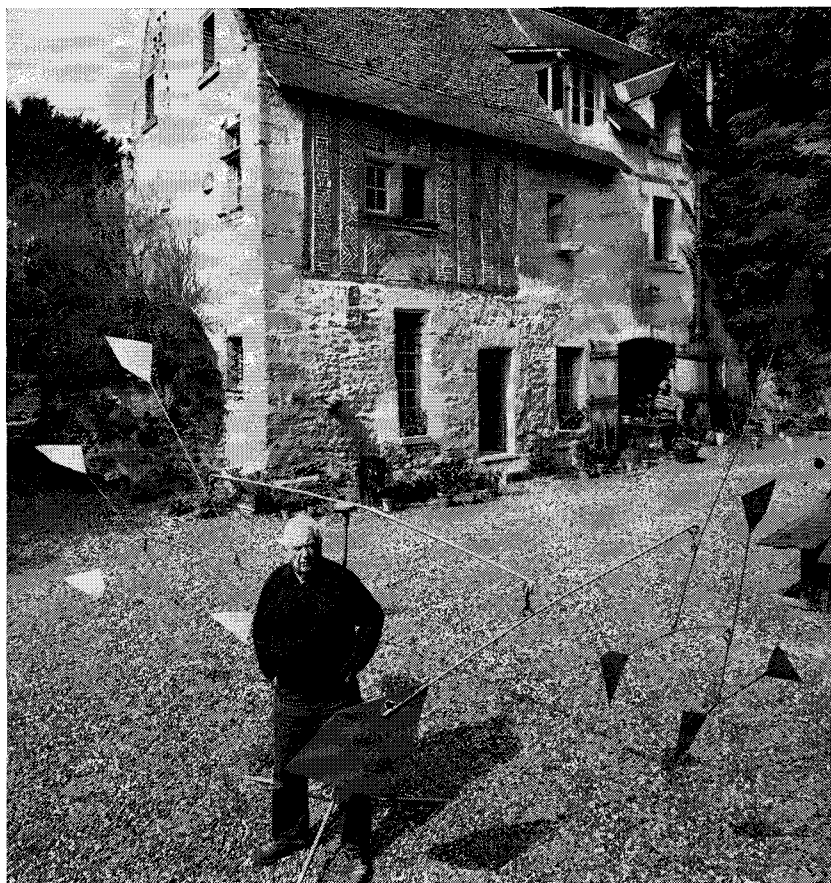
Although each of the participants in the Atlantic debate tends to exaggerate vastly the implications of whatever strategy he happens to oppose, the disagreement itself is genuine; it involves a multiplicity of dimensions, it will be pursued inexorably, and there is as yet nothing to indicate that it will end in accord.

Raymond Aron's forecast of the spread of nuclear weapons, including a consideration of Red China, will appear in the January ATLANTIC.

ALEXANDER CALDER

by Nicholas Guppy

The son and grandson of a sculptor, Alexander Calder has proved himself one of the most original of American artists. In November a retrospective exhibition of his work began at the Guggenheim Museum. This intimate portrait has been written by his friend, the English critic and author
NICHOLAS GUPPY.



THE sun was shining, the air cool and scented with flowers, as early one April morning this year I drove out from Paris along the Autoroute de l'Est, and on through Chartres, Chateaudun, Tours, toward the heart of the Loire Valley. After hours of dry rolling uplands and vast fields, at last, on the other side of Tours, the road began to wind down into an intimate valley of green meadows, poplar groves, orchards, with here and there a scatter of stone houses: a checkerboard of bright colors, bounded on either hand by low yellow cliffs riddled with caves, the river Indre coiling serpentine down the middle.

I parked my car off the road beside two tiny cottages, separated by a vegetable garden from the river. Over the stone wall on the other side of the road I could see the metal-and-glass front of a large studio and the red disc of a giant mobile turning gently as the breeze hit it; above and behind the studio loomed a cliff matted with creepers and crowned with trees. Here, since 1953, Alexander Calder has lived for roughly half of each year, when not at his farm in Roxbury, Connecticut.

An iron door in the wall opened, and out came Calder, a big, gentle teddy bear with a Churchillian head: broad brow, a mass of silvery-white curls, and keen, humorous blue eyes. He was wearing a scarlet

Photographs by Ugo Mulas, Milan.

flannel shirt, tucked into shapeless corduroy trousers.

"Nicholas!" he called. "Good to see you! Good to see you, Nasser!" to the Persian "nuagist" painter Nasser Assar, who had driven down with me.

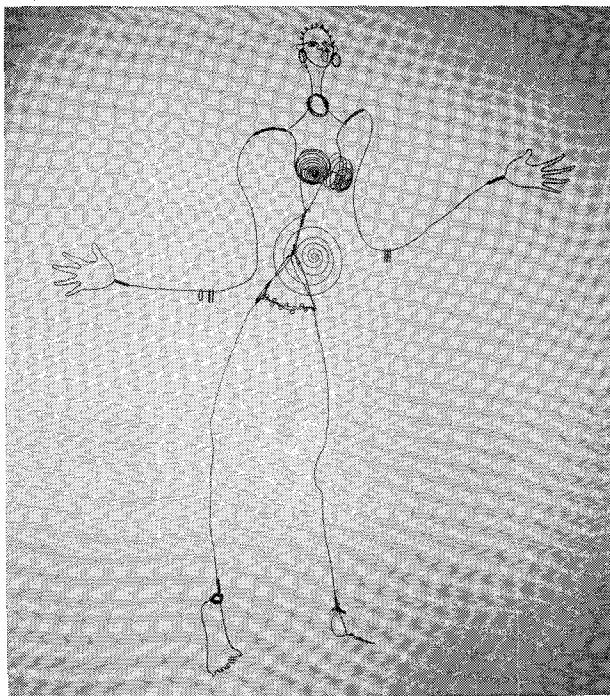
We entered the gravel courtyard. On the left, a three-story stone-and-rubble-built half-timbered house of the sixteenth century jugged out from the cliff. Ahead was a row of caves, one of which — closed, with a gray-painted door — was the wine cellar. (Calder likes caves; until recently he owned an inhabited one a few miles away, rented to a local family.) On the right, beyond a fifteen-foot standing mobile, with its poised, swinging arms, was the studio, with the gay colors of sculptures and paintings showing through the glass. A big refectory table, gray from years in rain and sun, stood out in the open. We pulled up some iron chairs and sat down while Calder uncorked a bottle of red wine.

As we began drinking, the courtyard gate opened with a tinkling from the little bell that hung on it, and in came Louisa, Calder's wife, and their little grandson Willie Davidson, age eight, who lives with his parents across the road beside the river. They had been picking wild flowers in the woods, and the

basket Louisa carried was filled with purple spikes of orchis. She was a tall, strong, handsome woman whose graying hair was swept back in a bun. She was wearing blue jeans, and a blouse of handwoven cotton, fringed around the edge. While we talked little Willie galloped about on a hobbyhorse made from a broom, with beer-can wheels, one of his grandfather's famous toy inventions.

ONE might almost say that Calder's career as an artist began with toys. After training and practicing as an engineer, he started illustrating for the *National Police Gazette*. In 1925 they gave him a pass to Barnum and Bailey's circus, and as nothing else before, the circus set his imagination moving. He sketched and sketched; each animal or human performer was captured in the barest minimum of contour lines. What comes out so strongly is that right from the first he was trying to capture movement. Portrayal was not enough; he had to seize that nuance in a movement which gave it its character, which conveyed a mood. Perhaps it could only be done by exaggeration, and in this his art at this period is allied to caricature. But he was a caricaturist of movement and gesture, where lesser artists are caricaturists of features. We feel the wobbliness of a bear on roller skates drawn in just a few deft lines.

The following year when the circus came back, Calder was with it each evening again. And in the spring his small book *Animal Sketching* was published. At the same time he had a show of oils in



New York and he began carving animals out of wood. Most important, he began making toys. Out of bits of twisted wire, corks, bottle tops, he made a duck that waddled as you pushed it along, a horse that galloped, and many others, all in remarkable imitation of the natural movements of the animals.

When he arrived in Paris in 1926 (after working his way over on a freighter), he was unknown, twenty-eight years old, with eight years of engineering studies and apprenticeship and three years of art school behind him. He knew no one except a few old acquaintances of the Art Students League. He was hard up and worked furiously; he began making toys again, and by the spring of the following year they were attracting the attention of fellow artists; he was invited to exhibit them at the Salon des Humoristes. He arranged them in a miniature circus, with acrobats, tightrope walkers, performing dogs, a knife thrower, a sword swallower, a lion trainer, a belly dancer — all performing in a miniature ring two feet across to appropriate music on the phonograph.

CALDER used wire in devising his circus performers, and now he began to make whole figures out of it. First the portrait of Josephine Baker; then Helen Wills, in action with outstretched tennis racket; a series of portrait heads of Léger, Varèse, Ozenfant, and many others in his growing circle of friends, which was to include Miró, Pascin, Coc-teau, Foujita, Van Doesburg, Arp, and Helion.

At the same time he was carving in wood, with a soft sensuousness suggestive of Gauguin: cats, lions, horses, Negro women, acrobats, often closely following the shape and grain of the original wood. He also modeled in clay, cast in bronze, used metal sheeting cut out and twisted, in an endless series of experiments which are too little known today.

Still he had not found what was uniquely his. His works belonged in the main tradition of sculpture, but he had not yet achieved a fusion of the two sides of his nature — the serious sculptor, observing and analyzing form, and the engineer, observing and analyzing structure and movement. In 1928 when Calder visited the studio of Miró, who later became one of his closest friends, he was frankly puzzled by what he saw. Then in the spring of 1930 his "conversion" took place, and he plunged headlong into abstraction, to the extent even of apologizing for his earlier works. The change was catalyzed by a visit to Mondrian's studio. It was like a three-dimensional version of one of the master's abstracts: an irregular space with snowy white walls and ceiling, against which rectangles of red, blue, and yellow had been arranged for compositional effect; while at one side the scarlet cube of a phonograph

provided the accent. To Calder the effect of such purity and simplicity of color and form was a revelation; it gave him "the necessary shock" that altered his whole way of looking at things, taking him along a pathway that was never to be retraced.

Yet he had one reservation about what he had seen at Mondrian's: in his own words, "I thought at the time how fine it would be if everything there moved, though Mondrian himself did not approve of this idea at all."

Calder's next step was to translate these discoveries into sculpture. Although he returned to New York, where he exhibited wire and wood sculptures at the Museum of Modern Art later in 1930 — and got married — Calder's new direction was not revealed until the following April, in his show of "Volumes, Vectors, and Densities" at the Galerie Percier in Paris: purely abstract structures of discs, spheres, wires, many of them painted red, blue, white, black.

In the preface to the catalogue, Léger wrote: "Before these new works, transparent, objective, exact, I think of Satie, Mondrian, Marcel Duchamp, Brancusi, Arp; those incontestable masters of reticent and silent beauty. Calder is of that line. He is American 100%. Satie and Duchamp are 100% French. Yet they meet." Arp, a few months later, christened these new works of Calder's "stables."

Having abstracted his forms, Calder first attempted to achieve a complete synthesis of his whole artistic expression — realizing Mondrian's abstract forms in movement — by utilizing various simple clockwork or electric motors as means of moving the different shapes and colors in relations to each other, sometimes within a fixed frame, sometimes in three dimensions.

OUR talk had led us into the studio to examine one of those clockwork sculptures. I asked Calder about the famous story of Albert Einstein and the motor-driven mobile *A Universe*, a piece dating from 1934 which was exhibited in the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

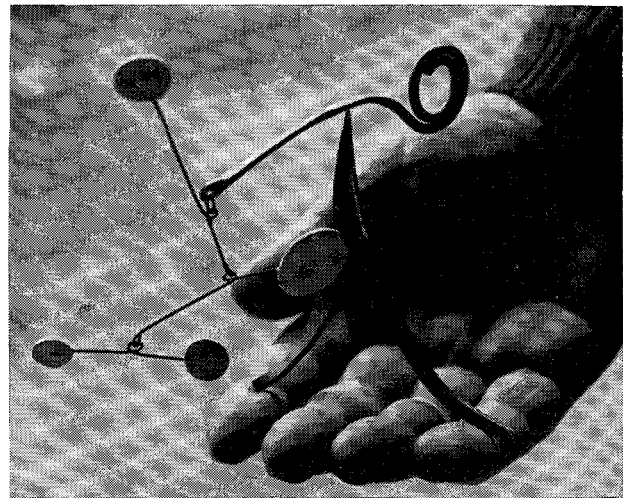
"He'd heard about *A Universe*," Calder said, "and he went and looked at it, and stayed forty minutes, just looking at it, rooted to the spot."

"Is it true that he waved away everybody who approached," I asked, "and then afterwards said, 'I wish I'd thought of that?'"

"I don't know about that; that's probably somebody elaborating. But I guess he was waiting to see the same combinations come up again so that he could work out the ratios of the different parts. I had set the movements in a ratio of, I think, nine to ten, so that the whole machine had to do ninety cycles before it repeated itself. Einstein evidently

must have waited for the whole cycle, which took about forty minutes."

We can begin to appreciate how exacting are the mental requirements for the creation of works in which the parts move in relation to each other if we realize that even in ordinary stationary sculpture, fully three-dimensional works, such as Henry Moore's great two- and three-part reclining figures,



are rare enough; most sculpture is designed for a single definite viewpoint. I emphasize this point because much of Calder's career has been concerned with the tackling of this problem. We may be excused if we think that his achievement lies in inventing a sort of supertoy for the intelligentsia and bringing in the wind to move it. Far more important is the intellectual and symbolic content of his work: underlying its apparent freedom and simplicity is an exceedingly strong intellectual structure, like the unyielding tone-row that controls the apparently free, arbitrary movement of sounds in the music of Webern. How great is Calder's genius is shown by the fact that he has had not one successful imitator or follower in the field of moving sculptures, whereas his stables, constellations, wire sculptures, gouaches, and line drawings have had a host.

Calder first showed his mechanically moved sculpture — which Marcel Duchamp dubbed "mobiles" — at the Galerie Vignon in Paris in 1932. Yet he was far from satisfied. However complex the ratios, however enjoyable the intellectual and aesthetic problems involved, with any mechanism there was bound to be a set pattern of events, which in the end became repetitious. Further, the mechanisms themselves intruded upon the form of the sculpture, sometimes ran jerkily, and were likely to break down. Such vulnerability did not please the engineer in him.

All these considerations turned Calder toward

the simpler mechanisms involved in wind propulsion, and in the same year he made his first purely wind-moved mobile, the delightful *Calderberry Bush*. Although he still makes mechanical mobiles to this day, it was in *Calderberry Bush* and its successors that he discovered the fundamentals of his art, and henceforward it was the possibilities inherent in wind mobiles that he chiefly explored in his sculpture, though of course not in his paintings.

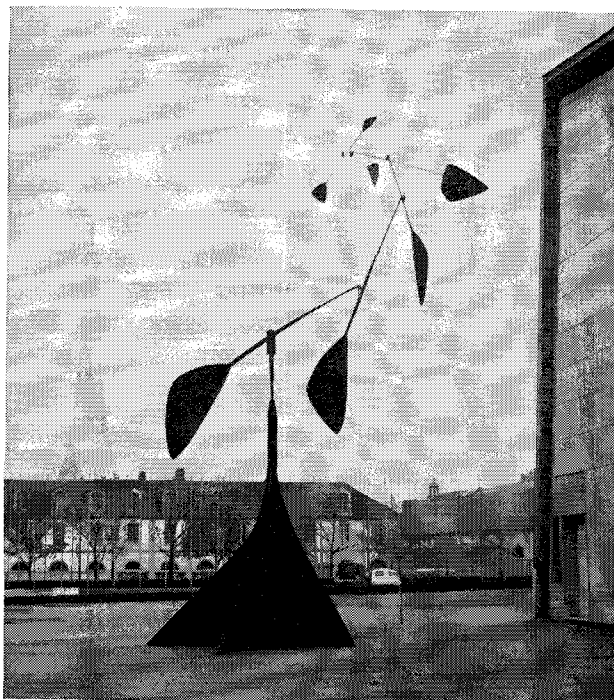
In the earliest of these wind mobiles, discs, spheres, triangles, and lines were still the component elements. Yet Calder was not prepared to follow for long Mondrian's famous dictum: "In the new art, forms are neutral . . . effort suppresses the subject and the particularized form." For Calder the only truly worthwhile forms were those which *had* meaning. And for him this implied connection with the world of nature. So, very soon he was experimenting with freer, more organic shapes, undoubtedly much under the influence of his friends Arp and Miró. Indeed, at certain points in the early thirties one might say that these artists' works are so similar that they almost fuse. Yet however close the forms they used, however much they resembled one another in humor, the content of their work has always been markedly individual, and enables it to be recognized immediately. Arp is perhaps the most consistent; his work is earthy, earthy as the nose of a truffle-hound snuffling after roots; Arp's forms might all have been dragged out of the ground or turned up under a pile of leaf mold or in a mushroom bed.

With Miró, on the other hand, similar forms are given a more animal than vegetable life and take on a strong psychological and emotional content. Miró's works wriggle with life, with insects, worms, snakes, little creatures that bite. But it is a hostile life, a life that expresses and gives rise to anxiety.

Calder handles such forms intellectually, spatially, objectively. There is no trace of anxiety, only concern with the absolute nature of things, and it is this that makes his work seem so serene and happy. Calder's world of nature includes, besides such forms derived from plants and animals, the whole cosmos — suns, moons, molecules, and all — and it is because of this that discs and spheres, unlike other geometrical forms which he has used from time to time, have remained constant in his work.

"When I have used spheres and discs, I have intended that they should represent something more. . . . The earth is a sphere, but also has . . . miles of gas about it, volcanoes upon it, and the moon making circles around it. . . . The sun is a sphere — but also is a source of intense heat. . . . A ball . . . or a disc . . . is a rather dull object without this sense of something emanating from it."

One of the biggest influences on Calder's further



evolution was his purchase in 1933 of the farm in Roxbury, Connecticut, where he lives when not in the Loire Valley. From then on he was able to stay as close to the leaves, streams, flowers, and creatures of his mythology as was humanly comfortable. And with more space, he was able to expand his work out of doors, increase it in size, subject it to the severe test of a natural background, experiment with the effects of wind and weather. Although indoors his sense of delicate fantasy could be allowed full play, now a new, often monumental strength began to appear, in works of which the elements were usually few and robust. First of these great outdoor works was the ten-foot-high *Steel Fish* (1934), formerly in the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, the direct ancestor of such pieces as the giant stand-mobile *Spiral*, for UNESCO (1958), which is today one of the sights of Paris.

LUNCH is ready," called Louisa. The long living room which we entered from Calder's studio made up the entire ground floor of the house. At one end of this fifty-foot room was the "kitchen"—a small electric cooker, a refrigerator, and a sink, separated from the rest of the room by a transverse table topped by giant jars containing herbs and relishes, saucepans, and casseroles. Above, from a bar of iron, hung gaily colored clusters of enamel colanders, ladles, spoons, jugs, and other cooking utensils, forming together an impromptu mobile.

Everything was beautiful and simple. Not a single piece of furniture in the room was of the kind that requires polishing or makes demands for care or attention upon its owner.

At this kitchen end, the whole house abutted against the cliff, and the wall of the room was simply roughhewn whitewashed rock face, in an irregularity of which a cutout tin cat with glass eyes had been stuck, as if climbing up. To the left the cliff had been deeply undercut, and in the cave so formed, green with mosses and algae (moisture seeps through), stood a disused winepress, in the center of a large circular hollow in the rock into which the grapes were piled, for the whole property once belonged to a wine grower. Here Louisa kept rows of bottles, glasses, and other imperishable kitchen stores. At the opposite end of the room, beneath a cavernous chimneypiece and an old oven, a semi-circular raised hearth carried a log fire on which chops and steaks were grilled and joints were spit-roasted.

We sat down at another long refectory table, where an enormous jar filled with marguerite daisies was distilling a honey scent into the air. Like the other table outside, it had been built to Calder's design by a local carpenter.

The floor tiles were covered by brightly colored rugs, handwoven by Louisa from Calder's gouache designs (big baskets of different colored wool stood here and there), and a few rush-and-wool mats from Morocco.

Above the desk a railway sleeper-tie — a massive iron object with two "eye" holes and a beaky "nose" — leaned against a wall showing as a curious face. Above it, connected to the ceiling by an elaborate cobweb, was one of the famous wire portraits, of Louisa herself. Hanging from the huge white-painted oak beams of the ceiling, five mobiles of widely varied pattern, color, and size rotated dreamily: like drifting clouds or nodding leaves in a woodland. They unfolded, slowly, without tension, with the beauty that comes only from a perfect understanding of natural movements. I remembered the words that Sartre, who feels a strong identification between his philosophy and Calder's works, had written for one of Calder's exhibitions: "Calder . . . catches true, live movements and fashions them. His mobiles . . . are absolutes For each one of them Calder establishes a general career of movement and then he abandons it; it is the time of day, the sunshine, the heat, the wind which will determine each individual dance . . . although Calder has not sought to imitate anything — because he has not wanted to do anything but to create scales and chords of unknown movements — they are at once lyrical inventions, almost mathematical technical combinations and, at the same time, the sensible symbol of Nature — this great

vague Nature, which throws pollen about lavishly and will produce brusquely the flight of a thousand butterflies."

Everywhere there was color: strong, clear, pure color, filling the air with gaiety. Everywhere flowers: big bowls of daisies, orchids from the woods, buttercups; a ten-foot-long scarlet, white, and black Chinese paper dragon hanging from the ceiling bared formidable teeth amid the mobiles; tiny mobiles, sprightly as yellow and crimson insects, sat on the tabletops; a glowing jewel-green glass water valve from Italy hung on the walls between San Blas Island fabrics in colorful slashed cloth with abstract or facelike patterns; a broom with a patchwork head and vivid red nylon bristles, bought by Louisa on one of their travels, stood in the corner near a huge eel trap woven from osiers by the Loire fishermen. And the lights (for the day had clouded over heavily): marvelous softly glittering silvery lights in odd corners, over desks and tables, and a great glowing chandelier afloat above the dining table, their shades and reflectors all made from tin baking dishes!

"I hope you don't mind," Louisa said, coming to the table with a bowl in her hand. "But I thought for lunch we would just have cold things and a salad." The cold things were Touraine specialties: rillettes and rillons and smoked ham.

"What has happened to *Clouds Over Mountains*?" I asked as we began eating.

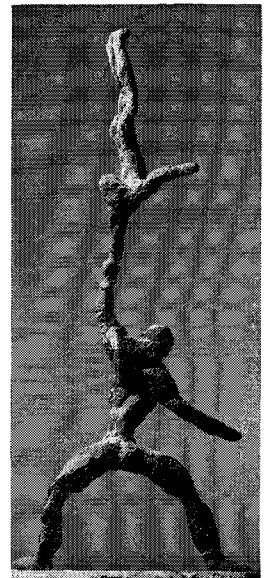
I had seen it at the Tate: a fourteen-foot-long range of mountain peaks in black sheet steel, over which soared a group of tiny clouds on a steel rod. Ever since, I had asked frequently where it was, hoping that someone in England would buy it so that I could go and look at it from time to time.

"It's been given to the Chicago Art Institute," Calder said, smiling. "But the Tate itself got a five-foot-wide mobile; and a big one — I think it was twelve feet across — called *Chicago Black* was bought for Temple Newsam Art Gallery in Yorkshire."

"And what about *The Crab*?" I asked.

"It got lost on its way to Houston," Calder said. "The museum there bought it."

Twenty feet long, ten feet wide by ten feet high, and painted bright orange-scarlet, this huge stabile with delicately tiptoeing legs, beneath whose arches



a group of people could walk, had dominated the main central hall of the Tate.

"It was taken to pieces and carefully wrapped in blankets," Calder explained, "and put into a truck to be driven from New York to Houston. Halfway there the truck driver phoned up his home and found his family was ill. So he changed direction and drove off there. For a week nobody knew where it was. It was like the mobile that was presented to the President of Venezuela after the exhibition there in 1955 — after the revolution no one could find it. Anyway, James J. Sweeney, the museum director, and my New York dealer were frantic until someone thought of tracing the driver to his home. There it was, still sitting in the truck. Only when they reloaded it into another truck, they carefully folded up the blankets and stacked them in a corner, and just chucked in the metal pieces one on top of the other. When it finally got to Houston, the whole thing had to be repainted!"

"I hope they had the right paint, because that particular color was marvelous," I said.

"I sent it to them. But that doesn't always happen. For instance, I had a big mobile which won the first prize at the Carnegie International at Pittsburgh in 1958. So they bought it and presented it to the airport there. But they repainted it yellow and green, because those were the county colors!"

"And what happened to the *International Mobile*?" A twenty-foot-wide work like a sky of moving clouds high overhead.

"That's at Houston, too," Calder said.

"What other big works have you done lately?"

"There was a big mobile I did for a bank in Hartford, Connecticut, last year. And a very big one some time ago for Idlewild International Airport. I called it 725."

"What I really meant were big outdoor ones," I said.

"Two years ago, in sixty-two, I did a large piece for Stockholm called *The Four Elements*. It's about thirty feet high and has four parts that are moved by a motor."

"Do any other cities have outdoor mobiles?"

"I'm doing two more right now. But you mustn't tell anyone where they're for. It's a secret. Then there's also *Whirling Ear*, which originally stood in a pond at the Brussels Fair. I did that in 1958, the same year as the *Spiral*, outside UNESCO in Paris. I built it in a mechanical shop near Roxbury. At first I had it going at two rpm; then I slowed it down to one rpm because it looked as if the ear had gone crazy. When I did that a Scotsman said to me, 'If you have it any slower, you'll no be able to call it the *Whirling Ear*, Mr. Calder!'"

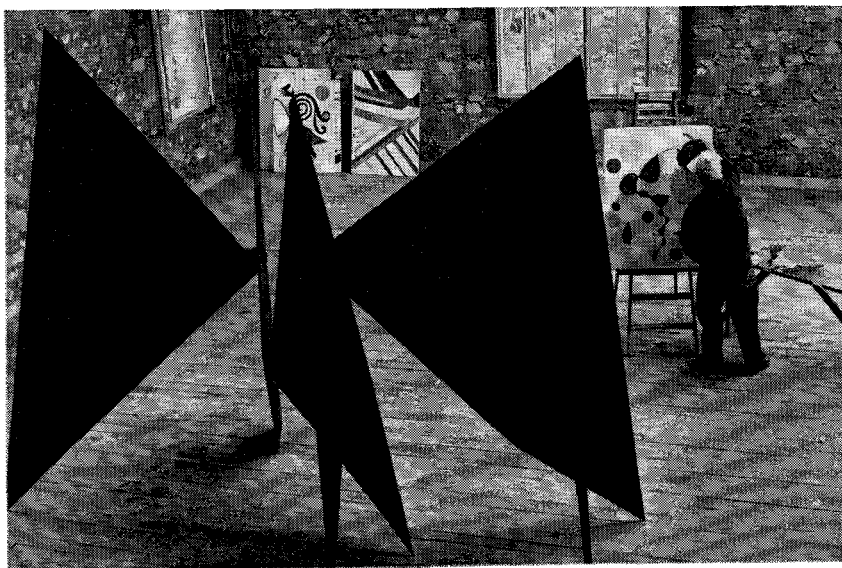
THE next morning, breakfast at the long table downstairs consisted of honey and toast, and coffee served in big white bowls. It was a delightfully soft spring morning, with thin mists rising over the river and a pale sun warming the flowers and early bees. Nasser and I found Calder in one of the twin little yellow stone houses on the other side of the road, near where I had parked my car. A few roses were blooming against the wall, and a single purple flower hung on a clematis vine.

Inside he was painting a gouache of swirling forms in blue and red, like nebulae, or suns, or again, like sunflowers. Over a few odd tables, scattered to dry, were other gouaches. A rampage of color flooded the room. Where his brush had touched the wet paper, a blazing spectrum of suns and moons, stars, starfish, and butterflies burst forth. To him his paintings, still virtually unknown to the public, are just as important a medium of expression as his sculpture.

"I was just going up to the big studio," said Calder. "Would you like to come? We could walk if you don't mind. I like walking, as long as I'm not in a hurry."

We closed the door and set off along the road. He held our arms and pulled us to the side as we rounded the first bend.

"A very dangerous corner," he murmured.



A little farther on he pointed to an open space between buildings, where the ground was curiously granular and purplish.

"See that? That's where they hold the *vendage*. They press the grapes there . . . that's all grape skins and pips."

He paused, then pointed to a long barn that ran along one side, from the road right back to the cliff. "I've got another storeroom here. Like to see inside?" he asked.

It was like the opening of Aladdin's cave: a long, narrow room, with a floor that sloped upward gently, and a steep-pitched roof, all a jumble of mobiles and stables.

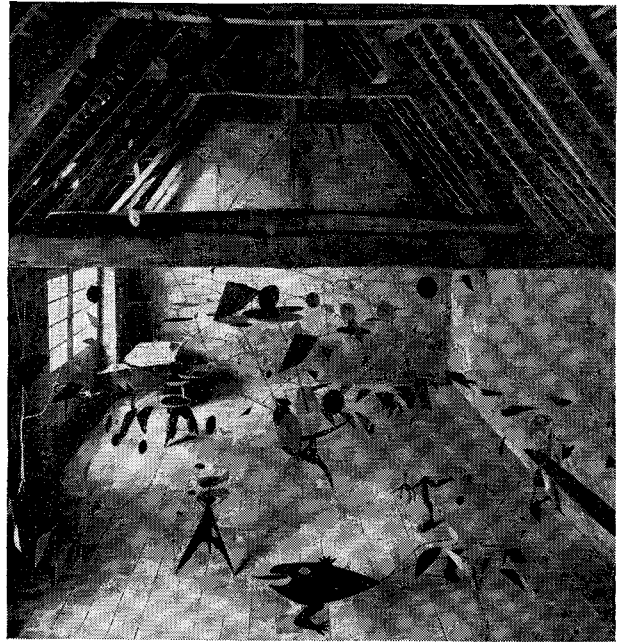
Standing in the middle was a big bronze casting of a mobile, a human figure with horizontal torso and one leg outstretched behind, as if skating, set to balance and rotate on a base which consisted of the other leg. In the middle of the war Calder had produced a few such works in which, according to Sweeney, he had returned to modeling the human figure as an act of self-discipline because he felt he had developed too much facility in handling materials and was becoming "ingrown, habit-bound and uninventive." After this his works had acquired a new and magical grace, as can be seen in mobiles like *Bayonets Menacing a Flower*, or *The Forest Is the Best Place*, and in stables like *Morning Cobweb*.

A large and bulging sack lay to one side, and pointing to it I asked, "What's that?"

"That's the *Mercury Fountain*," he said — to my astonishment, for I had always imagined that so famous and historical a piece must surely be in a museum. Designed at Miró and Sert's instigation for the Spanish pavilion at the Paris Exposition in 1937, it had attracted almost as much attention as Picasso's *Guernica* (next to which it had stood), with its flashing, playing flow of the liquid metal tumbling down a series of chutes and drops until it struck the lower flange of the mobile part, causing it to move.

We walked out of the village into the open country, with the road following the contour of the slope, and soon Calder's vast new studio came into sight, crowning the hill like some castle or monastery. It is typical of Calder that he should have designed a building so perfectly in keeping with the landscape, using traditional methods where possible and appropriate, yet without deviating in the slightest from an utter modernity of conception and use, for the building was designed for the housing and assembling of his largest works, any single one of which would have entirely filled the small studio by his house.

By now we were almost level with the studio and could see the cluster of huge stables on the terrace in front, high above the flowering apples, cherries, and plums, and the sweep of the landscape below.



"For years," Calder said, "I didn't have any space for my really big pieces. Then I went to visit with Tal Coat up in Brittany. He had a really beautiful studio, and all the time I had been working in small places. So it gave me the idea of building this, and as a result, I can now go ahead developing large-scale ideas in a way I could never do before."

"Who actually makes them for you?" I asked.

"Mostly they are made by Biémont, the big iron-works that you pass on the way into Tours. I make the scale model, the maquette, out of sheet aluminum with indications of where all the flanges, gussets, and so forth, necessary to join the component parts together and give strength, are to go. At the foundry they have equipment for shaping and cutting the sheet steel to size. Then afterwards we have to weld on the flanges, drill screw holes; and sometimes I decide to make changes at that stage also. Then we bring the pieces up here and assemble them and paint them. All these big pieces can be unscrewed and taken apart for shipping. Of course the big stable at Spoleto was made in Italy by Italsider."

"Before you make the maquettes do you work out the design on paper?"

"Yes, usually. It's a question of how new or difficult the problems involved are."

We crossed the steel bridge leading to the upper floor at the rear of the building and entered a single great room some one hundred feet long by perhaps forty feet wide and forty-five feet high, with floor-to-ceiling glass windows along the entire opposite wall, and a glass roof at the distant end.

Four stables, the highest about thirty feet high, stood at various points in the room, their steel

arches and legs forming a labyrinth between which we walked to and fro. I was reminded of the buttressed trees of the Guiana jungle, amid which I had lived for close to five years. But the life in these immense creations was animal, not vegetable. Tense, their still limbs ready to move, they were like arthropod fossils from some unknown giant-bearing reach of the Carboniferous.

At the far end of the room a twelve-foot-tall assembly of rectangles of paper painted in gay colors and joined into a single composition was the design for a new Aubusson tapestry. On the floor nearby were a few oil paintings.

"Would you like to take one of those?" he asked, turning to me.

"Sure thing!" I said.

After I had picked one out, he said, "Now I suppose you want me to sign. A man came to me the other day and told me how he had got a drawing from Picasso, but Picasso wouldn't sign. So when he got a drawing out of me, I wouldn't sign either! I guess he was very angry. Still, I suppose I'd better sign for you."

His eyes twinkling, he picked up the canvas and moved over to a table where he began charging a brush with paint, twisting the brush around to splay out the bristles, then signed "AC," but almost illegibly.

"Here you are, Nicholas," he said, with a wide grin.

We descended a stairway near the entrance to the lower floor — also a single room, but containing an immense central-heating plant and a small partitioned-off washroom and lavatory. Though the ceiling was about fifteen feet high, it seemed low because of the great size of the room. There were no sculptures in here, but through a series of arches, containing glassed folding double doors that ran the whole length of the room, we could see half a dozen standing on the terrace.

We walked outside to look at them. They stood, strange black beasts of enigmatic beauty, poised as if ready to leap from this great terrace, where one felt as if in an airplane skimming the valley. A marvelous panorama unrolled before us: a rich cultivated landscape that shelved gradually away

to the river meadows, then rose in folds and swells to the forested crest of the valley opposite, and stretched far away into blue distances.

From only a few yards away came a hail from a plowman, turning his big Percheron horse, its shaggy feet striking deep into the soft soil. The pears and apples were in blossom, pink and white, the vines a tender green between a maze of upright posts and wires.

One of the big stables had a foot curling up into a narrowing spiral. I turned to Calder: "That's a form you have been using for years in your gouaches; now you've transferred it to your sculpture!"

He smiled.

There came the sound of a car approaching. Louisa stepped out. "I've come to collect you," she said. "Don't forget you've got to drive over to have lunch with Peter Bellew [director of UNESCO's art side]. And Nicholas has promised to mark his trees for thinning out! Don't let that delay you too long, and bring Peter back early — remember, we have Max Ernst coming to dinner, and he'll have a long way to drive home afterwards!"

"Nasser and I will walk," I said. "We'll get back ahead of you; we'll cut across the field."

And while Calder and his wife gathered a few flowers from the wood at the side of the studio, Assar and I set off down the road.

"It's amazing," said Assar after a while, "the way he views the world with a totally innocent eye, as if he were seeing it all, everything, just as it is, with no associations, no anxiety, no fear. He is like the first man, Adam. He sees every living thing in all its joy. It is not that he is naïve. Nor can you really call him sophisticated. That is the wrong word . . . he is something else. He is a pantheist, welcoming everything in the whole world. A wicked man, a poisonous snake — he recognizes their danger, objectively, but also their right to live along with everything else. So he can handle such matters without fear or anxiety marring his judgment. He is all-accepting, in the religious sense, and each work of his for that reason is like a paean."

After that, coming from someone normally extremely reticent, what more was there to say?



ARE MOVIES GOING TO PIECES?

BY PAULINE KAEI

Author, lecturer, and an authority on films, PAULINE KAEI has been manager of an art cinema and has worked on experimental films. A native of California, she is currently studying on a Guggenheim Fellowship. Her collection of criticism, I LOST IT AT THE MOVIES, will be published next spring by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

One evening not long ago, some academic friends came to my house, and as we talked and drank, we looked at a television showing of Tod Browning's 1931 version of *Dracula*. Dwight Frye's appearance on the screen had us suddenly squealing and shrieking, and it was obvious that old vampire movies were part of our common experience. We talked about the famous ones, Murnau's *Nosferatu* and Dreyer's *Vampyr*, and we began to get fairly involved in the lore of the genre — the strategy of the bite, the special earth for the coffins, the stake through the heart versus the rays of the sun as disposal methods, the cross as vampire repellent. We had begun to surprise each other by the affectionate, nostalgic tone of our mock erudition when the youngest person present, an instructor in English, said in a clear, firm tone, "*The Beast With Five Fingers* is the greatest horror picture I've ever seen." Stunned that so bright a young man could display such shocking taste in preferring a Warner Brothers mediocrity of the forties to the classics, I gasped, "But why?" and he answered, "Because it's completely irrational. It doesn't make any sense, and that's the true terror."

I was upset by his neat little declaration — existentialism in a nutshell — by the calm matter-of-

factness of it, and by the way the others seemed to take it for granted. Yet this evaluation, which had never occurred to me, helped to explain some of my recent moviegoing experiences.

Last year I went to see a famous French film, Georges Franju's *Eyes Without a Face*, which had arrived in San Francisco in a dubbed version called *The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus* and was playing on a double-horror bill in a huge Market Street theater. It was Saturday night, and the theater, which holds 2646, was so crowded that I had trouble finding a seat.

Even dubbed, *Eyes Without a Face*, which Franju called a poetic fantasy, is austere and elegant; the exquisite photography is by the great Shuftan, the music by Maurice Jarre, the superb gowns by Givenchy. It is a symbolist attack on science and the ethics of medicine, and though I thought this attack as simpleminded in its way as the young poet's usual denunciation of war or commerce, it is in some peculiar way a classic of horror.

Pierre Brasseur, as a doctor, experiments systematically, removing the faces of beautiful young kidnapped women and trying to graft them onto the ruined head of his daughter. He keeps failing, the girls are destroyed, and yet he persists — in some terrible parody of the scientific method. In the end, the daughter, still only eyes without a face, liberates the dogs on which he also experiments, and they tear off his head.

The movie is both bizarrely sophisticated and absurdly naïve. Franju's style is almost as purified as Robert Bresson's, and although I disliked the mixture of austerity and mysticism with blood and gore, it produced its effect: a vague, floating, almost lyric sense of horror, an almost abstract atmosphere, impersonal and humorless. It has none of the fun of a good old horror satire like *The Bride of Frankenstein*, with Elsa Lanchester's hair curling electrically instead of just frizzing as usual, and Ernest Thesiger toying with mandrake roots and tiny ladies and gentlemen in glass jars. It is a horror film that takes itself very seriously, and even though I thought its intellectual pretensions silly,

I couldn't shake off the exquisite, dread images.

But the audience seemed to be reacting to a different movie. They were so noisy that the dialogue was inaudible; they talked until the screen gave promise of bloody ghastliness. Then the chatter subsided to rise again in noisy approval of the gory scenes. When a girl in the film seemed about to be mutilated, a young man behind me jumped up and down and shouted encouragement. "Somebody's going to get it," he sang out gleefully. The audience, which was, I'd judge, predominantly between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, and at least a third feminine, was pleased and excited by the most revolting, obsessive images. They had gotten what they came for; they had not been cheated. But nobody seemed to care what the movie was about or to be interested in the logic of the plot, the reasons for the gore.

And audiences have seemed indifferent to incomprehensible sections in big expensive pictures. For example, how is it that the immense audience for *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, after all those hours of watching a story unfold, failed to express discomfort or outrage or even plain curiosity about what exactly happened at the end — which through bad direction or perhaps sloppy editing went by too fast to be sorted out and understood? Is it possible that audiences no longer care if a film is so untidily put together that information crucial to the plot or characterizations is obscured or omitted altogether? *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* was such a mess that *Time*, after calling it "the year's scariest, funniest and most sophisticated thriller," got the plot garbled.

In recent years, largely because of the uncertainty of producers about what will draw, films in production have shifted from one script to another, or have been finally cut in such a way that key sequences are omitted. And the oddity is that it doesn't seem to matter to the audience. I couldn't tell what was going on in parts of *55 Days at Peking*. I was flabbergasted when Cleopatra, in the movie of the same name, with no hint or preparation, suddenly demonstrated clairvoyant powers, only to dispense with them as quickly as she had acquired them. The audience for *The Cardinal* can have little way of knowing whose baby the priest's sister is having, or of understanding how she can be in labor for days, screaming in a rooming house, without anybody hearing her. They may also be puzzled about how the priest's argument against her marriage, which they have been told is the only Catholic position, can, after it leads to her downfall and death, be casually dismissed as an error.

It would be easy to conclude that people go to see a show and just don't worry if it all hangs together so long as they have something to look at. But I think it is more complicated than that. Au-

diences used to have an almost rational passion for getting the story straight: they might prefer bad movies to good ones (the *Variety* list of "all-time top grossers" such as *The Greatest Show on Earth* and *Going My Way* indicates that they did), but although the movies might be banal or vulgar, they were rarely incoherent. A movie had to tell some kind of story that held together: a plot had to parse. Some of the appreciation for the cleverness of, say, Hitchcock's early thrillers derived from their ability to conceal the loopholes, so that afterward one could enjoy thinking over how one had been tricked and teased. Perhaps now "stories" have become too sane, too explicable, too commonplace for the large audiences who want sensations and regard the explanatory connections as mere filler.

It is possible that television viewing, with all its breaks and cuts and the spinning of the dial to find some action, is partly responsible for destruction of the narrative sense — that delight in following a story through its complications to its conclusion, which is perhaps a child's first conscious artistic pleasure. The old staples of entertainment — inoffensive genres like the adventure story or the musical or the ghost story or the detective story — are no longer commercially safe for moviemakers, and it may be that audiences don't have much more than a television span of attention left. Something similar may be happening to reading tastes and habits: I find teen-agers who oftentimes have read Salinger, some Orwell, *Lord of the Flies*, some Joyce Cary, and sometimes even Dostoevsky, but they are not interested in the classic English novels of Scott or Dickens. What is more, they don't read the Sherlock Holmes stories or even the modern detective fiction that in the thirties and forties was an accepted part of the shared experience of adolescents. Whatever the reasons — and they must have to do with modern life and the sense of urgency it produces — audiences can no longer be depended on to respond to conventional forms. They want something different. They are too restless and apathetic to pay attention to motivations and complications, cause and effect. They want less effort, more sensations.

A decade ago, *The Haunting*, an efficient, professional, and to all appearances commercial genre film, might have made money. By the end of 1963, its grosses in the United States and Canada, according to *Variety*, were \$700,000. This may be compared with \$9,250,000 for *Irma La Douce*, \$4,600,000 for *The Birds*, \$3,900,000 for *55 Days at Peking* — all three, I think, terrible movies and in varying degrees pointless and incomprehensible. A detective genre piece, *The List of Adrian Messenger*, also incom-

parably better than the three films cited, and with a tricky star-selling campaign, grossed only \$1,500,000. It is easy to imagine that Robert Wise, after the excesses of *West Side Story*, turned to *The Haunting* for a safe, sane respite, and that John Huston, after wrestling with *Freud*, turned to an intriguing detective story like *Adrian Messenger* for a lucrative, old-fashioned holiday. But what used to be safe seems now to be folly. How can audiences preoccupied with identity problems of their own worry about a case of whodunit and why and how? Following clues may be too much of an effort for those who, in the current teen-age phrase, "couldn't care less." They want shock treatment, not diversion, and it takes more than ghosts to frighten them.

The Haunting is set in that pleasantly familiar "old dark house" that is itself an evil presence and is usually inhabited by ghosts or evil people. In our childhood imaginings, the unknowable things that have happened in old houses, and the whispers that someone may have died in them, make them mysterious and "dirty"; only the new house that has known no life or death is safe and clean. But so many stories have used the sinister dark house-from-which-no-one-can-escape and its murky gardens for our ritual entertainment that we learn to experience the terrors as pleasurable excitations and reassuring reminders of how frightened we used to be before we learned our way around. In film, as in story, the ambience is fear; the film specialty is gathering a group who are trapped and helpless. The action is confined to the house and grounds (the maze); the town is usually far away, just far enough away so that "nobody will hear you if you scream."

In recent years film festivals and art houses have featured a peculiar variant of the trapped-in-the-old-dark-house genre (Buñuel's *The Exterminating Angel* is the classic new example), but the characters, or rather figures, are the undead or zombies of the vampire movies. "We live as in coffins frozen side by side in a garden" — *Last Year at Marienbad*. "I'm dead" — the heroine of *Il Mare*. "They're all dead in there" — the hostess describing the party of *La Notte*. Their vital juices have been sucked away, but they don't have the revealing marks on the throat. We get the message: alienation drains the soul without leaving any marks. Or, as Bergman says of his trilogy, "Most of the people in these three films are dead, completely dead. They don't know how to love or to feel any emotions. They are lost because they can't reach anyone outside of themselves." This "art" variant is a message movie about failure of communication and lack of love and spiritual emptiness and all the rest of that. It is the closest thing we've got to a new genre, but it has some peculiarities. The old dark

house was simply there, but these symbolic decadent or sterile surroundings are supposed to reflect the walking death of those within the maze. The characters in the old dark house tried to solve the riddle of their imprisonment and tried to escape; even in *No Exit* the drama was in why the characters were there; but in the new hotel-in-hell movies the characters don't even want to get out of the maze — nor, one surmises, do the directors, despite their moralizing. And audiences apparently respond to these films as modern and relevant just because of this paralysis and inaction and minimal story line.

Although *The Haunting* is moderately elegant and literate and expensive, it is basically a traditional ghost story. There is the dedicated scientist, an anthropologist, who wants to contribute to science in some socially unacceptable or scientifically reproachable area — in this case, to prove the supernatural powers of the house. And in the expository style traditional for the genre, he explains the lore and jargon of psychic research, meticulously separating ghost from poltergeist, and so on. In the great tradition of *Frankenstein*, the scientist must have the abnormal or mad assistant: the role that would once have belonged to Dwight Frye is here modernized and becomes the Greenwich Village lesbian, Claire Bloom. And there is the scientist's distraught wife who fears that her husband's brilliant career will be ruined. The chaste heroine, Julie Harris (like an updated Helen Chandler, Dracula's anemic victim), is the movies' post-Freudian concept of the virgin: repressed, hysterical, insane, the source of evil.

It wasn't a great movie, but I certainly wouldn't have thought that it could offend anyone. Yet some of the audience at *The Haunting* were not merely bored, they were hostile — as if the movie, by assuming interests they didn't have, made them feel resentful or inferior. I have never felt this kind of audience hostility toward crude, bad movies. People are relaxed and tolerant about ghoulish quickies, grotesque dubbed shockers from Japan, and chopped-up Italian spectacles that scramble mythologies and pile on actions, one stupidity after another. Perhaps they prefer incoherent, meaningless movies because they are not required to remember or connect. I am afraid that the young instructor in English spoke for his times, that there is no terror for modern audiences if a story is carefully worked out and follows a tradition, even though the tradition was developed and perfected precisely to frighten entertainingly.

It is not only general audiences out for an evening's entertainment who seem to have lost the narrative sense or become indifferent to narrative. Processes

of structural disintegration are at work in all types of movies, and though it is obvious that many of the old forms were dead and had to be discarded, it is rather scary to see what is happening, and not only at the big picture palaces. Art-house films are even more confusing. Why at the end of Godard's *My Life to Live* is the heroine, rather than the pimp that the rival gang is presumably gunning for, shot? Is she just a victim of bad marksmanship? If we express perplexity, we are likely to be told that we are missing the existentialist point: it is simply fate; she had to die. But a cross-eyed fate? And why is there so little questioning of the organization of *My Name Is Ivan*, with its lyric interludes and patriotic sections so ill-assembled that one might think the projectionist had scrambled the reels?

The art-house audience accepts lack of clarity as complexity; clumsiness and confusion as style. Perhaps even without the support of critics they would accept incoherence just as the larger audience does; they may feel that movies as incomprehensible as *Viridiana* are more relevant to their experience, more true to their own feelings about life, and more satisfying than works they can understand.

I trust I won't be mistaken for the sort of boob who attacks ambiguity or complexity. I am interested in the change from the period when the meaning of art and form in art was in making complex experience simple and lucid — as is still the case in *Knife in the Water* or *Bandits of Orgosolo* — to the current acceptance of art as technique, the technique which, in a movie like *This Sporting Life*, makes a simple, though psychologically confused story look complex, and modern because inexplicable.

It has become easy, especially for those who consider time a problem and a great theme, to believe that fast editing, out of normal sequence, is somehow more cinematic than a consecutively told story. For a half century movies have, when necessary, shifted action in time and place, and the directors generally didn't think it necessary to slap us in the face with each cut or to call out, "Look what I can do!" Yet people who should know better will tell you how cinematic *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner* or *This Sporting Life* is, as if fiddling with the time sequence were good in itself, proof that the medium is really being used. Perhaps after a few decades of indoctrination in high art they are convinced that a movie is cinematic when they don't understand what's going on. *This Sporting Life*, which Derek Hill, among others, has called the best feature ever made in England, isn't gracefully fragmented, it's smashed. The chunks are so heavy and humorless and, in an odd way, disturbing that we can tell the film is meant to be bold, powerful, tragic.

In one way or another, almost all the enthusiasts for a film like this one will tell you that however you interpret the film, you will be right. There is not much to be said for this theory except that it's mighty democratic. Rather pathetically, those who accept this Rorschach-blot approach to movies are hesitant and uneasy about offering reactions. They should be reassured by the belief that whatever they say is right, but since it refers not to the film but to them (turning criticism into autobiography), they are afraid of self-exposure. I don't think they really believe the theory; it's a sort of temporary public-convenience station. More and more people come out of a movie and can't tell you what they've seen or even whether they liked it.

An author like David Storey may stun them with the information that *This Sporting Life* "works purely in terms of feeling. Only frivolous judgments can be made about it in conventional terms of style." Has Storey discovered a new method of conveying feeling without style? Or has he simply found the arrogance to frustrate normal responses? No one wants to have his capacity for feeling questioned, and if a viewer tries to play it cool and discuss *This Sporting Life* in terms of corrupt professional football, he still won't score on that muddy field: there are no goalposts. Lindsay Anderson, who directed, says, "*This Sporting Life* is not a film about sport. In fact, I wouldn't really call it a story picture at all. . . . We have tried to make a tragedy . . . we were making a film about something unique." A tragedy without a story is unique all right: a disaster.

IN MOVIES, as in other art forms, whether you are interested only in technique or reject technique, the result is just about the same: if you have nothing to express, it is very much like thinking that you have so much to express that you don't know how to say it. Something related to absorption in technique is involved in the enthusiasm of young people for what is called the New American Cinema, though these films are often made by those who reject craftsmanship as well as meaning, who tend to equate technique with science and with the production of the Bomb. This approach, which is a little like the attack on scientific method in *Eyes Without a Face*, is used to explain why film-makers must make movies without taking time to learn how. They are in a hurry, and anyway, technique might corrupt them.

The spokesmen for this New American Cinema attack rationality as if it were the enemy of art. They have composed a rather strange amalgam in which reason equals lack of feeling and imagination equals hostility to art equals science equals the

enemy equals Nazis and police equals the Bomb. Somewhere along the line, criticism is also turned into an enemy of art. The group produces a kind of euphoric publicity, which is published instead of criticism, but soon the group may have semi-intellectually respectable critics. In the *Nation* of April 13, 1964, Susan Sontag published an extraordinary essay on Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures*, in which she enunciated a new critical principle: "Thus Smith's crude technique serves, beautifully, the sensibility embodied in *Flaming Creatures* — a sensibility based on indiscriminate-ness, without ideas, beyond negation." I think that in treating indiscriminate-ness as a value, Miss Sontag has become a real swinger. Of course we can reply that if anything goes, nothing happens, nothing works. But this is becoming irrelevant. In Los Angeles, among the independent filmmakers at their midnight screenings, I was told that I belonged to the older generation — that Agee-alcohol generation, they called it — who could not respond to the new films because they didn't take pot or LSD and so couldn't learn just to *accept* everything. This narcotic approach of torpid acceptance, which is much like the lethargy of the undead in the failure-of-communication movies, may explain why those films have seemed so "true" to some people, and why the directors' moralistic messages sound so false. The attitude of rejecting critical standards has the dubious advantage of accepting everyone who says he is an artist as an artist and conferring on all his "noncommercial" productions the status of art. Miss Sontag is on to something, and if she stays on and rides it like Slim Pickens, it's the end of criticism.

At the art-house level, critics and audiences haven't yet discovered the beauty of indiscriminate-ness, but there is a lot of talk about "purely visual content" — which might be called the principle of ineffability. *Time* calls Resnais's *Muriel* "another absorbing exercise in style." Dwight Macdonald calls *Marienbad* "'pure' cinema, a succession of images enjoyable in themselves." And Richard Roud, who was responsible (and thus guilty) for the film selection at the New York film festivals, goes all the way: films like *La Notte*, he says, provide an "experience in pure form."

Once matters reach this plane, it begins to seem almost unclean to raise issues about meaning and content and character, or to question the relevance of a sequence, the quality of a performance. Someone is sure to sneer, "Are you looking for a paraphrasable content? A film, like a poem, *is*." Or smile pityingly and remind you that Patroni Griffi had originally intended to call *Il Mare* "Landscape With Figures"; doesn't that tell you how you should look at it? It does indeed, and it's not my idea of a good time. After a few dismal experiences we

discover that when we are told to admire a film for its pure form or its structure, it is going to exhibit irritating, confusing, and ostentatious technique, which will, infuriatingly, be all we can discover in it. And if we should mention that we *enjoy* the dramatic and narrative elements in movies, we are almost certain to be subjected to the contemptuous remark, "Why does cinema have to *mean* something? Do you expect a work by Bach to *mean* something?"

The only way to answer this is by some embarrassingly basic analysis, pointing out that words, unlike tones, refer to something, that movie images are rarely abstract or geometric designs, and that when they include people and places and actions, they have implications, associations. Robbe-Grillet, the scenarist of *Marienbad*, may say that the film is a pure construction, an object without reference to anything outside itself, and that the existence of the two characters begins when the film begins and ends ninety-three minutes later, but, of course, we are not born when we go in to see a movie — though we may want to die by the time we leave. And we can't even leave *Marienbad* behind because, although it isn't particularly memorable, a kind of creeping Marienbadism is the new aesthetics of "poetic" cinema. What I am saying can only sound like pedantry to those interested in "pure" art who tend to consider analysis as an enemy.

MOVIES are going to pieces; they are disintegrating, and the something called cinema is not movies raised to an art but rather movies diminished, movies that look "artistic." Movies are being stripped of all the "nonessentials" — that is to say, faces, actions, details, stories, places, everything that makes them entertaining and joyful. It is obvious that the most talented film artists and the ones most responsive to our time and the attitudes of Camus and Sartre are tending to go in this direction. The others, who are trying to observe the older conventions, are usually (though not always) banal, trivial, ludicrously commercial, and somehow out of touch. It is the highest talents, the most dedicated, who are driven to the dead end of "pure" cinema, just as our painters are driven to obliterate the image, and a dramatist like Beckett to reduce words to sounds.

Cinema, I suspect, is going to become so rarified, so private in meaning, and so lacking in audience appeal that in a few years the Foundations will be desperately and hopelessly trying to bring it back to life, as they are now doing with theater.

When movies, the only art form which everyone once felt free to enjoy and have opinions about, lose their connection with song and dance, drama, and

the novel, when they become cinema which people fear to criticize as much as they do a new piece of music or a new poem or painting, they will become another object of academic study and appreciation and an object of excitement only to practitioners of the "art." Although *L'Avventura* is a great film, had I been present at Cannes in 1960, where Antonioni distributed his explanatory statement beginning "There exists in the world today a very serious break between science on the one hand," I might easily have joined in the hisses, which he didn't really deserve until the following year, when *La Notte* revealed that he had begun to believe his own explanations, thus making liars of us all.

When we see Dwight Macdonald's cultural solution applied to film, when we see the prospect that movies will become a product for "Masscult" consumption, while the "few who care" will have their "High Culture" cinema, who wants to take the high road? There is more energy, more originality, more excitement, more art in American kitsch like *Gunga Din*, *Easy Living*, in the Rogers and Astaire pictures like *Swingtime* and *Top Hat*, in *Strangers on a Train*, *His Girl Friday*, *The Crimson Pirate*, *Citizen Kane*, *The Lady Eve*, *To Have and Have Not*, *The African Queen*, *Singin' in the Rain*, *Sweet Smell of Success*, or more recently, *The Hustler*, *Lolita*, *The Manchurian Candidate*, *Hud*, *Charade*, than in the presumed High Culture of *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, *Marienbad*, *La Notte*, *The Eclipse*, and the Torre Nilsson pictures. As Nabokov remarked, "Nothing is more exhilarating than philistine vulgarity."

Regrettably, one of the surest signs of the philistine is his reverence for the superior tastes of those who put him down. Macdonald believes that "a work of High Culture, however inept, is an expression of feelings, ideas, tastes, visions that are idiosyncratic and the audience similarly responds to them as individuals." No. The "pure" cinema enthusiast who doesn't react to a film but feels he should, and so goes back to it over and over, is not responding as an individual but as a compulsive good pupil determined to appreciate what his cultural superiors say is art. Movies are on their way into academia when they are turned into a matter of duty, and in this country respect for High Culture is becoming a ritual.

If debased art is kitsch, perhaps kitsch may be redeemed by honest vulgarity, may become art. Our best work transforms kitsch, makes art out of it; that is the peculiar greatness and strength of American movies, as Godard in *Breathless* and Truffaut in *Shoot the Piano Player* recognize. Huston's *The Maltese Falcon* is a classic example. Our first and greatest film artist, D. W. Griffith, was a master of kitsch.

I am not suggesting that we want to see new and bigger remakes of the tired old standbys of the film repertory: a new *Cimarron*, another *Quo Vadis*. And meanings don't have to be spread out for us like food on a free-lunch counter. There are movies that are great experiences like *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, and just a few years ago there were movies which told good stories such as *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*, *From Here to Eternity*, and *The Nun's Story*.

People go to the movies for the various ways in which movies express the experience of their lives, and as a means of avoiding and postponing the pressures they feel. This latter function of art, generally referred to disparagingly as escapism, may also be considered refreshment, and it may be a major factor in keeping the world sane.

In the last few years there has appeared a new kind of filmgoer: he isn't interested in movies but in cinema. In the West several of the academic people I know who have the least understanding of movies suddenly became interested in them by reading Laurence Alloway's piece called "Critics in the Dark" in *Encounter*. By suggesting that movie criticism had never gotten into the right hands — that is, into the hands of the academics — by indicating projects, and by publishing in the prestigious *Encounter*, Alloway focused on large vistas of respectability for future film critics. Perhaps, also, the academics were drawn to his condescending approach to movies as a pop art. Many of them have wondered why Agee cared so much about movies. Alloway, by taking the position that Agee's caring was a maladjustment, re-established their safe, serene world in which if a man gets excited about an idea or an issue, there must be something the matter with him. It's not much consolation, but I think the cinema the academics will be working over will be the cinema they deserve.

A DOCTOR IN RED CHINA



by Wilder Penfield, M.D.

Born in the United States, DR. WILDER PENFIELD studied at Princeton, Johns Hopkins, and Oxford universities, and began his scientific and clinical career at Columbia and at the Presbyterian Hospital of New York City. He has been a citizen of Canada since 1934 and was the director of the Montreal Neurological Institute for twenty-five years. In the autumn of 1962 he and his wife spent a month on the mainland of China as the guests of the Chinese Medical Association. Here are his impressions.

It was the play we saw in Shanghai one Sunday evening in September, 1962, that helped us to understand what has happened to the families in the People's Republic of China. Some customs have vanished. Some characteristics remain unaltered and unalterable.

Our Chinese hosts called for us at the Peace Hotel, and we motored along the waterfront of this vast smoky metropolis. The sun had set, but out on the river, junks and sampans could still be seen moving like shadows among the lighted ferries and ships. Leaving the harbor esplanade, with its din of traffic whistles, shouts, and steamboat blasts, we entered Nanking Road and came to quiet streets, dimly lit, crowded with men and women hurrying somewhere on foot, bicycle, or tricycle.

It began to rain as we approached the theater along a dark, shining pavement, but a crowd had gathered under a single light at the entrance. As our cars came to the curb, the doors were opened for us, but no tips were expected or given. Our principal host for the evening was the dean of the First Shanghai Medical College. The others in our party were also physicians, with the exception of the interpreter and a man and a woman from the local government office. We filed into a large undecorated auditorium, and taking our places, watched the people enter and fill the seats around us. In the first ten rows, some women wore long black dresses of Chinese style and the men were in business suits. Behind us, many were in their working clothes and some women wore blue jeans and simple shirts like the men's. On the whole, people were better dressed

Brain operation, Peking Neurological Institute.

here than at the opera in Peking, and definitely better dressed than the people in Canton.

The play was *Candles of Dragon and Phoenix* by Hung Fung — an old story set in the late Ch'ing period. Our interpreter, Mr. Woo, explained that "candles" referred to the nuptial ceremonies, "dragon" to the man, and "phoenix" to the woman. There were illuminated panels on either side of the stage to provide a running commentary. "Before liberation," Mr. Woo translated, "nine marriages out of ten were unhappy ones." By "liberation" they mean escape from their own serfdom under Chinese landlords and freedom from foreign dictation. The date given for "liberation" is October 1, 1949, when the Communist government declared the Chinese mainland to be a republic.

As the curtain rose, we entered a different world, the romantic colorful China of yesterday, with men of wealth and splendid dignity, idle women, respectful servants, cunning hangers-on, and corruptible messengers from the emperor. The play was well staged and beautifully costumed. It showed the evils of marriage as planned by the father and the matchmaker. There was a tyrannical father, a cruel stepmother, an ailing bridegroom, and a bride of lower social standing.

The actors sang their parts, for this was Chinese

Opera. The sound comes to resemble the intoning chant heard in some Christian churches, but it rises at times to high falsetto, where a man's voice can hardly be distinguished from a woman's, while the orchestra, composed of old-style Chinese stringed instruments and drums, follows the dramatic mood — sad or gay, soft or deafening. The acting was excellent, the comedy obvious, and the spectators were spellbound.

At the intermission we made our way through the crowded, smoke-filled corridor and up a flight of stairs to a room reserved for us. We sat around a table covered with a clean white cloth while a woman in blue jeans and black felt slippers filled our glasses with boiling water from a large kettle. This is the drink that has protected China from dysentery for many years. In a home or an institution, tea leaves would have been added, and on trains packets of tea leaves can be bought.

Our companions were dressed much as we were, except that one of them (he was closer to the Communist Party than the others) wore a gray-blue jacket with a high round collar, like that of an officer in the French Army. One of the physicians was an old friend of ours. After graduating from the Peking Union Medical College, he had gone to Montreal in 1937 and stayed until 1939 on a Rockefeller fellowship doing graduate work in neurosurgery. All six of the Chinese physicians were men of long experience, and a good physician knows as much about families as he does about diseases. Here was an opportunity.

"Ask them," I said to Mr. Woo, our interpreter, "to tell us what has happened to the family in China during these recent years."

The dean smiled: "Our mothers came to the bridegroom's house, veiled and carried in a red palanquin just like the one you saw on the stage. There have been many changes."

Someone else spoke up. "Men used to remain where they were born. Now the sons are scattered."

"Since liberation," a third said, "the laws have been changed. It is now against the law to have more than one wife or to have any concubines. Married sons and daughters no longer continue to live under the same roof with their parents. That was possible for the wealthy. That was a part of Chinese capitalism. That has gone."

Our companions were all entering the discussion now, and I was taking notes: "Young people arrange their own marriages today. At first, in the early days after liberation, our children went too far in their independence, and they made mistakes. Now, I think they are beginning to ask their parents' advice."

"They have their own home even if it is no more than a room or two in a commune or a factory area."

"What about divorce?" I asked.

"Divorce is possible if both partners agree, but the judge makes an effort to persuade them to carry on. The husband must pay separation allowance to the wife unless she has a good job."

"Do opium addiction and alcoholism contribute to family difficulties?"

"Opium is finished. It is no longer a problem in China. Alcoholism never was much of a problem here," said the vice president of the Chinese Medical Association. "It has practically disappeared now as a cause of admission to mental institutions."

"What about the population increase and the question of birth control?"

The vice president answered again. "The population has been increasing at the rate of two percent annually. But the present policy of the government is to limit the birth rate. Physicians carry out this policy as well as they can, especially the obstetricians. They organize family-planning clinics in all hospitals, and elsewhere in areas where there are no hospitals. They give advice in regard to contraception when asked."

"How do they persuade people to follow the policy?" I asked.

"The people are urged to delay marriage at least until twenty-five for women and twenty-seven for men. When they do marry, we recommend that they postpone having children for several years, if possible. The argument is that small families are best for the mother's health and that parents can provide better education for their children if they do not have too many. The average now is two children to each family."

"The fact is," one of the younger neurosurgeons interrupted, "that improvement in medical care is steadily lowering the death rate. That defeats our whole attempt to limit the population growth."

"Yes," I agreed, "medical advance is responsible for the population explosion in other countries, too." I asked about surgical abortion, and was told that it is strictly illegal unless a committee of the local hospital recommends it on the grounds of the mother's health, or because there are already too many children in the family. It is also forbidden to unmarried mothers except when health requires it.

We returned to our seats for the last act, and Mr. Woo resumed his running translation. At the end of the play many of the audience surged down the aisles, coming as close to the stage as they could, to clap and watch the actors take their bows.

OUTSIDE, the automobiles waiting for us were the only cars in sight. We drove off, my wife in the second car with several doctors and the woman "administrator." Passenger automobiles, in gen-

eral, belong to the government and are usually of English or German manufacture. China makes its own trucks and large passenger buses. We saw many of them throughout the country. The first car suitable for private use, the Phoenix, had just made its appearance. We were told about it, but we saw only one example.

China has no professional prostitutes, I was told as we were passing an imposing building at the confluence of three streets. In the old days, that building was a world-famous brothel. Now it is used for reading rooms, public meetings, and table tennis — a sort of mammoth Y.M.C.A. for both sexes, without the C for Christian. We heard the chimes from the great clock in the customhouse, followed by the deep-toned striking of the hour, a stubborn Western voice in China's largest city.

"Do people go to Christian churches?" I asked.

"Yes," the dean replied, "if they want to. A church is kept open in each district of Shanghai."

"What happened to the prostitutes for which Shanghai was so famous?"

"After liberation, they were rounded up and treated medically. Then they were taught useful trades and put to work."

"Were there no backsliders?" I asked.

"Yes, but not many. They were arrested, and when possible, trained again and put to work. A few were sent away to hard labor. But most of them married. Some have done very well indeed." My companions exchanged smiles. "More than one of these women," someone explained, "has been elected to the People's Assembly in Peking."

We had reached the drive along the harbor now. Mr. Woo pointed to a building and remarked bitterly, "That is where the British Concession used to be. They put up a notice at the entrance of that compound. 'No admittance to Dogs and Chinese.'"

"I'm sure all British people would regret the insult today," I said.

"Oh, it was not the people," the dean said. "It was the imperialist government."

The car stopped at our hotel. It is an old-fashioned structure rising high above the waterfront. Mr. Woo entered with us, and I asked him who had built the Peace Hotel.

"It used to be called the Sassoon Hotel," he said. "It was built by Sassoon, who made money in China selling opium to the Chinese." I looked at Mr. Woo. His face betrayed no emotion, but for the second time that night, there was bitterness in his voice.

MY WIFE and I had come to mainland China as Canadian guests of the Chinese Medical Association, at the invitation of the president of the association in Peking. He had suggested visits to hospitals

and colleges and places of interest, and lectures in different medical centers. That was *their* purpose.

Mine was to learn all that the doctors and educators could teach me behind the great wall of isolation. But our purpose went beyond that. We both believe that the way to peace in a warring world is through friendship and understanding on every level in each profession and occupation. When you meet your opposite number, it is easy to get his point of view and to see his world through his eyes.

Our experience at the play that night had been revealing. We had seen portrayed a well-to-do family of the empire, and the talk at intermission had told us much about the recent social changes. Were we getting the truth? A writer on Communist affairs had laughed at us before we started on our journey. "You will see what they want you to see," he said, "and believe what they want you to believe." What he had forgotten, perhaps, is that the way to the truth about men and women is through friendly contacts at first hand, rather than through analysis of data derived at a distance from spies and expatriots.

In general, when I enter an operating theater or a hospital ward and hear a medical discussion, I see the actual medical situation. When I talk to physicians, I get at the truth as they see it. When we wander through parks, we catch revealing glimpses that tell the truth of life in a thousand families. There can be no preparation, no putting the best foot forward. When we traveled forty-nine hours by train from the south to the north across that vast country, we looked into innumerable passing homes and farms. We walked with the people on the platforms. Before reaching Shanghai, we had entered two-room homes, selected on our own initiative in towns and cities, and had visited a rural commune.

In the afternoon before we saw the play, my wife had visited one of Shanghai's many day nurseries. This one was located in several old-style houses built around a court. Mothers brought their babies and toddlers in, she learned, at six o'clock in the morning before they went to work, and they called for them at four in the afternoon. The nursery had plenty of toys and beds, and the care was kindly. Discipline, teaching, and play went hand in hand, and the children were well fed. Their clothes were amazingly patched. This bore out what we had been told — that the annual allowance of cotton cloth per family is very small indeed; although we had seen newly planted fields of cotton in the south. The patches, the cleanliness of the clothes, the appearance of the children, and their excellent behavior all bore witness to loving care at home.

Objective evidence came to us from every side. The small family unit remains strong in the face of poverty. Multiple families under one roof have dis-

appeared, and the grandparent unable to work is often cared for by a son or daughter. The Chinese still visit the graves of their ancestors in the spring, and colleges take a recess for a few days so that student and teacher can devote the time to this pious pilgrimage.

The best opportunity to see people in the mass is in the parks on Sunday and holidays. In one of the Canton parks, there was a stadium, accommodating sixty thousand spectators, planned for soccer games and track sports. Another park looked down on the city from a hill, and we saw the lights coming on in the city while the golden harvest moon was rising. Looking down from the other side of the hill we saw a large double swimming pool, half for youngsters and half for adults. Lights were on, and the haunting music of a Chinese violin came up to us.

WHAT I saw, on my first visit to China in 1943, has made it easier for me to understand what is happening there today in the field of education and medicine. Under the most appalling wartime conditions, the people in Chungking and Chengtu were cheerful, clean, industrious, as they are now. They were our allies then; Mao Tse-tung in the north and Chiang Kai-shek in the south were fighting against Japan. I had come there because I was a surgeon and was familiar with secret scientific information that might be made available from Allied Research Councils if the Chinese could use it properly. Could we help the medical service of the army in the south? That was the question, and I had come to find the answer.

The surgeon general, Lu Chih-teh, whom we called Dick Lu, was a first-class physician trained in the Peking Union Medical College. He told me that Chiang Kai-shek's army of five million soldiers called for nineteen thousand medical officers. He had fifty surgeons, only thirty of whom he considered well trained. The rest of his medical service consisted of orderlies. He did not seem to be dismayed. But I was — fifty surgeons to five million men! Even so, that was better than the proportion of civilian doctors to the Chinese population at the time.

Dick Lu gave me a good example of what a well-trained Chinese professional man can create for himself. He took me, with two Canadian Medical Missionaries, Stewart Allen and Leslie Kilborn, to his Medical Service Headquarters hidden away from the enemy outside Chungking. He was a modest little man who had taught physiology for eight years before he became surgeon general; but he astonished me with three unexpected achievements. He had complete statistics of army hospital admissions with totals up to the previous December

(1942). The records were well kept; patients with war wounds (classified as to site of the wound) totaled 946,273. Those suffering from various diseases were slightly more numerous. Furthermore, a factory housed in multiple camouflaged bamboo huts was making excellent surgical instruments and artificial limbs — better limbs, it seemed to me, than those I had seen for amputees in the Soviet Union a month earlier. And an herbarium of more than two hundred acres was producing common drugs.

After the war was over, and after the Communists had driven the Nationalists from the mainland, foreigners were likewise swept out of the mainland by one device or another. Within two years (1949–1951) the exodus was complete, as George Kennan put it, “to the last man, to the last pound sterling, to the last dollar, to the last missionary.” And yet in 1962, only thirteen years after “liberation,” I found teaching hospitals and medical colleges in the major centers doing first-class work. How could that be, when there was only a handful of well-trained physicians in the vast country?

The answer is that the Christian medical missionary colleges and the Peking Union Medical College established by John D. Rockefeller had initiated the training of a few men very thoroughly, and that the flow of professional literature into China has never stopped. The wall of isolation that the Communist government sets up around the People's Republic shuts off the people from the rest of the world, but there are very effective loopholes in it. A second factor is this: When they have had a liberal education, the Chinese are capable of sustained intellectual excellence and creative advance as well as hard work.

THERE is a remarkable renaissance of Western learning now going on throughout China. The mission schools have been taken over, and new colleges have been created in each of the departments of higher education. Western literature and textbooks are translated, but the entrance examinations, which still turn away millions of teen-agers, demand one Western language of each applicant. In spite of the drive for Western learning, the Chinese classics are not ignored.

During our days in Shanghai, I was invited to give an evening lecture on speech and perception. Actually, I myself was only an interested member of the audience, drinking tea while a young neurosurgeon, Dr. Chi, delivered my address in Chinese. He had written out his translation in Chinese characters, and it is interesting that his manuscript used only half as many pages as mine. He had memorized the first half, that on the cerebral mechanisms of speech, and to my complete amazement gave it

without referring to the text. My former pupil was sitting beside me in the audience, comparing the address with the English text. He assured me that the Chinese presentation lost nothing. I had intended to give two separate lectures, but instead of that, they put them on at one sitting, with an intermission between the portion on speech and that on perception.

My lectures were all handled in the same way. The texts of five different addresses, which I put together under great pressure after reaching Peking, had to be handed over, together with the lantern slides. They were then translated by different men. The members of the audience were present by invitation, and a seminar of senior medical teachers was held for me a day or two later with good questions and good discussions in English.

Undergraduates were present at only one lecture. That was in Shanghai, where the young men stood in the garden and I could see their faces through the open windows. When we came out of the hall, they stood around our car, staring and silent. I grinned at the students and said "good-bye." They smiled then, and a few echoed slowly "good . . . bye." I wondered what they were thinking. How far removed is this new medical generation from us?

Our interpreter, Mr. Woo, accompanied us all through China. He is a man of thirty who looks younger than that. He had been a student in an arts college, planning to become an engineer, when he "was asked" to change. He became an interpreter then instead, and studying with teacher and linguaphone, acquired a good English accent. One day we sat at lunch after visiting a Buddhist temple in Fushan. We had seen no priests and no worshippers in the temple, so I asked him to tell me about religion in China.

"My mother," Mr. Woo said, "used to wash her hands and burn incense every morning in our house when I was a boy. That was part of the religious ritual. And during the summer she would eat no meat. But we in the younger generation have no religion today. It is only the old people who continue that sort of thing."

I looked at him and waited. But he felt he had disposed of the subject.

"You are wrong," I said. "Some parts of your own ideology amount actually to a new and very compelling religion — to serve a cause which you and I have never discussed, because it is too close to political theory. You have a religion. Perhaps it is to serve the people of China."

"Well, perhaps I have," he said, "and I believe in Marxism."

Then he looked at my wife and me. "Are you religious people?"

I nodded. "Yes, but we think ours is an enlightened religion. You will realize someday that, somehow, God is back of all that is good in the changing ideas and ideals around the world."

Young Mr. Woo smiled quietly and said no more. When the smile faded, his face became inscrutable, "oriental," with no expression except in the eyes.

Life in the People's Republic of China is surprisingly puritanic and law-abiding. I saw no signs of chronic malnutrition. There are no extras, that is certain; but we never saw a beggar. There seems to be little or no thievery. Hundreds of bicycles are left parked outside the public buildings in Peking. None is locked. Hard work is the rule. Police are rarely seen except at traffic crossings.

The great movement that is bringing the Chinese Giant to his feet after so many years of apathy seems to be a popular one, at least with the younger generation. There is much evidence of pride in this new strength. How much discontent there may be, I cannot tell. I do not know what the people really think of their political leaders. The common people, the professional people, talk very little of the world outside, a great deal about the scene within. Every man will tell you that the droughts and the floods of China can be controlled by reforestation and by dam-building, and he will boast that he has given volunteer labor to such projects. In the central highlands we saw large areas where the hillsides are covered with newly planted trees.

The common people believe, and I think they are sincere in this belief, that the United States intends to try to conquer the mainland. They believe that Chiang Kai-shek speaks for the United States from nearby Taiwan, and because of all this, there is fear among them and anger.

What we saw within the wall — small families clinging to their past and turning, old and young, to Western learning with high hopes and a sense of exhilaration — is, I suppose, only half of the picture. But as far as it goes it is true, without regard to the political aims of those who govern.

In a town near Canton, we watched three women pushing and pulling a heavy two-wheeled cart loaded with coal dust. I asked the dean of the Canton Medical College, "Do you think the people will be happier when mechanization comes to China?"

"It will come," he answered, "and the people will not have to work so hard."

I had hardly hoped for a direct answer. My thoughts were turning to the problems we face at home in the lands of Western plenty.

"All you have to face in China," I said, "is the problem of too little. Wait till you face the problems of too much!"

He did not answer, but he looked puzzled.

LAMENT



FOR THE MAKERS: 1964

by Babette Deutsch

Those black shoes broken in for the burial
At Drumcliff, MacNeice grew inured to: they were old
When he wore them to the burial in Laugharne.
Now he will not stoop again to pull on his shoes:
He, too, is buried. And if a bird of gold
Begins to sing? Snow falls where roses blow? Or a stale fern
Seeds? Then these deaths are mocked apocryphal news.

The deaths are mocked by the work. But the work is finished
With the lives and the minds that shaped it. Punctual as bills,
Though more like receipts, the books on Yeats arrive.
But not one poem by the poet arrives. The masks
His proud hands lifted gaily, the stubborn skills
Are lost. His folly, his rage, his ecstasy survive
In lines the young man envies, in a question the scholar asks.

Too, that vain Bard, first famished and then battered
By tragic circumstance, who yet brimmed his verse
With a Virgilian calm — he does not twinkle now
At the Dog Star, twinkling. Frost's gone. And before him went
Four more; who, all but one, would laugh, all but one, curse:
Stevens. Fearing. Jeffers. e.e.c. — How
Believe that what each left was his last testament?

"Grief" by Augustus St. Gaudens, from the Adams monument, Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

And what was Stevens'? Again from his ivory tower
He invites us to look down with him at the dump
And surveying, savor with his fruition the spread
Feast — of being, of poetry, sordor, radiance.
He offers hilarity, birdsong and rock, offers the glittering trump
Of summer's triumph, then the grave peace shed,
Saluting the quietus of the dance.

Next, his friend, Williams. Let him show you, my countrymen,
How to perform a funeral, his own.
The hearse open, weathered, wheels fresh gilt, or none.
No flowers; behind the plain coffin all the mourners walk.
He was an American: his ancestors English, Dutch, French, even, as is known,
A Jew. Not strange that this poet should live on like one,
With sparrows keener than Yeats's eagle, tougher than Jeffers' hawk.

The animals haunting Roethke were minimal creatures:
Toad, newt, slug, elver; "the ugly of the universe"
Rejoiced that anxious heart, like every lovely thing:
The dazzling finch, roses, the dance of love. Though night
Shuddered with anguish that deepest horrors nurse,
From the abyss he cried, and crying, he would sing,
His gross body stretched toward— look! — a quenchless light.

Lament for the makers; it will never be over.
Dante could not believe death had undone
So many; since he said so, how many has death undone?
How many will death take tomorrow, or this year, certainly?
Dunbar made his lament over Chaucer and Henrysoun
And Walter Kennedy. Now we must make our own.
There is no end to grief. Nor no end to poetry.

MAN OVERBOARD

AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

BY

JAMES BALLARD

JAMES BALLARD has studied at St. John's College in Annapolis and served with the Strategic Air Command. He is currently living in Piney River, Virginia, where he devotes much of his time to the writing of poetry and short stories.

RANDALL was opening a bottle of beer when one of the students knocked on his door. He knew it was a student because of the knocking. When any of the other teachers came by, they banged on the door, or kicked on it, or called through to ask if he were busy. He was, this afternoon, or he was thinking about being busy, with test papers from the morning, and he wanted to keep quiet until the boy went away. But that wouldn't do. And he put the bottle down and went to the door.

It was Bob Mercer who was knocking. "Captain Randall, sir! How you doing?"

"Hello, Mercer. Come in."

"Well — I could. You sure you're not too busy, Captain?"

Mercer was asking for something. Maybe he wanted to be assured it was all right for him to be here.

"Not too busy. Come on in, man."

"Yessir. Thanks."

But whatever Mercer wanted, that wasn't it. Nor was he here to ask about his test score. There had been a mathematics test that morning, analytic geometry, and most of the papers needed to be graded. Mercer never bothered, though, about his scores. Last week he had got a B instead of the A plus he usually got, but he had still been high man. He was a near prodigy in mathematics, and he was in honors squad in the rest of his classes. Maybe he didn't want anything after all. Maybe he had just dropped around. Then Randall saw his eyes notice the bottle of beer.

"Have a chair, Mercer. What's on your mind?"

"Nothing special, Captain. Just thought I'd stop by for a minute. See how things are going. Grading papers, aren't you?"

"Off and on. I haven't got to yours yet. How do you think you did?"

"Don't know. What did you make it such a hard one for, Captain?"

"I just wanted to be ornery."

"All those problems about hyperbolas? That was a rough test, Captain Randall."

"Did you flunk it?" Mercer was going to ask him for a beer. He considered saying something that would make it easier for him to ask. But if he did that, Mercer might begin hoping he would give him one. Begin thinking he would. He was already hoping.

Mercer smiled. "Won't know till I see the score, Captain." He swallowed. "I don't guess I did. Can I have a bottle of that beer, Captain?"

"No, buddy."

"— Oh. OK."

Danish beer. He had got a case of it, yesterday.

Mercer wanted some. He was hurting for it.

"Well, that's OK, Captain. Thanks anyway."

His voice was louder than it had been. It sounded especially friendly. He wanted to show that he had only accidentally in passing thought of suggesting a beer, and it was all right about being turned down. "Uh — OK if I smoke up here, sir?"

"Sure. Go ahead."

Mercer got a cigarette stub out of his shirt pocket.

He looked at it and smiled. "Hard times, Captain." When he was lighting it, he had some trouble getting the match pulled out of the folder. He was shaky.

"You out of cigarettes, Mercer?"

"Yessir. Just about."

He got a pack from the carton in his desk. "Here."

"Hey. The whole thing? Thanks a *lot*, Captain."

But it was going to take more than cigarettes. He wished he could have given him a beer. It was against regulations to drink with the students, to allow them to drink at all, but that was not the reason he had said no. Mercer himself was the reason. Then in that case, it was the reason to go ahead and give him one. This was square, to be playing I Know What's Best for You with the boy.

He found Mercer's paper out of the stack. "I'll take a look at how you did on the test. Since you're here."

"Yessir. I tell you who wants to know what their grade is, though, Captain Randall. Gene Pack. You know?"

"Stick around then. I'll see how he came out."

"Yessir." Mercer sat down.

He liked seeing Mercer's mathematics papers. Mercer spent more time with the printing and with drawing the diagrams than he did with working out the problems. He had a fund of solutions, although it didn't appear that he himself realized he did, and matching the appropriate one to a problem was hardly ever any trouble to him. He had learned draftsman's lettering, and he used ball-point pens with different colors of ink. The other boys, including Gene Pack, needed to do a lot of erasing, and they stuck to pencils.

Mercer got up again. He went over to the window. "It hasn't been so cold lately, Captain Randall."

"It hasn't, has it? Going to be spring before long."

"Yessir. You can always look for it about this time of year."

He heard a bumping sound. When he looked up, Mercer was bumping his forehead against the window frame.

"Cut that out, Mercer."

"Yessir. Sorry, Captain. I'll be glad when it does get to be spring. Birds come out, everything gets green. You like springtime, Captain?"

"It's the best time of the year."

"I think so too. Did you know white-nosed bumblebees can't sting, Captain?"

"Did I know what?"

"White-nosed bumblebees can't sting. Didn't you know that?"

"No, I didn't. I didn't know bees had noses."

"Well, the front end. They call it the nose. I

have this book about insects. I'll lend it to you sometime, if you want to see it."

"I'd like to. Bring it around when you think of it."

"Yessir. Hey. I still have your book about thermodynamics."

"I haven't needed it, Mercer. Keep it longer if you want to."

Mercer started to say something else. Instead, he only smiled. "I'm slowing you down, Captain. You want to go ahead with those papers, don't you?" He turned back to the window.

Mercer's paper had two problems missing. It had a wrong answer for another one. The grade came out C-minus. Last week there was a B. Next week it might be an F.

He was working on Gene Pack's paper when the bumping started again. This time it was louder. It was bound to be painful.

"Mercer, will you cut that out?"

"Oh. Yeah. Sorry, Captain. I forgot it bothered you."

"I'd think you're the one it would bother. Smoke, or something. Do some push-ups."

"I'm already smoking, Captain."

"Then do some push-ups. Come on. I'll do some with you."

"I can't, sir. I just can't. But *you* go ahead, if you want to. They say it's good for anybody, once in a while. That is, they say it is."

"Would you like to see your paper, Mercer? I've finished with it now."

"That's not much of a paper to look at, Captain."

"Why did you leave out those two problems?"

"I don't know. I just did."

"Go ahead and work them now. You can if you want to. You didn't use up all your time this morning."

"I — No, sir. I don't want you to think I'm not interested, it isn't that. I just — I've got to cut out, Captain. I think I'll go see what Pack and those others are doing."

"Stick around, Mercer. Work those two problems, and I'll buy you a drink. I'll buy you an ice-cream cone."

"Yessir. I think I'll just check on those others for a minute. I better see what those kids in my squad are doing, too. I'll see you later, Captain Randall. OK?"

"OK, Mercer. You take it easy."

THERE was something he had meant to do. The bottle of beer. In a minute, he went ahead with it.

He could have done more just now, as to Mercer. They could have listened to some records, or gone

over to the gym and boxed awhile. He could have taken Mercer driving for an hour or so. Just about anything besides sit here and let him beat his head against the wall.

It bothered him that Mercer, at the age of seventeen, should be a drunk. There was no reason for it that he had been able to get to. He had read Mercer's personal-history file in the office, and he had had some off-duty acquaintance with him, but he still didn't know how it had come about. Mercer was in his junior year, but this was his first year at this school. This one was called Rampart Ridge Academy. It had a grade school (the Intermediate Battalion) and a high school (the Advanced Battalion). It was a semimilitary school. There was no saluting or drilling, but the students and also the teachers wore uniforms that had a sort of Marine Corps look, and the teachers, the Corps of Instruction, were addressed as Captain.

Mercer had gone to public school before he came here, in Wheeling, West Virginia. He hadn't been in any jam before he got here. A few of the boys had, or they had flunked out of other private schools. Most of them were here, and Mercer was, only because as a private school the Academy had more class than public schools. His father had an automobile agency and a hardware store in Wheeling. Both his parents were living. He had two younger brothers and a younger sister. All his grades in public school had been high, the same as they had been here until lately, and his file had the usual letters of recommendation. He had a buddy here, Gene Pack, and for the first months he had had several other friends. He was a student officer. He was adjutant of a squad of grade-school boys, and he could handle them without having to yell at them. By all evidences, he was an above-average boy from a reasonably sound family. But there was the other. Something had gone wrong.

Randall was sure that Mercer trusted him, but the one time he had tried to get Mercer into a conversation about liquor and drinking, Mercer had closed up about it. Whatever it was that had gone wrong, he was guarding it. Or maybe it was guarding itself, keeping itself from being molested. Before long, he might not even be making C's. Or be knocking on the door anymore.

Mercer's physics teacher was Robbie Roberts. Last fall, Robbie attempted to arrange a psychiatric interview for him. It was only an attempt, since the school's executive officer, the principal, said no. All the Rampart Ridge students were selected carefully before they were matriculated, he said, and in any event the Academy was a school rather than a medical institution. Just before Thanksgiving, Mercer's father visited him, and Robbie undertook then to talk with Mr. Mercer. Nothing came of that either. The man was indignant at the

suggestion that his son was drinking, and recommended that Robbie confine his efforts to instruction.

"He had a point," Robbie said. "I guess you've heard about the boy whose teacher gave him a note to take home. For his parents to give him a bath. The boy brought a note back the next day: Don't smell my son, teach him. You see? What I've come to, if they stink, they can stink their way and I'll stink mine. In the meantime, I'll just give them physics lessons. And they'll just learn. They damn well better."

It sounded sensible. It sounded like the right way to look at it. And it was easy to get a bellyful of Robert Mercer. There was nothing anybody could reasonably want that the boy didn't have, that he hadn't had all his life. Certainly nothing material. He was a good-looking boy, he had a good mind. And here he was, whimpering for a beer, smoking butt ends of cigarettes.

But Mercer stayed on Randall's mind. And finally he decided that when he got finished with the papers, he would find him, and go ahead and take him for a drive. It wasn't likely to make any difference if he did; there was no point in imagining that it would. Whatever Mercer was asking for, it would take somebody who had more than he did to have it. Both of them knew it. But even so. He had only a few papers left. Four. They could wait.

WHILE he was putting his shirt on, there was another knock at the door. This time it was Gene Pack. Mercer's roommate.

What Pack had to say, Mercer had already left for town. He had jumped the fence, meaning that he had gone AWOL. The town, Anlistown, was twenty miles east, toward Washington. Students could get passes on weekends, or if an instructor accompanied them and there was a special reason, during the week. This was Thursday, and there was no instructor accompanying Mercer.

"Did he have any money, Gene?"

"He sure did, Captain. He had eight bucks. He won it just a little while ago. We were sticking pins in each other."

"What in God's name for?"

"Well, in ourselves. It doesn't hurt."

"All right, but what were you doing it for?"

"Well, the way it is, the one that can stick himself the farthest, without hollering, he wins. Everybody puts up a quarter or fifty cents, and that's the pot."

"If it doesn't hurt, why does anybody holler?"

"It's just the way people think about it, Captain Randall. You see the pin, and you think it's going to hurt, so you yell. Or swear or something. Any kind of noise, you lose. Because it isn't completely

the money, you know. It's prestige too, not to make any noise."

"Jesus God."

"Oh, it isn't usually the money. I guess it was this time. With him. Listen, Captain. That is — do you know what he wanted it for?"

"I can guess. He wanted it to get drunk with."

"Yessir. I didn't know if you knew about that or not. He asked me to lend him two bucks. I told him I wouldn't till tomorrow night, when we could go on pass. And then after a while he said he was coming up here. I told him he wouldn't get anywhere with you, either. What he said, he just wanted to talk to you."

"He really said that, Pack?"

"Yessir. That's the exact quotation."

"Did he give you any idea what he wanted to talk about?"

"Not really. He just said he wanted to talk to you."

Mercer had been trying to send him a message. Bumping the wall. When he left out answers on the test.

"Pack, have you and Mercer ever had any serious conversations? The two of you?"

"I guess we have, Captain. Sex, and things like that. He won't talk about drinking, though, if you mean that. He shuts right up."

"And you wouldn't come across with the two bucks."

"I wouldn't today. I told him. I only had three. He could still have two, if he still wanted it, but I just thought he'd go ahead and wait. Till tomorrow. But he wouldn't."

"It looks like he made out better today. Since he found a pin-sticking game. If you can call it a game."

"He didn't find it, Captain. He promoted it. He got it going. You know what he used to get in it? A pack of cigarettes."

"He did, huh? You know where the cigarettes came from? Right here."

"Yessir. That's what he said."

"That's good going, all right. Running a pack of cigarettes into eight dollars. There must have been a bunch of you in it, though. If it starts with just a quarter a person."

"It was just ten of us. I got in so I could win instead of him. I almost did win. And then he offered to make it double or nothing. So that way he got it up to eight bucks. Ten bucks, actually. But he had to pay the referee, so that cut it down. The referee gets paid by the winner."

"Why don't you have teams? We could get some other schools in on this, have a conference."

"It's not anything to get mad about, Captain. Something like yogurt is all it is. Those people that can stretch out on nails."

"That's yoga. Yoga. Have you ever heard of tetanus, Pack? Lockjaw?"

"Well, I've heard of it, yessir."

"You might — All right. All right. When was it Mercer left?"

"Yessir. It was about twenty minutes ago. That's what I came up here about, Captain. We got off the track. What I was thinking, we could go after him. Or you could, you've got the authority and all that. He said he'd be back early, but he won't. I guarantee you he won't. He may not even be back tonight."

"And it was Annistown he was going to?"

"That's where he was starting. He could end up almost anywhere."

Annistown was small, but parts of it were not safe to be in after dark. Especially for a kid, drunk. Mercer probably hadn't reached the highway yet. It took about half an hour to walk to the highway from the school.

"Sir? Couldn't we go see if he'll come on back?"

The Keystone Kops. The Pursuit of Robert Mercer.

"He'll head for that South End part of town, Captain. He'll be lucky to get out without getting knocked in the head or something. We're not supposed to go there at all. When it's two or three of us it's not so bad, but it's going to be just him by himself. What if it was a friend of yours, Captain? What if Robbie — Captain Roberts — was fixing to do something, and you knew it?"

"Settle down, Pack. We'll catch him."

They probably would. If they didn't, the Annistown police could pick him up and hold him for safekeeping. The only thing, it wouldn't especially matter. They were not what Mercer was running from. And he couldn't be held permanently, by the police or here at school.

HE HADN'T yet got to the highway when they reached him. They rounded a curve, and there he was. Tramping along, and he didn't look back, even when the car slowed. But when the car drew up alongside him, he stopped. And waited.

"Go for a ride, Mercer?"

"Ride where, Captain?"

"Anywhere you want to. Where you headed?"

"Annistown, Captain."

"Where all the beer is, huh?"

"Yessir. Enough of it."

"Think it is enough for you, Mercer?"

"What're you doing, Captain, you trying to be one of the boys? Talking straight from the shoulder or something?"

Pack called over to him. "Cut that out, Mercer. You're being a pain, you know that? You think

this is all Captain Randall has to do, is pole up and down the road for you?"

"I didn't ask anybody to pole up and down for me. Let me alone, Pack, how about it?"

"Man, you are a pain. I asked him, if you want to know."

"Then you can go to hell then, will you? The whole bunch of you."

Pack got out and went over to him. "Listen, Mercer. Bob. This ain't any way to be."

"Will you let me alone? You said all you were going to say, back in the room. Why can't you let somebody do something?"

"Mercer baby."

Randall put the car in gear again. "Mercer."

"Yeah? Now what?"

"What is this yeah, Mister?"

Mercer looked away. "Yessir."

So with that, he knew Mercer was coming back with them. "Listen, Mercer. If you want to go to Annistown, I'll drive you down there, OK? Or if you want to go back, we'll do that."

Mercer was amused. They watched each other for a while. He began walking again. He stopped. He went a little farther. Then he turned, snarled, and went around the front of the car. He kicked the right front tire. Pack was opening the door for him, and he got in. "All right. All right. We might as well go on back if it's going to be all this.

Jesus Christ. Get in, Pack, will you? All this just because somebody said they wanted a beer."

Going back, Mercer was holding his left arm close across his chest. Maybe that was the arm he had used the pins on, and it was getting sore now. Maybe it was a defense. Pack reached toward him once, but he drew away quickly. Pack didn't try anymore.

Randall looked at him once or twice in the rear-view mirror. Mercer's face looked numb. He was sealing himself off.

"Mercer, are you sure about those white-nosed bumblebees?"

That hadn't been exactly the right thing to say. He wished he had thought before he said it.

For a minute, he and Mercer were looking at each other. A dog he had once, a red setter, it got one of its front legs hurt, the left one, and by the time it got back home it had gnawed that paw off, and green flies were clustered on the end. When it looked at him, its eyes were clouded and too bright at the same time. It got back home, but it never let itself be a pet afterward. He had failed it, and it wasn't able to. Mercer stared back at him, unacknowledging, and then, looked away. Later on, tonight or very likely this afternoon again, Mercer would cut out again. Just possibly he wouldn't, but it was only a small chance. They drove along.

On Hearing of a Former Student Stabbed in a Rumble

BY JOHN L'HEUREUX

So at last you hold still, your angry bones
no longer rattle as you stalk, your tongue
has ceased its clatter. So much of good

goes masked in clay, I did not wonder
that beyond the croak and gallop to prove
you were alive, you were alive. Only now

I marvel your composure. Eighteen years
of unacknowledged joy has come so quick
to grief; spent with the wanton knife,

the blood silk shirt, the exhibition chino.
The ape erect, emerged long since from
evolutionary slime, has come this far

that now at last he need not kill with knives.
Some things go astray in that dark time
straddling ape and angel, some sad token

dropped into the seed stains the spirit
with remembrance: blood gallops in the fevered
brain, staring eyes say kill and kill, tongue

forks against the sharpened teeth. Your
slicked-down hair and leather heels betray
you to tomorrow's wounds. But all your wars

are ended now, who fought well defending
what you knew: that man is never wrong. God
search your bones in whatever hostile turf.

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Give Your Heart to a Dog

by **ELIZABETH R. CHOATE**

ELIZABETH R. CHOATE has had a way with animals from the start, and of them all her dogs were the most demanding. Her knowledge of the canine world, as she relates, began with her father's hunting dogs and led in time to her own kennels in Danvers, Massachusetts, where for thirty years she has bred prize Sealyham Terriers.



It is not odd that I remember my father's pack of beagles through such a seemingly unimportant sensation as the clean, sharp smell of a puppy's breath. My delight as a small child over the litters of beagle babies quartered about the kennel knew no bounds. Their gently waving tails, silky ears, and melting brown eyes enchanted me then as they do today. The mothers of those families greeted me with the affectionate pride which dogs are wont to display toward congenial visitors who come to admire and praise; perhaps these amiable beagles provided me with the basis of my lifelong affection for animals.

The pattern of memory is strange; suddenly a picture is evoked from the past by a bar of music, a familiar scent, or the voice of an old friend. The ecstasy of smiling moments, the overwhelming griefs of childhood, and forgotten loves return to mind in a crystal flash.

Everything about dogs drew me like a magnet, and whenever I got a chance, I used to hang around the cookhouse, which was attached to the kennel. It was a primitive place, presided over by a bandy-legged groom called Harry. He was clad in breeches which were completely dependent on suspenders, a collarless shirt, and rather stylish gaiters. He affected a dirty cap cocked rakishly over one eye; a toothpick protruded from his buck-teeth; and he walked gingerly, as though he had perpetually sore feet.

Etching by G. Vernon Stokes from BRITISH DOGS, courtesy of Aldus Books.

When he doffed his cap, Harry's hair was discovered to be combed in traditional stable fashion. I never understood how it was accomplished until in later years I watched another groom in my father's tack room dress his own hair with a flourish. I wouldn't recommend this tonsorial mode unless you were fresh from the barn or the racetrack, but here is how it was done: first, whatever hair there was had to be sopping wet; second, a fine comb was drawn through the topknot, all the while turning and twisting upward until a damp curl was created and arranged in a devastating lovelock. I got the impression that no normal female could resist this effect, especially when it was enhanced by two hastily swallowed Sen Sen tablets.

In those early days I watched Harry with fascination as he prepared the feed for the pack in a caldron, which, as it seethed and bubbled, he stirred with a huge iron spoon. The hound biscuits came in barrels at that time; they were six inches square, thick, and not at all bad-tasting. I know, because I ate them. I must say that I did not go so far as to sample the meat, because it was in the form of quarters of horse, depending from big hooks in the rafters, which to a little girl of four was a frightening sight.

The beagles raised their voices to the moon, and on warm summer nights I was lulled to sleep by a concert of whippoorwills singing deep in the woods, bullfrogs booming their bass notes from the swamp,

and hounds baying. They created a harmony far more pleasing than some modern music I have listened to lately. It was but a natural step from kennel to house, and we always had a beagle or two among the crowd of other dogs that inhabited our front hall, kitchen, backyard, and every other corner of the place.

MY FATHER had dark hair and brown eyes; he was a man of stocky build, as strong as Atlas. His addiction to mashed potatoes kept him perpetually overweight, but this did not prevent him from using his rather stubby hands with the greatest delicacy, and anything mechanical seemed to obey him automatically. He was an authority on guns, the author of *Sporting Rifles and Rifle Shooting*, which was used for years as a textbook on the subject. He poured bullets, loaded shells, and tied fishing flies with the utmost precision. He was a crack shot and an artful angler, who spent most of his time pursuing these sports. He was also a collector of gun dogs. When the express wagon drew up with a crate from Virginia, Georgia, or the Carolinas, I was always on hand to rush out and greet the new arrival. It was exciting to see what kind he had shipped home each time, and I was the one to give them the first comfort and food that people say is never forgotten by a dog when it comes to a strange place. Perhaps I was an idle child, or maybe they liked to be fussed over, but I was trailed by a queue of assorted dogs and cats wherever I went.

I never thought of them as animals; these were my friends, and I enjoyed their company twenty-four hours a day. Cats and dogs slept on my bed together in complete harmony. They put up with a lot of nonsense from me, because I was given to dressing them up in all sorts of clothes. They were perfectly tolerant when I tied bonnets on their heads or buttoned them into my sweaters. I did catch fits when I pulled a pair of my longies onto one of the big dogs, leaving his tail wagging out from the back flap. I thought this was very funny and was chagrined when my elders regarded the whole thing as an unsanitary and highly shocking stunt.

One of these friends was Rip, who was a sort of soft character. I guess he was a big liver-and-white springer spaniel, but I don't believe he was much of a looker or a hunter either. Rip had droopy yellow eyes and a mighty mournful expression; he was known around our place as "Old Tear in Me Eye." However poor in the field or worthless he may have been, he did have one outstanding talent, which was catching flies. In summer he sat morosely out on a big rock in the sun and just snapped

them up like a skunk eating bees. His precision was unerring, and I watched him with spellbound admiration.

Then there was Jack, a stylish black-and-white pointer. He was a ranging dog who used to cover quite a lot of territory. Our name was on his collar, and about once a week, in answer to neighborly telephone calls from people living in the next county, we had to make a long trip to fetch him, and there was always a small present involved. Finally, we took the tag off his collar; the telephone calls stopped, and Jack came home anyway. Jack was not a dog who liked to be confined, so we had plenty of trouble with him on Sunday mornings. He felt in duty bound to follow us wherever we went, and no matter how we shut him up, roped or chained him, he would surely appear in church looking for us, more often than not with a length of chain clanking behind him. I remember shrinking into myself as I held my breath, hoping to escape his searching eye and questing nose when he came up the aisle; for I knew that once we were found I would be delegated to drag him out. If he missed us at the Episcopal church, he would go straight down the road to the Catholic church; it meant nothing to him if a Mass was in progress, and our housekeeper used to come home furious if Jack had spotted her and put on a display of wag-tail-lick-face in front of the whole devout congregation.

It is not everybody who has a black flat-coated retriever for a nursemaid; in fact, very few people in this country know the breed at all. My father imported Pilot and used him mostly on upland game, such as pheasant and partridge, but he was equally at home in water on duck. The correct type of flat-coated retriever is much like the more familiar golden retriever of today, strong, with plenty of substance; however, the few I have seen in America at dog shows are weedy specimens indeed compared with those I knew in my childhood.

Pilot had a sensible head with plenty of room for brains, his coat shone like the blacking on our kitchen stove, and his eyes were deeply kind. He became my constant companion when I roamed the woods and fields, and was everlastingly patient as he watched me while I gathered shagbark nuts in the autumn, searched among fallen oak leaves for the first hepaticas in the spring, or climbed a tree to sit vacantly and chew spruce gum. If ever I left a mitten, a cap, or a scarf behind, it was proudly retrieved to our door with never a trace of moisture on it; his mouth was as soft as a black velvet bag.

My father ordered a mate for Pilot sent over from England, and in due time she chose to have her puppies under my playhouse. I couldn't wait for those delectable butterballs to emerge, so I squeezed in under there every day to see them. Jill, the mother, was very pleased by my visits

and greeted me with much banging of her strong tail. Her bed was warm and dry, which was ideal for her puppies, but I, who suffered from hay fever, had a sneezing fit after these calls, and what's more, nobody ever understood how I managed to get my clothes so dirty and dusty, because I never confessed where I had been.

It was only for his family that Pilot deserted me. One spring my mother had been seriously ill, so we rented a cottage for the summer on an island a mile off the coast of Cape Ann, hoping that the sea air would hasten her recovery, and naturally Pilot came with me. After two days he disappeared, and I was desperate with worry over him. I combed the island, searching the coves and rocks, calling and calling, but there was no sign of my black friend. I was inconsolable; my tears could not be stanchd, and I cried all night, for I was sure that my beloved dog was gone forever. However, my grief was relieved the following day when we got word that Pilot was safe at home with his wife and children. When he could not stand the parting any longer, he had swum the mile of open water to the mainland and made his way back to our farm.

SEVERAL years passed before I became aware of the laws of nature and the ways of animals. It was then that I gradually began to suspect Pilot of not being the monogamous and dedicated family man that I had always supposed him to be. All along our street strong young black mongrels with a strangely familiar look began to catch my eye, and I realized that my companion had held most of the ladies of Hart Street to his bosom. Even forty years later there are unmistakable traces of Pilot's love life in Beverly Farms.

Pilot was my love, and until he died I had never realized that someday I would have to part with him. I missed him so much that I foolishly asked a friend to buy me another flat-coated retriever in England. I was aghast when he shipped me a curly-coated retriever instead; it was like asking for a horse and getting a horse mackerel. This unwelcome character we called Blacker. He was all right, but it was impossible for him to fill Pilot's place. He was a much taller dog, with a coarse head and unfortunate bold eyes. In summer my mother did not like me to bring him into the house, for she claimed that he had a big mosquito in each of the thousand curls which adorned his rugged frame.

Unlike Pilot, Blacker had an unreliable temper; he got into a battle royal with Jack, the pointer, under our kitchen table. We had a horrid job to separate them; they sounded like wild tigers as they bit and tore at each other. The cook went into hysterics and gave notice in the midst of the racket,

but no one had time to pay any attention to her. Brooms were broken as if they were jackstraws, water was thrown in the dogs' faces, and finally we whacked them with a tin dishpan, the only weapon left in the pandemonium. When the fight was over, the kitchen was a shambles, even the dishpan had bloody dents in it, and both dogs were in ribbons. I forget how many stitches it took for Dr. Linehan to put them back into shape, but it was an astronomical number. Blacker's head was swollen like a football for weeks, and Jack walked with a limp for the rest of his life. Everyone on the place took sides, each contingent claiming victory and the most stitches as the combatants were nursed back to health.

I became an expert dog washer. I should have been, because I started young and got a lot of experience. In summer I held washday in our laundry every two weeks. It was still operated in the manner of the Gay Nineties, presided over by Old Marm Harty. She arrived at our house on foot in fair weather or foul, clad in a long skirt well reinforced with petticoats, heavy high-laced boots, and the traditional black shawl of the countrywoman over her head. When she got warmed up on three cups of strong tea and a big slice of Irish bread she waxed genial; her faded blue eyes regained their color; she displayed her only front tooth in a wide grin and held forth in an elegant brogue upon the charms of "thee auld counthree." However, when the mercury dropped below freezing, her mood changed; then she uttered loud imprecations as she retrieved the frozen clothes from the lines in the yard. "Faith and begorra, they're as shuff as Paddy's father nine days dead" was her stock complaint.

On Mondays the laundry billowed with clouds of soapy vapor as Marm Harty kindled the fire under a great vat enclosed in bricks. It was thought in those days that all the so-called body linen must be "biled." She used a long wooden paddle with a sort of horn on the tip to stir things about and to hook out the more delicate objects. Along one wall there were set tubs, a hand wringer, and a wash-board, while a big padded table served as an ironing board, on which stood an array of trivets and a plate to hold the singed rag which enclosed a sweet-smelling cake of beeswax. Hot irons were passed over the wax, and the linen was then polished to a fine glossy finish. In an anteroom stood a round stove, its belly ringed about with flatirons of all weights and sizes, including goffering and fluting irons. On the top of this rested a kettle of starch, which also had to be "biled," and at one side were tiers of drying racks for airing the finished laundry.

Marm Harty was a rugged woman of bulging outlines. She needed to be strong, for her work was

heavy as she plodded to and fro with the hot irons. Our weekly wash was something that no housewife would undertake today; big linen sheets, fringed huck towels a yard long, damask tablecloths and napkins were the rule of the time. It was also the era of embroidered dresses, ruffled petticoats, lace-trimmed drawers and corset covers. Small wonder that Marm Harty flew into a temper when she found that I had washed a half-dozen dogs in the laundry tubs and left hair and soapy scum all over the place. However, she was a kindly soul at heart, a fixture in our family, and I was never chastised for long. She might have emitted a few "Got damns," but in good Irish tradition, she soon cooled down.

I cannot remember what magic words I used to persuade the big dogs into the tubs, but in they did get, forepart in one, hindquarters in the other. Naturally all our dogs had fleas, so I used Knock-Em-Stiff soap, which had a nice clean smell, and the dead fleas rose to the surface of the lather like chocolate jimmies on whipped cream; it always gave me a feeling of accomplishment to get a whopping crop for my pains. I took pride in my job and even had the temerity to use the bluing rag on the white dogs. The bath was finished off with a rinse of disinfectant, and everybody was clean for a while; that is, all but Rip, who always smelled like a mud turtle no matter how I scrubbed him. I soon learned to tie up my subjects until they were dry, for their one idea was to rush out soaking wet and roll in the dirt. They really received the ten-dollar treatment, for I cleaned their ears and teeth, brushed out the dead hair, and combed their feather. It must have been quite a sight to see small, medium, and big dripping dogs leashed to every table and chair, shaking water all over the place as they watched their fellow sufferers get shampooed. I did have the decency to keep a set of my own dog towels, but beyond that I used the facilities of the laundry.

Every spring I mixed up a bowlful of sulphur and molasses and spooned it down their throats. Of course, the smart ones tried to tiptoe away to avoid this medicine, but on the whole they took it manfully. Once a year I dosed my crew with a fearsome commercial vermifuge. I never knew what was in it, but there might have been almost anything. Here, for example, is a prescription, which I avoided, from an old dog book, *The Dog in Health and Disease* by Stonehenge, published in 1887:

For Round Worms:

Betel Nut	(Nux Areca)
Stinking Hellebore	(Helleborus Foetidus)
Indian Pink	(Spigelia Marylandica)
Calomel	(Hydrargyi Chloridum)
Wormwood	(Artemisia Absinthium)

Santonine

Cowhage

Powdered tin and glass

(Artemisia Contra)

(Mecuna Pruriens)

No particular quantities were specified, but fortunately it was advised that the mixture be followed by a shot of castor oil, for without it the patient would surely have departed to the happy hunting ground. There was another old-fashioned worm eradicator which I never would have used; it took the form of a bolus containing a pre-chewed quid of tobacco wrapped in brown toilet paper and smeared with butter.

I thought myself a pretty good dog doctor and had a lot to say on the subject. My mother, who was a very gentle person, only once remonstrated with me. "I really don't mind what you and your steady stream of animals do around the house," she said, "but could you please not talk about worms at breakfast?"

My father claimed that I toed in when I was a little girl and gave me the name of Duckfoot. I daresay that I did walk like an Indian, but I was able to cover a lot of ground very fast. He took pleasure in teaching me to cast a pretty fly and to use a rifle and shotgun with proper respect. I looked forward to these lessons, for he was such an expert that even the great gunsmith Purdy turned to him for advice on intricate problems. He loved poetry, and throwing himself back in a big leather chair, would recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and yards of Kipling from memory. "Mandalay" and "If" were not exactly the fare for a child, but I listened with appreciation to the ringing stanzas. One of his favorites was "The Power of the Dog":

When the body that lived at your single will,
With its whimper of welcome, is stilled (how still!)
When the spirit that answered your every mood
Is gone — wherever it goes — for good,
You will discover how much you care,
And will give your heart to a dog to tear.

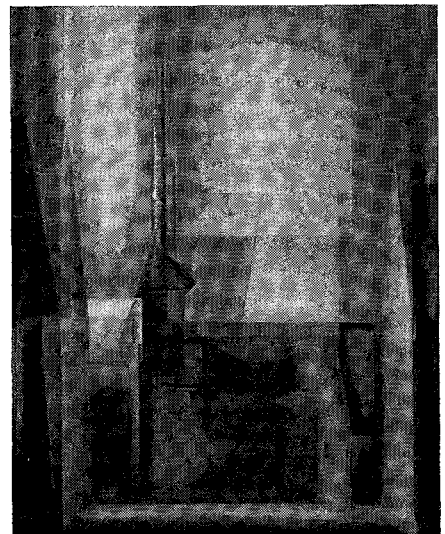
But even Mr. Kipling's warning did not prevent me from doing that very thing, time and time again.

However much my father might have known about guns, there was one sphere of which he was completely ignorant. He delighted in combing my hair, but his hands that were so deft otherwise were too strong for this delicate undertaking. I was so flattered by his attention that I never cried "Ouch" when he dragged the comb through my curls and brought tears of pain to my eyes. If he called, "Duckfoot, come here," I went running, because he kept a box of peppermint candies on his bureau and would pop one into my mouth if I closed my eyes and clasped my hands tightly behind my back. He always added "This is for a good girl," and I went off about the business of caring for his dogs with a feeling of warm contentment.

THE CHURCH OF SOUNDS

A Story by W. S. Merwin

Poet and translator, W. S. MERWIN was born in New York City in 1927, graduated from Princeton, and worked as a tutor in France, Portugal, and Majorca from 1949 to 1951. His first book of poems, A MASK FOR JANUS, was published in 1952; his most recent volume, THE MOVING TARGET, appeared last year.



IT was always late when they were together. He started as soon as he could, in the same clothes in spite of the heat, but whenever he was crossing the dry upland the sun was already going down. The black inherited coat was of some use, he realized, saving his arms and shoulders from the needles of the juniper thickets while he went on as fast as he could over the thin red ground among white rocks. But in the afternoon heat the sleeves and what was left of the lining and the flaps of ironed serge were oppressive. If anything, the coat was too big for him, but at every movement it stuck to him for an instant like a thumb counting money, and it had its own breath. He would never be naked enough. At the thought of her lying with her head on his body, the dark hair drifting across him, the musky skin over her collarbone, the thighs within reach, and the softness of the palms of her hands just inside the base of her thumb, he was stricken as often before with the knowledge that no nudity would ever be enough when he was with her. His skin itself would be in the way, and no laying bare would ever entirely banish from between them the tragedy of garments. He would lie in the dusk watching her, and hear feathers in the shadows, and think that no way of touching her was complete enough, which was why time continued and would separate them again. There were no paths over the upland. If there were birds, they kept to the shade. Locusts shot up in front of him and whirled aside. In some

Painting by Lionel Feininger.

places he ran. As he crossed a stream bed the sun was going down.

One time they had stood in the dusk by the stream, further along the bank where the trees were taller and there was grass. They were still naked. The warm night was ahead of them. As they watched the glassy water he described to her its devious journeys before it reached them—the underground pools, the connecting chambers in the limestone, the little ferns flickering up where a crevice let in the sunlight. When he had turned to look at her, she had vanished.

But on the upland itself it was hard to imagine the flowing of water, a season that was not summer, or a time of day that was not rocked with heat and lit by the descending sun. It was through colors of leather and bone that he went to find her, to be with her before dark and be able to see her.

He had even pled with her, he remembered, as they had stood by the stream. He had wanted her to understand the descent of the water. He had begged her to see that it had come to them from places that had nothing to do with them, and that it could not be otherwise. He had described them carefully. She never argued. She fell silent. And when he had turned to her, realizing that he had failed to persuade her and had raised a ghost between them, she had gone, and his eyes had been dazzled as though he had been staring at the sun, and what he had seen was a dark organ loft and

the back of an organ at which a figure was seated with its head slumped forward into the keyboard but its hands still playing. Then already he had known what it would be like to come to the bank of the same stream, on his way to her, when the rains had begun.

He would have grown certain by then that she would be there every time and that nothing would change, and one afternoon as he crossed the upland the red would have gone from everything and it would be turning cold. When he came to the bank, the water would have risen to the foot of the yellow ledge, a sinewy gray current. He would jump down but find that it was already too deep, and that he had no choice but to snatch at a root and heave himself out again and beat his way further along the stream, looking for shallows, wondering whether she would really be there at such a season, and whether he would be able to explain to her. The banks would grow no gentler, and the stream would broaden as he went. The ledge, as he made his way along it, would become steeper and smoother, until it was as regular as the wall of a canal. And by then it would be too late to turn back.

HE SAT at the table on the sidewalk retracing in his mind the anguish on the bank, trying once again to isolate the exact moment at which he had lost hope, so that he could be sure whether he had had any choice. There was scarcely any traffic on the avenue. The few other marble tables were empty, as were the other chairs at his own. The bright table umbrellas were folded after a long warm day. The sun was going down.

In front of the closed real estate agency next door three or four little girls were practicing walking on stilts. He watched them out of the corner of his eye. They were showing off, and their voices were pitched high and shrill to attract attention. They took turns trying to outdo each other, teetering out into the brick avenue on their stilts, doing handstands and acrobatics. They did them well. Their bodies looked as light as the curtains blowing out of the upper windows. Behind him in the restaurant the meal was being served.

The black serge coat was good for sitting in at such times. It had its own history and reminded him silently of parts of it. He had never paid much attention to its fit, and it would not have occurred to him, once he had worn it a few times, that it might have been a bit narrower here or a bit more rounded there in order to comply with some general view of the way a coat should be shaped to a person. It fitted him in its own way, rather loosely, which was an advantage in many situations. It

was somewhat longer than most coats you saw around, if you happened to notice, though the evening was too warm and there were too few passersby to provide much immediate comparison. Plainly, it had been made for someone taller. And its cut was rather more formal than his circumstances usually warranted, but it made up for occasional clumsiness with an overall copiousness and convenience. The lapels could be turned up high and buttoned across the front, and the pockets were deep and solidly made.

Two of the little girls were able to dance on their stilts. For a few seconds they could sway in time with some slow popular tune they kept humming, and when the rhythm broke and their weight caught them again, the others would prop themselves against a wall or a parked car to laugh. The building tops were brilliant, and the red flush was deepening in the avenue. In the restaurant behind him the lights were already on, phosphorescent at that hour.

He was on the point of leaving and had stood up to go when out of the door behind him came a woman whom he did not at first recognize, but who approached him and greeted him like a dear friend while he tried ineptly to remember where he had met her, at what gathering or on what conveyance, and whose wife she was. It seemed clear at once that she was foreign, and he was able to discover that she was French, but her English was unfailing and impeccable. A prettily got-up woman in early middle age, looking younger, but when she had been younger surely she would have looked utterly different. Her prettiness would have been of another variety. No doubt there would have been a hazy frailty to her then, however deceptive, whereas now she affected a casually ironic good sense to clothe her intelligent but overwrought ambitions. She referred continually to her years spent in this city as a student, and presumably she had acquired at that time not only her command of the language but also some of the brittle unease that marked the women of the place. And still she seemed to regard it from the viewpoint of an exploring foreigner, and was as proud of her acquaintance with the metropolis as though she were still at school. She was explaining. She had already eaten, she informed him, displaying her adjustment to the odd meal hours of this country. Her yellow coat with the fur collar was scarcely what would have been expected on that block at that hour, but she went on explaining. It was a favorite haunt of hers, she said. She had been there with some name he did not catch, but she had never managed to get her husband to eat there, and he was to have met her there this evening; they had planned to go on to some function or other after they had eaten. But her husband had telephoned

the restaurant to say that he must fly to Paris for a week on government business and must catch the next plane. The children were in the country. She began to put forth alternating plans for the evening, asking his opinion of them.

The little girls on stilts were clattering against the tables. As he began to think of excuses she remembered that she had had no coffee and that she would like some, and she sat down and asked him to join her.

She was talking about her maid, who was Spanish and who would have left a large cold meal in the kitchen of the apartment, to which he was welcome. He wondered what she thought she wanted. He could not believe that she was moved by physical desire. He imagined that she was made of enamel, ranged forever on a clean shelf in the middle distance, talking. He was too shabby for her to want to be seen with, and surely she must have remarked that he was a poor listener. He wondered whether after all there were parts of her curiosity, her restlessness, or her vanity which she had managed to conceal. She wanted her coffee. He looked for a waiter. He turned and slowly sat down.

As he settled into the chair a gray coat brushed against him and a head of loose dark hair turned back to gaze at him with eyes full of confusion and distress. It was to that face that he had made his way over the uplands. And now it turned from him again and was going, and a thin figure was receding up the avenue. He pushed back the wire-legged chair, to get to his feet, to go after her. The girls on stilts were swaying among the tables and got in his way. He could not risk knocking them down and being delayed. And the cultivated woman who wanted coffee stood up and asked him why and went on talking and came with him a few steps as he made his way out among the chairs and tables. He had tried to keep the dark hair and gray coat in sight, but he had lost them among the stilts and the folded umbrellas. He thought he had seen the coat turn the corner, but when he reached the place, he could not recognize it in the straggling crowd on the cross street flooded with the light of the setting sun. He turned the way he thought he had seen her go, and hurried into the light. It was pointless to run. He would be more likely to miss her that way. He could not see clearly very far ahead with the sun in his eyes.

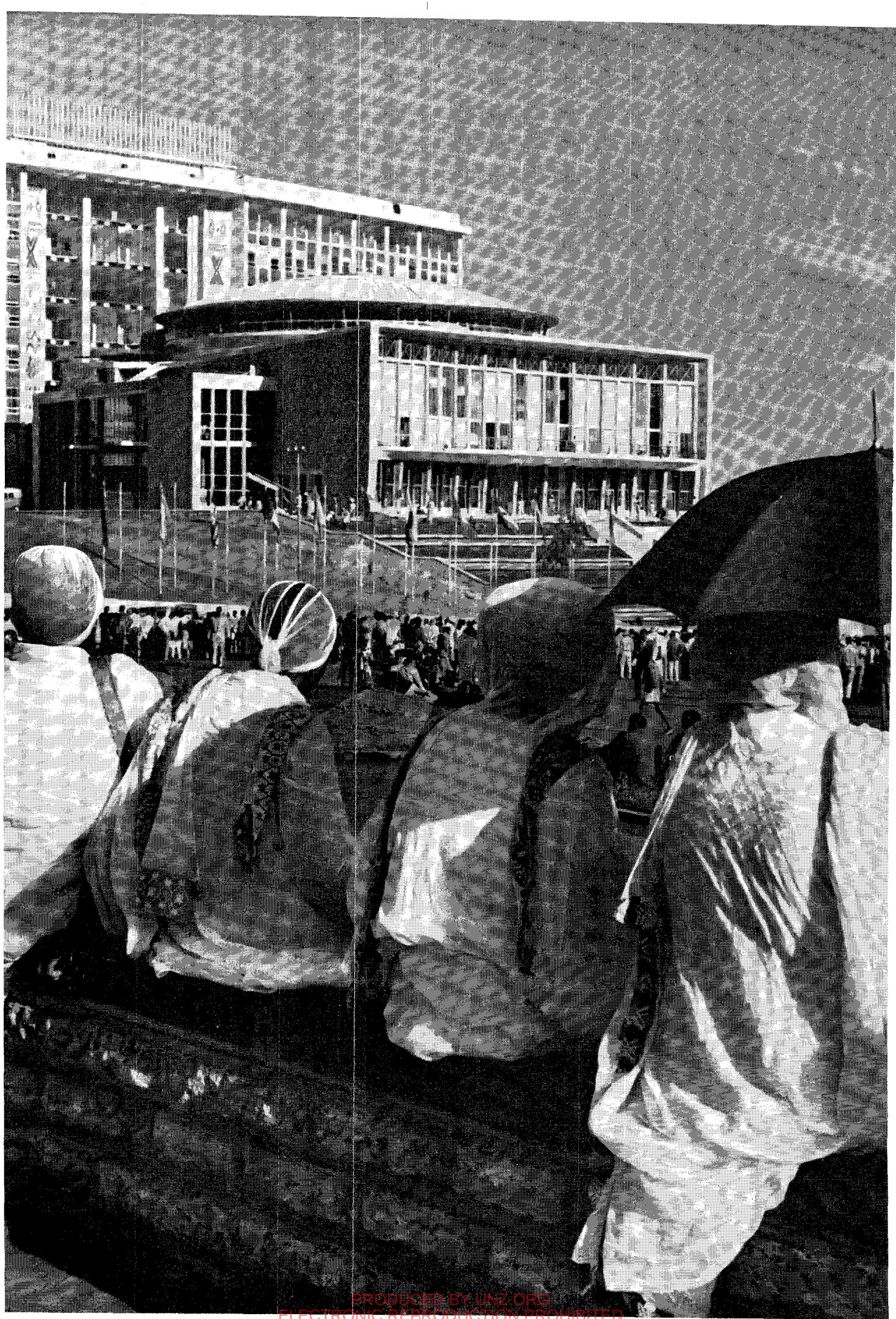
As he went on as cautiously and as quickly as he could, like a comb with one tooth, through the growing numbers of pedestrians, he was aware that what he was doing was familiar. For one thing, it resembled his flailing along the bank of the torrent. The thought made him sweat, but the anguish itself, as he realized, meant that the true despair was gone; it was over, or it had not yet

begun. But he kept uncovering another familiarity as he went. He could not place it. It was no mere reminder of similar circumstances at some time in the past. And yet it was specific enough so that before he had taken many steps he could tell how they would lead him on and on through the same slow crowd, under the cinema marquees translucent with sunlight, and would bring him out, finally, on a ridge looking across an empty expanse, gray and white, marked with patches of rubble and glittering sheets of what appeared to be water in the distance, where the sun, no longer red, was going down. As a beetle, he would bow to its yellow disk, his eyes dazzled by it and by the pallor of the bare landscape. He could see how, as he bowed, his closed eyes would be filled again with the organ loft and the back of the organ at which two figures sat playing. He could see himself bowing like a beetle, and the pallid wastes in front of him, and the colorless plate going down out of the sky taking the light with it, and he could see himself twice at the organ, once as he was, and once smaller, in white, leaning over as though to turn the pages for the other whose long fingers continued to move in the empty keyboard. And when his eyes opened again, between him and the sun and him and the earth her face would rise, inquiring.

MY HALF OF THE APPLE

BY JEANNETTE NICHOLS

You're eating my half of the apple
and I've a right to my own mistakes.
I marked off
where you were to stop eating
but you kept on
and now something in you
is mine. And you're making
my mistakes. If I'm to choose
plums tomorrow, you'll choose pears.
There it is. And the pears
will be green. And there you'll be
sick with my sickness
and I'll be well, out in the sun
making up smiles. So next time
stop. You've your own mistakes to count,
let me keep mine. Not that it's greed,
only a kind of right.





Report from Africa and Asia:

IBM computers help nations build brighter futures

HOW QUICKLY can a developing country catch up with twentieth-century technology? How soon can a few well-educated people obtain the skills to manage a modern economy?

These questions face many nations, both new and old, in Asia and Africa.

"At least we have this advantage," one African government official observed. *"We can leapfrog the trial-and-error stages, and begin fresh with your newest tools and guidance."*

That is why—in the most unlikely places today—you will often see the latest in IBM computers.

Computers don't think. They are only machines. But they can help men speedily analyze a nation's resources and needs—and can help them plan steps in future economic growth.

For instance, the United Nations used IBM equipment in making the first all-out attack on Africa's massive problems of education, housing and health.

The computer shortcut

In Nigeria today, IBM equipment helps manage the nation's railroads, and handles government trade statistics, too.

A computer is the heart of the first Social Security System for Morocco. Elsewhere, IBM computers are helping determine the right places to build roads, to harness waterpower, to establish industry and agriculture—and even

the most profitable crops to grow.

India has completed the first of four computer training centers, with an advanced scientific IBM computer at Kanpur. Other IBM computers will serve Thailand and Malaysia. These will also play a part in training a new generation of much-needed scientific, professional and business leaders.

In addition, IBM has initiated its own educational assistance program in Africa.

Training Africa's future professionals — at IBM schools

For many years, the IBM World Trade Corporation has conducted training schools for employees in many developing countries. Now IBM World Trade is opening new schools in Africa which offer greatly expanded technical training as well as general business college courses.

One school is now in session in Ibadan, Nigeria. A similar school is being planned for French-speaking Senegal. After two and one-half years' training, students may then be offered the choice of working for their respective governments, or in private industry, or with the IBM World Trade Corporation.

IBM®

*The UN's Africa Hall in Ethiopia—one of many places
where IBM equipment is serving Africa's nations.*



OUR BEST HIGH SCHOOLS

Educating for Industry

Allentown's Vocational Program

by JOHN T. SHUMAN

A native Pennsylvanian who attended Dickinson College and took his doctorate in education at Penn State in 1947, JOHN T. SHUMAN is assistant superintendent of schools in Allentown. He has had wide experience in both the academic and the vocational areas of public education. In the preparation of his paper Mr. Shuman has had the cooperation of Clifford S. Bartholomew, principal of the William Allen High School, and George W. Elison, director of vocational and adult education in Allentown.

ALLENTOWN, nestled in the Lehigh Valley, within easy reach of six colleges and innumerable industries, is a community largely of Pennsylvania German origin whose needs have been anticipated by the curriculum of its oldest high school, the William Allen High School. In reaching for the utmost in educational opportunity for each student, Allen High School, within a comprehensive framework and without neglecting its academic standing, has over the years achieved a signal success in vocational-technical education.

Our academic program maintains a high standard of excellence, as evidenced by the achievements of the students who have passed through it. Our vocational program has distinguished itself by its quality and the records of its graduates as key men in business and industry. Special opportunities have been provided for both the gifted pupils and slow learners. An attempt has been made to give each pupil the kind of education that is best for him.

Here is a breakdown of the school community in the William Allen High School: of the 2803 pupils, 1311 are enrolled in the college preparatory curriculum, 727 in business education, 613 in technical and industrial courses, and 79 in general education. Seventy-three students are in courses designed for those requiring special education. One of the effects of strong vocational-technical

and business curricula is evident in this distribution of students — that is, only 79 pupils are to be found in the general curriculum. This is a much smaller proportion of pupils than is ordinarily found in the general curriculum of the usual American high school. It is so small because pupils have been able to enroll in a curriculum in which they are interested and which gives them realistic goals.

Nor is there any strong feeling of so-called "dumping of poorer students" into the different departments. It is far better to have the student elect a curriculum in which he will have interests and the requisite aptitudes, and then have him select within that curriculum courses suitable to his level, than it is to have him take courses not suited to his needs.

Extension of the curriculum to provide for the academically able has resulted in honors courses in English, social studies, mathematics, and the sciences. Honors courses in the tenth and eleventh grades provide sequential preparation for advanced placement courses in the twelfth grade. Pupils are admitted to the honors program on the recommendation of their teachers, the results of achievement and ability tests, and demonstration of their willingness to accept the intellectual and emotional challenges of the course. In the senior year there are advanced placement classes in En-

glish, European and American history, mathematics, chemistry, and physics.

The honors and advanced placement courses in science are freshman college chemistry, quantitative analysis, organic chemistry, and chemical instrumentation. In English the honors and advanced placement courses provide for work in small groups and for much independent study and writing. Students working independently are excused from regular assignments. They may undertake, for example, the production of short literary works of their own—essays, fiction, or poetry. Drills and the dull routine of many once mediocre classes are avoided. The mathematics courses at this level make full use of a contemporary approach stressing thinking, discovery, and the structure of mathematics. Enrollment in these courses totals 285. Forty-two percent of the Allen High School graduates continue their education in institutions of higher learning; 85 colleges are represented.

CHANGING WITH THE TIMES

Until 1959, the Allentown High School was the only high school in a city of 109,000 people. The student body numbered around 3000 students. In 1959 a second high school was opened, the Louis E. Dieruff High School, with an enrollment of 1310, and it is still developing. William Allen High School currently enrolls about 68 percent of the public senior high school pupils. It has had a vocational, industrial, and technical program for many decades. About half the Dieruff High School students registered in the vocational-technical curricula take their shop and laboratory work in the vocational-technical center on the Allen High School campus. In the future, these two high schools working together will develop a citywide system of vocational-technical education instead of maintaining duplicate departments in each.

There are a number of reasons why our vocational education has developed so successfully. First of all, the people most closely involved in the running of the school system had an honest conviction that good vocational-technical education was a necessary part of a comprehensive program of education and that it could be integrated with the academic program without sacrificing quality in either. The principals of the William Allen High School have had an intimate acquaintance with the crafts and with industry, and have been enthusiastic about giving training in occupations.

The directors of vocational education have been as professionally competent as the academic personnel of the school district. The teaching staff is competent technically and professionally and is respected by industry. They are teachers who take pride in excellence in their respective fields.

The members of the school board respect all occupations and have permitted the administration considerable professional freedom in developing the vocational-technical program. All these persons created a climate in which vocational-technical education had dignity and status and could grow.

Furthermore, the school has stayed close to the needs of the community and of industry, and as a result, to the needs of the individual student. For example, in 1950 the vocational-industrial department had five carpentry and cabinetmaking instructors; today it has three. This change in emphasis followed very closely the disappearance of the major furniture manufacturing plants from the area. Contrariwise, in 1950 the school offered no television or electronics courses, although there were courses in electrical construction and power electricity. Today there are four different electrical courses, one of them an extensive and highly technical electronics course. This new course was instituted to meet new developments in our technology, and it grew as our local electronics industry grew.

In response to changes in the nature of occupations in Allentown, several new courses have been added during the last seven years; namely, plumbing, heating and air conditioning, industrial electronics, chemical technology, medical and dental assisting, data processing and computer programming. These courses are offered to both high school students and graduates. Although the community does not have a community college, the school board operates these courses for high school graduates who need them for economic reasons or who want to enter these areas of work.

We believe that the greatest gap in American education today is in the field of post-high-school technical education. Technological developments within the last decade have forced the issue upon the schools. The facts of our industrial society make it clear that at both the high school and post-high-school levels we must prepare workers for jobs that have demands for knowledge and skills which fall between those of the craftsman and the professional worker. Consequently, we try to assist these high school graduates also to continue their education.

Meantime, other courses had to be upgraded to keep pace with technical developments in industry. Offset printing was added to letterpress printing. In the drafting courses machine design was added, and the teaching of mathematics was done in considerable depth so that the students could better cope with design problems. With each change or addition, the training of our teachers was improved so that they could teach the newer technologies. Local industries were glad to assist us and took the teachers into their plants for

instruction. Frequently the teachers taught themselves. These curriculum developments indicate how the school has changed with the times.

Ten years ago all students taking vocational-industrial education took their mathematics, English, and history in their own separate classes. Today this is still the practice for some, but for many others there are very significant differences. For example, any student who is able academically and who is enrolled in the technical-level program takes his academic subjects in regular college preparatory classes. We believe that academically able technical students should take academic subjects under the best academic teachers and with good college preparatory groups. These students are really enrolled in a dual-purpose course which is both technical and academic and committed to a high standard of academic and technical excellence. Such graduates are highly desirable engineering students or technicians. On the other hand, the vocational chemical-technology laboratory is available for instruction in instrumentation to college preparatory students in advanced placement chemistry; the electronics laboratory is used to teach precollege students those phases of physics they can best learn here. As a result, there can be a free flow of students between the departments.

In addition to the academic classroom work, all industrial and technical students are regularly taught the necessary applications of mathematics, science, and English in their shops and laboratories. Instruction will vary from the basic arithmetic used in estimating a job by a bricklaying student, to vector analysis, trigonometry, and calculus in the electronics class, or to a technical report based on research conducted by the chemical technology students. In many instances the mathematics taught in the laboratory goes beyond that taught in more formal classroom procedures.

ADVISORY COMMITTEES FROM INDUSTRY

One of the keys to the changing pattern of the vocational, industrial, and technical courses and to the good relations with industry is the extensive network of advisory committees which the high school has recruited from industry.

First, the plant managers of area industrial plants have made public education one of their chief concerns and have served in a general advisory capacity. They actually constitute a small top-level steering committee on policy, and they have been helpful in keeping the school administration informed of coming trends and of changes in technology.

Second, currently 148 men and women from local industry serve on advisory committees in specific occupational areas; they meet as individual

committees on call, and once each year all convene at one large general meeting, following which they inspect the laboratories and talk personally with each instructor about his course, his objectives, and his problems. The committee meetings are give-and-take sessions at which both industry and school representatives express their views frankly.

The recommendations of these committees guide the administration in its future planning — and their recommendations are taken seriously for the simple reason that each advisory committee consists of competent men and women who are actually working in the occupations they represent. Committee members are largely foremen, supervisors, heads of maintenance departments, owners of small industrial concerns, engineers, draftsmen. In other words, these are working committees consisting of men who can tell us if need be how to cross the *t*'s and dot the *i*'s in their respective fields. For example, the advisory committee on plumbing and air conditioning has among its membership: The manager of a plumbing and heating contracting and repair service, the foreman of maintenance for Western Electric Company, the secretary of the joint apprenticeship committee for the United Association of Plumbers and Fitters, the vice president of an air conditioning company, and the city plumbing inspector.

The results of one advisory committee's work can be seen in the recent development of courses in chemical technology. A preliminary survey of the Allentown area indicated that there was a growing need for technicians to provide supporting services to chemists and chemical engineers employed by area industries. The good relations with local industry made it possible to appoint an advisory committee with a wide range of experiences. The nine men on this committee include two professors from local universities, representatives from companies engaged in the processing of ferrous and nonferrous metals, a chemist from a large electronics manufacturing firm, and two chemists from companies engaged in the manufacture of chemicals. They met with the director of vocational and adult education regularly for over a year. As a result, two separate courses in chemical technology have been developed. One course is for students still in high school, the other for those who desire to take this highly intensive program for a year beyond their graduation. The high school course covers general chemistry and qualitative analysis in grade 10, quantitative analysis and organic chemistry in grade 11, and instrumentation in grade 12.

Our instrumentation laboratory is well equipped and represents a new area of instruction in high school chemistry. Equipment is available to conduct analytical techniques such as infrared, ultra-

violet, and visible spectroscopy, gas chromatography, polarography, and polarizing microscopy. The results of modern instrumentation are also found in the use of analytical balances. Students are instructed in the use of chainomatic adjusted balances in the early phases of the course, then change to the use of electric balances. This permits them to become familiar with both the old and the new techniques.

Although the objective of the course is to prepare students for beginning positions as chemical technicians, it was recognized that a broad academic program would be required to build a foundation for future growth and also to make it possible for the students to enter institutions of higher education if they should desire to do so.

Therefore, students enrolled in the chemical technology course are placed in college preparatory sections for all other subjects of their educational program. This makes a very rigorous program and requires the selection of students who have the ability and willingness to handle the program.

The work of the chemical technology advisory committee did not stop once these courses were developed. It continues to meet to assist the teachers in maintaining an up-to-date program; to help in evaluating the results of instruction; and when the occasion requires, to discuss with these classes such highly specialized fields as spectrophotometry and chromatography. Committees like this one, operating in each area of instruction provided by the industrial-technical department, play an important part in maintaining a dynamic program.

Parenthetically, it should be mentioned here that similar committees of interested citizens have been organized and also meet in other areas of instruction, such as business education.

HELPING STUDENTS TO FIND JOBS

The instructors and the administration do not wait for graduation to assist the student in locating a job consistent with his ability and his objectives. Between 60 and 125 of these students are placed during the school year on cooperative jobs in industry. As the senior year passes, the number working cooperatively in industry increases. In the average American high school, vocational guidance and placement are both neglected areas. In Allentown the cooperative training program helps a boy to find himself as a worker; it permits effective placement prior to graduation, so that 85 percent or more of these students stay with the employer following graduation.

For many years Allentown has worked diligently at its cooperative program. Cooperative training differs in certain respects from the typical work

experience program. In the cooperative program the student is allowed to work only in an occupational area in which he has received some training and in which he can perform competently. He is placed in a job consistent with occupational and life objectives which are reasonable for him. The job is one which continues to advance the training of the student.

How is this accomplished?

In actuality the cooperative program takes boys from the vocational department and places them directly at work in industry. The cooperative boys spend three weeks in a shop and the next three weeks attending high school for classroom work. However, the boys must meet definite standards. They must have completed at least a year and a half of trade or technical training, and must have good attitudes and good work habits.

The employer who takes the boy into the shop is closely investigated and must meet certain standards. The job must also be related to the occupational area the boy is studying in school. Employers agree to provide cooperative on-the-job training under the direction of skilled workmen and to assume responsibility for the boy's attendance and rating or grades.

The students are under close check. While working in industry the cooperative pupils are kept under supervision by the school. At least once in each three-week period either the coordinator or the head shop teacher visits the boy at the plant or on the job, and his work is checked. If either the student's work or working conditions are found unsatisfactory, he is recalled to the school shop for further basic training. Also if the training situation is found unsatisfactory, the boy is withdrawn and an attempt is made to place him with another firm in the cooperative placement program. While they are working in industry, the boys are paid prevailing apprentice or learner wages. We never make a cooperative placement if it would mean that some man would lose his job.

The cooperative training program has been vital to adequate guidance and job placement of the graduates. It has served a further purpose — that of bringing teachers into close working contact with their peers in industry. The teacher is the key; he must know enough about the cooperative job, the personnel in the plant, and the youth to match them properly.

We believe that one learns best by doing. In the industrial-technical courses the shop and the laboratory are the centers about which the students' schedules revolve. In the craft and skilled-trade areas, one half of the school day is spent here; in the technical areas, fully one third of the time is devoted to laboratory work. Why? Because we want the student to have a background of ex-

periences on which he can base his learning and his thinking or problem solving.

The challenge of good workmanship and success in meeting the standards of an occupational field give the student yardsticks to measure his performance. The school industrial shop, the science laboratory, and the computer room give him access to real experiences.

Many students learn things most readily by doing things, seeing things, and reading and reasoning about them at the same time. The starting point for many should be the laboratory plus the textbook and other learning aids. Here learning proceeds from the experience to the theory and the scientific principle behind the experience; thus, comprehension, achievement, and performance are all increased.

ENRICHING THE STUDENT'S OPPORTUNITIES

A strong vocational, industrial, and technical department enhances other areas of instruction in our schools by making education a realistic and a dynamic process for many students and by providing supporting services. For example, few academic teachers of physics have the equipment or the background to present the more advanced concepts of electronics. The electronics technology teacher has this knowledge and is thus able to enrich the physics program. Similar examples can be found in chemical technology and data processing. For example, the development of the chemical technology program which we have described at some length has permitted the Allentown schools to expand course offerings in three directions.

First is the high school program which we have described; second is a full-time post-high-school program in chemical technology which was developed at the same time; and third is the utilization of this facility by advanced chemistry students enrolled in the college preparatory curriculum. It is interesting that these three groups are able to work together in the laboratory without problems.

On the other hand, a good academic program can contribute to the vocational-technical by providing assistance in the development of programs of mathematics, science, economics, technical report writing, the humanities, and other activities.

The question of the effect on the dropout problem inevitably arises. Recently the National Education Association released a study of the holding power of school systems in 128 large cities, population over 90,000, based on the graduating classes of 1960-1963. In these cities, of the classes of 1963,

70.8 percent of the pupils who had enrolled in grade 10 graduated; the national average was 76 percent. At the same time the William Allen High School graduated, in June of 1963, 86 percent of the number who had entered the tenth grade in September of 1960; and in June of 1964, 91 percent of the number who entered the tenth grade in 1961.

The industrial-technical program is certainly not proposed as the solution to the dropout problem, but if holding power indicates the degree to which a school meets the needs of the total student body, then the William Allen High School may claim to have achieved some success.

High school years are the years of the individual; these are the years he begins to assert himself. His prospective career and interests determine his educational path, and the student who finds in high school little that is realistic for him or that interests him is a potential dropout. Those who ignore the needs and interests of youth ignore the strongest motivational factors in the lives of these students. It is urgent that we realign our perspectives of both vocational and academic education. The traditional view that vocational versus college preparatory work is a clear dichotomy is no longer tenable. All students, insofar as possible, must be permitted to follow curricula from which they may either continue their education beyond high school or enter an occupation for which they have basic preparation. Either should be possible.

This philosophy leads inevitably to an organization of vocational education in the high school serving three broad occupational groups: those who will attend college and enter the professions; those who will enter technical education via the community college; and those who will enter industry after graduation at the semiskilled, the craft, or the technical level.

The William Allen High School has developed as a truly comprehensive high school because it has been large enough to provide for diversity in the needs of its students; it has been able to provide programs of excellence for all the children of the community. Furthermore, Allentown has consistently had good school boards. And the public schools have consistently had able administrative leadership under administrators who accepted their responsibility to provide a comprehensive educational program for all youth. Above all, vocational, industrial, and technical education has always been looked upon for what it is — good education dignified by its excellence, by its representatives, and by its graduates.

This series on outstanding high schools will turn next to the Midwest to discuss the Dunbar High School of Chicago.

ON TRAVELING WITH A NOTEBOOK

Freya Stark

Author, traveler, and photographer, FREYA STARK has journeyed extensively in the Middle East. Her knowledge of the Arabic language and the history of the region, combined with her understanding of the people, led the British government to give her a special assignment in the Middle East during World War II. She is a master of descriptive writing, and here is one of the reasons.

I was walking, when the first Cyprus crisis was at its height, among the narrow byways that hug the Athens acropolis, when three or four very small boys came around a corner and asked me where I belonged, naming one country after another. Having exhausted all they could think of, they looked at me with horror when I said "Anglia," English. The eldest reached for a stone, and they all in chorus cried "Cyprus." Not knowing any Greek with which to argue, I took the first historic name that came into my mind and said "Pericles." The classic bond held: "Themistocles," one little boy responded, and I added "Alcibiades" for good measure. The little group instantly adopted me and shepherded me through all the dangers of their fellows. I had forgotten the episode until I happened to read the single word "Anglia" in a notebook of that day and the whole picture with its fierce, gay little figures and the acropolis hanging above them came back into my mind. The notebook, with a single word, had saved it from total oblivion.

A pen and a notebook and a reasonable amount of discrimination will change a journey from a mere annual into a perennial, its pleasures and pains renewable at will. The keeping of a regular diary is difficult and in most lives likely to be dull as it plods through good and bad at one even pace. But the act of the notebook is selective.

One's own sensations and emotions should be left out, while the *causes* that produced them are carefully identified. These are usually small concrete

facts not particularly spectacular in themselves, and a single word, as we have seen, may recall them. In describing Venice or Athens, for instance, it is useless to record the rapture: no mere mention can renew it; but the cause, some shimmer of light or shadow, some splash of the flat-prowed gondola as its crest turns a corner, or a sudden vignette, or the Greeks reading their morning papers in the theater of Dionysius — such concrete glimpses produced the delight in the first place and can recapture it in the notebook's pages. Colors, odors (good or bad), even apparently irrelevant details such as the time of day are more evocative than a record of feelings, which represent the writer and not the scene and are, usually, a mere embarrassment in later reading.

I have notes, for instance, of the Persian tribes' moving to their summer pastures under the great tombs of their kings at Naksh-i-Rustam: the tumult of goats, camels, and horses, the women's black turbans, the clanking of cooking pots tied to the saddle, and some effect of dust and distance are jotted down; and the remembrance of that wide freedom, the immensity of the background in space and time, comes back automatically with the mention of the sights and sounds.



Photograph from THE GREECE I LOVE, courtesy of the Paris Book Center, Inc.

A painter once told me how important it is in a quick sketch that the few details one has time for should be put in with particular care; far from being less precise, they should be more so, or the illusion of reality will fail. The same rule applies to notebook jottings. A painter like Edward Lear shows the same awareness in his diary as in his sketches, where the details of light and color for which he had no time are scribbled in pencil at the side.

In poetry the process is fundamentally the same, but it is worked out more completely with the harmony of words. The everyday traveler's notebook stops short of this process: it is intended for himself alone and need not concern itself with the facilities of language; it is reminiscent, not creative, and can be brief and quite unreadable. With a little practice in selection, a very few lines will hold the gist of a whole day's journey; and the writing of them is much less of a labor than one would suppose.

You can amuse yourself too by reversing the proc-

ess when you are reading. Pick out of any particular description the concrete things the author must have seen and remembered; they have an immediate and convincing authenticity. The psalmist's hills in the mirage of noon that "skip like lambs" — have we not seen them at the deserts' edges? — or Keats's musk rose, "the murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves."

From things seen and remembered the fancy soars into the abstract and wanders beyond the notebook's scope, though sometimes even there a simile or image may well be recorded: "wine-dark," one may fancy the young Homer writing, on some Aegean headland while his sight still held. No confines to the human thought have yet been recorded. But the notebook is not the patrimony only of the thinker; it is an open sesame for every holiday traveler who learns to select his adjectives carefully and pack them compactly, so that at any odd moment he may recapture the spell of his days.

OGDEN NASH

Thoughts Thought While Resting Comfortably in Phillips House, Massachusetts General Hospital, Overlooking the Charles River

Something, probably diet, seems to have stunted my mental growth,
I can't remember the difference between a valedictorian and a valetudinarian and I suspect that I am both.
In church when confessing my misdeeds, which I am truly distraught to have done,
I begin with those things I have done that I ought not to have done instead of those things I have left
undone that I ought to have done.

Sometimes I spell sex s-e-c-k-s, not to be humorous,
Just because I feel it must be plural, it has become so numerous.
Problems of terminology grow more and more knotty;
I had just learned to say judo instead of jujitsu when it suddenly turned into karate.
I can't seem to get in step;
I know that a policeman is now fuzz instead of a cop, but which does that knowledge make me, hip or hep?
I had just straightened out Guinea and Guiana,
And up popped Ghana.
My mind obviously needs renewal;
Come cosset me with posset, comfort me with comfits, re-fuel me with gruel.
There, that's better, now my mind takes a spry turn,
I remember the difference between a *pas de deux* and a padishah, padishah means great king or emperor
and *pas de deux* means now it's my turn.
I would be completely recovered but for a recent disappointment suffered when I distinctly heard Ed
Sullivan announce the appearance of a group of Spanish dentures;
When they turned out to be Spanish dancers I asked the nurse to switch to a film about a dedicated nurse
beset by toppers and wenchers.

Odds are 1300 to 1 you've never heard of Machu Picchu

(No wonder. It was lost for 400 years!)



This giant fortress above the clouds is one of the sights of a lifetime



Urubamba river

For almost 400 years, nobody went there. Nobody even knew it existed. Machu Picchu hid on its mountaintop deep in the Andes of Peru.

It had been a thriving city—the last capital of the Inca civilization. Chiefs ruled from its palaces. Priests worshiped in its temples. Vestal virgins bathed beneath its fountains. Workers climbed its thousand granite-hewn steps to terrace the mountainside, plant corn and potatoes.

Gold-clad warriors had peered down between the drifting clouds to spy on Pizarro's conquistadores marching through the valley 2,000 feet below. But the unsuspecting Spaniards kept on, following the Urubamba river in its

mad, boiling rush towards the Amazon. Then, one day, the city was empty. Why, nobody knows. Slowly the jungle closed in. Machu Picchu slumbered.

It wasn't until 1911 that an American explorer scaled its heights and hacked through the matted vines. Not until 1948 was a road built for visitors.

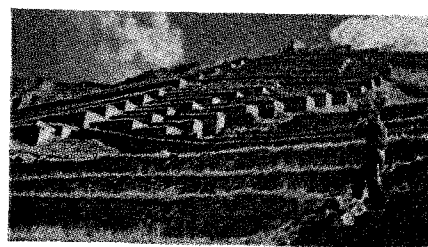
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Crops were grown on terraces

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LOUIS M. LYONS

For a quarter of a century the Nieman Foundation under the curatorship of LOUIS M. LYONS has provided to a selected group of working newspapermen the stimulus of a year at Harvard. Mr. Lyons, who was one of the first Nieman Fellows in 1938, was on the staff of the Boston GLOBE for twenty-five years, and has been news commentator for Boston's educational television station, WGBH, since 1950.

THE NIEMAN FELLOWSHIPS

IN HIS inaugural as president of Yale last spring, Kingman Brewster urged that every university must do what it can to meet the need for knowledge of the public beyond its borders. "The university should open its gates more frequently to those outside who would sample experience."

This happened to coincide with preparations in Cambridge to observe the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Nieman Fellowship program, through which Harvard has opened its gates to men from the world of affairs, journalists, to take the university on their own terms to meet their own felt needs, the better to inform the public on its public affairs.

The Nieman Fellowship program at Harvard, begun in 1938, came from one of those happy accidents that account for so many educational enterprises in America. Mrs. Agnes Wahl Nieman, whom Harvard had never heard of, had heard of Harvard as a place to leave money to.

In 1937 she left half of her estate in the Milwaukee *Journal* to Harvard, in memory of her husband, Lucius Nieman, the founder of that strong independent paper. She wanted "to raise standards of journalism." Harvard, like Yale, had made its contributions to journalism. Lippmann and Broun from Harvard and Whitney and Luce from Yale will do for examples. But lest we take too much pride in our ivied glory, let us recall that James B. Reston came out of the state university of Illinois and reached journalism through the

Photo by Harvard University News Office.

publicity office of the Cincinnati Reds; and that Horace Greeley, who brought more yeast to journalism than anyone since, was graduated from a printshop in East Poultney, Vermont, just down the road a piece from where George Jones left for New York, there to save the city from the grip of the Tweed ring, as the indomitable force behind the New York *Times's* greatest crusade.

But the journalist today needs education as badly as anyone. He is in the front line of the desperate task to understand the convulsive changes in our ever-expanding universe so that he can convey some meaning to his readers of the kind of world they live in.

It was President James B. Conant's happy inspiration to take this surprise windfall from Mrs. Nieman and make inventive use of it. He invented the Nieman Fellowships. By hindsight, it was a simple, practical notion. The journalist's needs for knowledge are universal, as well as unpredictable from day to day. The range of the university encompasses them all.

Conant was to say, long after, that it began as a very dubious experiment. He got practically no encouragement from newspaper managers. Those not naturally skeptical of the value of education as against the practical experience of the police court and the press-club bar were sure that able newsmen would not step out of the fast pace of their competitive calling to go back to college.

But, by hindsight, we can see it was bound to work. The idea was simply that the university would open its doors to as many selected newsmen as the annual increment of the Nieman funds would support on stipends; let them come on leave of absence for a year, no degrees, no requirements, to pursue those studies for which they had found a need, to plow the results back into their jobs.

The time and the place were right. The vitality of Harvard proved a magnet. More than three hundred journalists applied for the nine fellowships of the first year. We have since run an average of a dozen fellowships a year.

The time came just as the need for specialization began to penetrate journalism — somewhat late, to be sure. The first group were all either reporters or editorial writers. Now in any group there may be a science writer, a labor reporter, an education specialist, someone studying the Russians, others working on the growing complexity of urban problems, a select squad of Southern newsmen wrestling with their issues of race relations and economic development, one or two exploring the journalist's new worlds of Latin America, Africa, and Asia. But the basic program of most comprises those studies that make the background of public affairs — government, economics, and history.

A typical application appeals for a chance to fill in the gap in economics that was scamped in college. For the political reporter has discovered that most political issues have economic roots — budgets, taxes, balance of payments, labor contracts, transportation, space, and foreign aid.

Their mature approach to studies they need and the chance of association with scholars keenly aware of the world of reality have proved to be a vital experience for the Nieman Fellows. "The greatest year of my life," their reports declare, over and over.

The success of Conant's dubious experiment was launched on the prestige of Harvard and has advanced on the momentum of achievement of the Fellows. It can be measured in the number of their Pulitzer Prizes, of their posts as Washington bureau chiefs and foreign correspondents, in their success as editors and authors. What was started as an educational opportunity soon became one of the prized distinctions of journalism.

Over the years a number of other programs arose at Harvard, often described as modeled on the Nieman Fellowships — programs for trade unionists, for public-school administrators, business executives, agricultural-extension specialists. David Bailey, secretary to the governing boards at Harvard, once suggested I write something about all this. He would provide the title: "Life As a Preparation for Education." It is a good title; still

good, since it has been so little used. For, actually, the development of such opportunities has been very meager in our universities. Even some of those I have mentioned here have withered away from exhaustion of funds. Little has developed elsewhere.

ADULT education, as we call it, has been a feeble shadow of what it could be in America. Even the great educational foundations have contributed little to it. They have concentrated generously on enlarging the resources of our universities and opening opportunities for research and study by our scholars. But mighty little has been done to open the university gates, or to reach beyond the walls, to meet what President Brewster calls "the rapidly expanding population's need for rapidly expanding knowledge."

In this field it can fairly be said, as old President Eliot said in reluctantly bestowing an honorary degree on a statesman he counted of limited vision: "Long vistas of public service still invite you."

In the field of journalism, this handful of Nieman Fellowships remains, after twenty-five years, absolutely unique. Only a drop in the bucket. Yet their impact has been substantial. There are actually fewer such opportunities for journalists now than a decade or two ago. Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism has for the past several years obtained special grants to offer fellowships for science writing and, recently, also for international reporting. These two special fields are thus better served than others. But the Reid Fellowships that used to send a few American newspapermen abroad for travel and study each year ended when the Reid interest in their newspaper ended. Since I made an appeal at Harvard's June commencement, it has been gratifying to see several new fellowship programs started. This fall the University of Southern California awarded fellowships to five music critics for study in its school of music. The Russell Sage Foundation has provided funds for the University of Wisconsin to appoint four newspapermen to fellowships for study in the social sciences, and Columbia University has added several fellowships in its school of journalism.

The Carnegie Corporation supported several journalists' fellowships for some years, then returned to their academic last. The great Ford Foundation has given up its Fund for Adult Education. About a decade ago that fund launched a program of grants for journalists — from newspapers, broadcasting, or magazines — that promised to multiply the opportunities in this field. The grantees could pursue their studies at any

university. That is, any that would take them in. This was by no means all. University officials tended to look askance at the visiting firemen who proposed to settle in for a term of quite irregular individual operations.

It was with great elation at this expansion of fellowships that I served on the fund's first selecting committee. Within a few weeks the fund people were on the phone to ask me how to get three men into Harvard. And what about other places? Happily, our dean of special students responded. If they were going to follow the pattern of the Nieman Fellows and operate from my desk, he'd interpret the admission rules flexibly. But this did not happen everywhere. It was incredible to me, and still is, that able people, selected by a great educational foundation for pursuit of special projects, well financed to pay their way, should have difficulty finding first-class universities to let them in.

President Brewster says, "We dare not admit that we must seal the windows against all relevance to the real world." But this idea has not penetrated all walls.

For three years at Harvard we enjoyed association with a few of these Ford grantees each year. Like the foreign journalists that the Asia Foundation and the Commonwealth Fund and a few other agencies send us on their grants, they enlarged the dimensions of our discussions. But after three years, the Ford Foundation gave up this program when they merged the Fund for Adult Education with another of their enterprises. Little in their experience with these grants encouraged them to go on with them.

Yet in Canada, with its far more limited resources, a smaller model of the Nieman program has been established at the University of Toronto, with five newspaper fellowships supported by the Southam newspapers. After two years, both parties report enthusiastically on it.

The Columbia Broadcasting System a few years ago undertook to copy the Nieman program for broadcasters and set up a parallel program at Columbia. This is open to staffs of CBS and affiliated stations and to persons engaged in educational broadcasting, but not to staffs of the other two networks or other commercial broadcasters. So there is not yet an equal opportunity throughout broadcasting.

I bring in broadcasting because communication is all one job. This greatly simplifies the question of education for the journalist. Whether he reports for print or over the air, in newspaper, magazine, or topical book, or as an aid to public men in presenting public programs, he is gathering and evaluating information, writing, editing on public affairs. The educational need is the

same: to understand the issues in the great areas where a knowledge of history, government, economics, supplies the background to give meaning to the reports. A fair test of journalism is the meaning it imparts to its communications. Perhaps the most important lesson for the journalist is to appreciate the relation of one field to another, one problem to another.

The season of dealing with applications for Nieman Fellowships is always one that I find very inspiring. It winds up with a weekend trip of the selecting committee to interview those who have most interested us. Two or three editors and two or three of us at the university make up the committee. The editors always come out of these trips heartened by the quality of the ablest young newspapermen we meet — by their intelligence, their professional competence, their idealism, and their feeling for the newspaper job.

Here is a passage from the application of a young copy editor from a great metropolitan paper.

I am impressed by the complexity of news and I am aware of how different news may look to those involved in its gathering and editing. To an expert Washington reporter, it is immediate, intricate, and full of nuances. To a copy editor, it is unmodified prose and unanswered questions. To the man who made the assignment or to a news editor, it is something that must be understood in relation to its time and place. Of any job I have filled on this newspaper, the day desk — originating and assigning stories, planning the daily coverage — has been the most rewarding. It is the type of work I hope to enter full time in the future and it is the reason I am seeking a Nieman Fellowship: I want more intellectual equipment.

Here is another application statement that tells of a door journalism opened for a young Negro who was determined to make something of his life.

For the past three years I have been welfare reporter for my newspaper. My principal concern and the thing about which I have learned the most is poverty. My own background gave me a frame of reference for the job, but nothing has informed me better than working with the reality of poverty, day in and day out. . . . We are now in the midst of waging war on the school district to reinstate 400 children to a free lunch program. . . . I live in the faith that even if you cannot change people, you can change the way they behave toward each other. To help them change this behavior, they and the rest of the community must see it laid before them in cold print.

I was born and raised in the section of Brooklyn known as the "Box." Save for Harlem and the Chicago South Side, no area in America crams more people, mainly Negroes, into so little space with so little light and air. Our schools met the mandatory requirements. They had doors, windows, walls, and teachers, or so they were called. I left elementary school without an 8th grade education and went on to high school, where

I might have gotten a 12th grade education, had the other eight not been missing.

I was left in my last year of high school with the simple realization that if I ever was to become educated, I would have to do the job myself. The effort has done for me what I could not have asked of any school. I have become a human being. . . .

My goal is simple: to report in every way I can what is wrong with the way people are treated in this country and to bring to light those things which call for change. . . . I want no other role in journalism than as a reporter.

ALL areas of communication appreciate the basic training of the newsroom, and all draw on it for staff talent. We have seen this illustrated in the careers of the Nieman Fellows. Most came from newspapers and have remained newspapermen. But others have become correspondents of the great television networks, authors and publishers of books; one, the assistant secretary of state for public affairs, another, special assistant to the Attorney General; others, administrative assistants to senators and governors, or editors and contributors of magazines. Our magazines become increasingly journalistic. In one recent issue of the *New Yorker*, the work of three Nieman Fellows appeared, one reporting from Cambodia, one from Cambridge, one on the Supreme Court. One of these series is now a book; another is a book in process.

Jack Fischer of *Harper's* once told the Nieman Fellows he was grateful to the newspapers for leaving so much to the magazines. But the big magazines are now competing for the ablest journalists. Television's competition with the first news bulletins has forced the newspapers to seek a larger dimension for their reports, to develop interpretive stories, to report in more depth.

This calls for more seasoned and more educated reporters. The quality of the best was never so high as it is now. But there are never enough of this quality to go around.

To meet this common need of the communicator, the university holds the key. For the journalist's need is the need of all for a broad general education; except that his need is daily urgent and his lack impoverishes all his readers.

It takes special funds to undertake special educational enterprises, which, to be sure, are not the core of a university's responsibility.

But President Brewster says: "To keep the business of learning itself uncorrupted, it may be important to open the gates more frequently to those who would sample experience.

"Precisely because we may wish to continue our traditional business in a traditionally selective way," he says, "it behooves us to take the lead in adapting our ways to any arrangement which will make our resources publicly available, as long as it does not dilute, distort or distract us from our mission."

Let me assure him it need not dilute or distract. The evidence at Harvard is convincing.

"Your Fellows are the only people who talk back to me," a professor told me, way back at the beginning.

They have brought a fresh vitality to the classroom, and the response of the Harvard faculty to this has provided stimulation, encouragement, interest, and collaboration that the Fellows had nowhere known and could not otherwise have experienced.

Out of the coaching and criticism of Theodore Morrison in his writing course has come a long shelf of books by Nieman Fellows, including the Pulitzer Prize work of A. B. Guthrie, who has translated Professor Merk's westward movement into novels and movies for a vast public that will never attend a college. Anthony Lewis applied his Nieman year at the Law School to the great issues before the Supreme Court, to vitalize such problems as civil rights and reapportionment for the readership of the *New York Times*.

Doors can be opened without great funds or special organization. Rutgers decided a couple of years ago to invite the editors of *New Jersey* — all within an hour's drive — to a weekly seminar on urban renewal and a weekly evening discussion led by one or another of the faculty, the equivalent of a Nieman seminar.

Such a project is possible almost anywhere. Multiplied a hundred times, it would strengthen a very strategic group, our newsmen, on whose understanding we readers are terribly dependent to keep up with the score in our public business.



ONE SPRING MORNING

BY EDWIN O'CONNOR

After his graduation from the University of Notre Dame, EDWIN O'CONNOR worked as a radio announcer for the Yankee Network. In 1946 he sold his first magazine piece, a satire on radio, to the ATLANTIC. Since then he has written four novels: THE ORACLE, published in 1951; THE LAST HURRAH, which won the Atlantic prize in 1956; THE EDGE OF SADNESS, which received the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction in 1961; and I WAS DANCING, published last spring. The story which follows is the opening episode in Mr. O'Connor's new novel, as yet untitled.



ONE year, when I was a boy — eleven, going on twelve — my father took me to Ireland. We went because of a tragedy, a family tragedy which was really my first experience with sadness of any kind. We arrived there early in April and stayed the rest of the spring and all of the summer. It was the first trip we had ever taken together, for although my father was a great traveler, before this he had always gone off alone with my mother, leaving me at home with my younger brother, Tom, a nurse named Ellen, and a small, neat, red-faced man who could do anything — fix a car, fly a plane, shoot a rifle, build a tree house, whistle through his teeth, and walk like an Indian. His name was Arthur, and he had been with my father for years.

He was a man of unusual appearance: his face, which was the color of a bright cherry the year round, was also strangely smooth, looking always as if it had been freshly waxed, and his hands, I remember, were astonishing. They were freckled and very large — for someone of his size they were enormous. Enormous, and powerful: one night, one great night, when I was about eight, I had their power demonstrated for me in the most dramatic way imaginable. I had been asleep; I was awakened by a series of loud noises coming from somewhere in the house. I listened, frightened; Tom was in bed beside me, still asleep, and in any case too

small to help. The noises continued, and finally — and fearfully — I got out of bed, crossed the room, and opened the door the smallest possible crack. Through this opening nothing much was visible to either side, but straight ahead I could see down the stairs leading into the front hall, and there, at the bottom of the stairs, just at this moment and as if for my exclusive benefit, Arthur and a man I had never seen before came bursting into view, moving swiftly but oddly across the dark parquetry floor, and all at once I realized that they were fighting!

It was a thrilling sight, but an alarming one, too, for the other man was much bigger than Arthur — to me he seemed at least twice his size. Suddenly, however, Arthur stepped back, very quickly, and his right foot shot out, kicking the other man savagely just below the knee. The other man's arms dropped and he doubled over; at this, Arthur moved in and with a forward sweep of one arm brought the flat edge of his huge hand smashing high and hard against the other man's face. From where I crouched I could hear as well as see the blow: the sound was not loud — a thin, sharp splat — but the man instantly collapsed and fell to the floor, one leg jerking up and turning as he fell, so that his toe caught and was held in the neck of a large Persian vase. For a moment he lay there, motionless

Wood engraving by Thomas Nason. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

and silent on his stomach, one leg up in the air behind him, and then, amazingly, he began to cry! I was terrified, but also astounded: I had never seen a grown man cry before; I had never seen Arthur like this before. The ferocious kick, the slashing smash to the face did not belong to the Arthur I saw every day; moreover, they were not at all like the squared-off stance and the manly closed-fist attack which, I knew, was the only fair way men and boys fought each other.

This troubled me, and later, when Ellen had telephoned the police and they had come and taken away the intruder — whom, to my surprise, they seemed to know quite well: they even laughed and made jokes with him, in which he did not join — I asked Arthur about it. To my relief he agreed with me at once. “Don’t you go by what I done, Jackie,” he said. “That’s no way for nice people to fight. It’s more what you could call a shortcut, like. A little joke I play sometimes on people that’s bigger than me.”

When my father and mother came back a week or so later and learned what had happened, my mother, who had been an actress before she married my father — she was tall and very pretty and smelled like flowers, and she had soft pale-gold hair and extraordinary eyes that sometimes looked gray and sometimes very green — wept and hugged us hard, first Tom, then me. After we were out of the room and, supposedly, out of hearing, she began to talk excitedly of kidnappers and ransom and declared that she would never again go off and leave us without what she called “adequate protection.” My father, who had disappointed me by receiving our great news with his usual calm, laughed and said that of course she was right. He added that this was why we were so fortunate in having Arthur.

“He’s as good as a regiment,” he said, and when my mother protested that this was not at all what she had meant, he simply nodded and said, “I know. But what would you rather have? Two state cops in the living room? Burning holes in the rug and shooting the mailman by mistake? No, we’ll stick with Arthur. He’s small, but he’s tidy. And he’s very, very tough.”

The thrill of this night was never repeated. My mother and father continued to travel, just as before, and we continued to be left with Ellen and Arthur, just as before. There were no more breaks, no more fights, no more summoned police; as my father had predicted, we could not have been safer.

NOR HAPPIER, either. Ellen and Arthur, who then must have been in their early forties, had no children of their own — Ellen was a widow, Arthur

had never married — and possibly because of this they gave us great affection as well as excellent care. We responded, naturally, inevitably. Tom, who was five years younger than I and still not much more than a baby, preferred to stay close to Ellen, but I had some time ago begun to slip away from such placid company and now spent every possible moment with Arthur. This kept me busy, for Arthur was never idle. We lived in a large old-fashioned house, always painted freshly white, with big round pleasant tower rooms and, up above, a steep crowning cupola with a golden rooster weather-vane. We had space to spare, inside and out: there were wide lawns and maple trees and, in the back, some distance from the house, a combination stable-garage which also, at one point, had served as a hangar. My father had owned a small single-engined plane — silver, with a red, jagged streak of lightning painted on each side — but my mother, who had always objected to his flying, had finally persuaded him to sell it a year or so ago, and now the building housed two cars, my father’s horse, Sinbad — a powerful, inky, restless animal I feared and avoided — and my own version of a horse: a docile and nearly motionless pony named Theodore. All of this was Arthur’s territory: he made his rounds every day, walking briskly and sometimes almost running, but always looking all around at everything, his sharp blue eyes searching for soft spots, for the first signs of damage or decay.

“You got to hop on it before it hops on you, Jackie,” he said to me one morning. There had been a thunderstorm during the night, and a cellar window had cracked; sprawled out on the warm summer grass I watched him as he worked swiftly and expertly with his glass cutter and his putty knife. “You let it get a head start on you, and you know what happens? You wind up livin’ like them Lynches!”

I grew up with all the Lynches and never saw one. I met them only in Arthur’s stories: a large and very dirty family who had only to move into a house — a good house, Arthur emphasized, a *new* house — and that house died, simply crumbling to pieces in no time at all around its awful tenants. Arthur never told me exactly what the Lynches looked like, but I thought I knew: they were huge and smudged and covered with hair; they threw bones on the floor and circled each room slowly all day long, rubbing against the walls like cattle, their massive shoulders slowly *erasing* the house away. The Lynches must have been very much on Arthur’s mind, for he talked about them a great deal, and whenever he set out on his daily tour of inspection, with me at his side, I felt satisfaction and pride in knowing that I was helping him to preserve us all from similar disasters.

I followed him everywhere. If he left the house

for so much as an hour — to drive in to the center of the city on an errand, say — I was on the front seat beside him, pelting him with questions, listening to every word as he answered in his high and rather solemn voice. It was the same voice he used to everyone, to my father as well as to me, and it was for me — at least in my father's absence — the voice of authority and adventure, everything it said being one more link to the fascinating world which Arthur knew so well and which I was burning to know:

"Arthur, did you ever shoot a tiger?"

"Only the one I told you about, Jackie. When I was with your dad out in India, there."

"Was that the Man-eater?"

"The Man-eater, that's right, Jackie."

"Did you ever shoot an elephant?"

"Your dad wouldn't shoot elephants, Jackie. Still, there was one he did. On account of it was crazy. What they call a rogue. They're bad actors, them rogues."

"Are they man-eaters, too?"

"No, elephants don't eat anybody. Not even rogues. What they'd do, they'd spear you with the tusks and then jump on you till you was jelly. . . ."

"Arthur, are you rich?"

"I wouldn't say that, Jackie."

"Is Dad rich?"

"Some people of got more money than other people, Jackie. That's what it all comes down to."

"Buster Mahoney says Dad has millions of dollars. He says my Uncle Jimmy is the richest man that is."

"There's people in this town of got nothin' to do but talk about this family. I wouldn't pay them no mind, Jackie. Mostly they don't know what they're talkin' about. You listen to your dad on that one. . . ."

"Arthur, did you fight in the war?"

"That's right, Jackie."

"Did you kill lots of people?"

"Not many, Jackie. Not many at all. And they was Germans, mostly. They call them Huns."

"How did you kill them? With your rifle?"

"Different ways, Jackie. Different ways. . . ."

I HAD a marvelous time with Arthur. If I wasn't with him all day long it was only because by now, unlike Tom, I was old enough to go to school. There was a public school about a mile from our house, and I went there from the first grade on. I liked this school, I liked the teachers — or most of them — and I made good friends and had a fine time, but it always seemed to me that I had a far

better time when, at the end of the day, I got home and ran to find Arthur and talk to him and listen to him and join him in whatever fresh and exciting project he had found to do that day.

He could make anything, even painting a wall, seem exciting to me, and the only people I knew who could make all parts of life even more exciting were my father and mother. When they came home, everything and everyone else, even Arthur, slipped into the background — not forgotten, but diminished temporarily — for once at home our parents filled our lives. We never talked or wondered about this; it was simply taken for granted that when they came back, they came back to us. They seemed to do nothing without us, and yet, of course, this could not have been so — they were young, they were popular, they had a great many friends here in the city. They must have had a thousand things to do which had no connection with us at all, and I suppose they did them, but I have no memory of this. All I remember is that they seemed to be with us, not just at odd hours or in their free moments, but literally all the time. And they arranged this so easily, so naturally, that each time they came home we slid without awkwardness or hesitation into the family routine which had been suspended from the moment they went away.

Exactly what we did depended on the time of year. In the summer we often drove into the country for long, all-day picnics, or else we went to the ocean — not far away there was a broad, gently sloping beach which stretched straight as a string for miles in both directions, and which by some miracle was nearly always deserted — and here we swam and played in the surf, and when the tide went out, built our moist, doomed castles in the sand. In the fall and spring — and in the winter, too, if the weather was clear and the roads were open — we went on weekend camping trips to a cabin my father owned, only two hours from our house in the city, but so cleverly isolated in a dark pinewoods that whenever we were there, I felt as if we had been dropped mysteriously into the middle of a distant northern wilderness, to which there were no maps and which no one but ourselves had ever seen.

I loved this cabin. My mother, who always enjoyed herself up here, but probably found life a good deal more comfortable in our house in the city, never called it anything but "your father's log cabin," although actually there were no logs at all. The building was long, low, shingled, and because of the pines all around it, rather dark even in the brightest daylight. It had one central room with a huge stone fireplace, and two small bedrooms; it was situated on the end of a point of land which reached out between small twin lakes. These lakes were blue-black and very clear; except for some

weeks in the late spring and early fall they were too cold for leisurely swimming. A weird, chilling cry sometimes came floating across these lakes at night, and it was my father who told us that this was a loon. And often around sunset we would see two large domed shells appear suddenly and side by side, to ride sedately and heavily on the surface of the water; they belonged to a pair of enormous turtles who apparently always swam together. My father said that they were very old.

"How old?" I asked.

"Older than anybody," he said. "Anybody you know, that is."

"Older than Grampa?" I mentioned my grandfather — who was always being mentioned by other people — not because I thought about him a lot, or because he was a favorite relation, but only because he was certainly the oldest person I had ever met. I barely knew him: he was my father's father, but he was not a great visitor — I had seen him in our house only a very few times — and my mother told me that he was now almost never in the city and lived mostly abroad.

"Older than Grampa, even," my father said. "If that's conceivable, and I guess it is. Although maybe not to him. Look, give me a hand with this rope, will you? I want to rig a hammock for your mother."

SINCE so few people came up here during the year, the country all around us was pretty much let alone — particularly the lakes, which were said to be bursting with fish. This would have delighted me if I had been more of a fisherman, but I was not. I hated fishing, and I hated it from the first. One spring, when I was still quite small, my father took me out on the east lake in a large flat-bottomed rowboat he had shipped up to the camp for just this purpose. It was ugly and clumsy, but it was also just about untippable, and this was a condition my mother had insisted on. We rowed slowly out to what my father said was a likely-looking spot, near a patch of lily pads; I had with me the shiny black fishing rod which my Uncle Jimmy, of all people, had sent me a birthday or so ago and which until now I had never used. We anchored, and my father showed me how to bait my hook, how to cast, how to reel in after a strike; then, in silence, we began to fish. And I remember that, sitting there, hunched down in the bow of the boat, a bottle of rapidly warming ginger ale beside me, with the smooth blue monotony of the sky doubling itself in the still water, and the faintest drowsy breeze bringing the first smells of summer through the piny air, and the gentle tugging at the line informing me that soon now one more small perch would either be brought into the boat

or else would get away — I did not in the least care which — I decided that fishing was the greatest waste of time I had ever known, and I began to fall asleep. I opened my eyes to find my father looking at me; he nodded encouragingly and said, "This is the life."

"It's swell," I said politely. "Really swell."

"I'm glad you like it," he said. "I had an idea you might not, but some of my friends told me I was missing a real bet, having a place like this and not taking my boy out to fish with me. They said that's all a real boy wants: to be taken out in a boat with his dad, with his fish pole in his hand. As I say, I had my doubts, but now that I know you like it so much we shouldn't have any trouble catching ourselves a couple of hours this way every morning. And maybe in the afternoon, too. How about it?"

I said cautiously, "I might not like it all that much."

"No? Well, that's all right. The problem would be if you didn't like it at all. Then we'd really be up a tree. I suppose then we might just have to try the other way."

He paused thoughtfully. After a moment I said, "The other way?"

"The emergency way," he said. "It's what you do if you find that one of the people in the boat really can't stand fishing. There's only one thing you're allowed to do in that case. You have to row into shore, bore a few holes in the bottom of the boat — not too big — and then row out again and sit there while it sinks under you. Boat, bait, fish poles, and all. Then you swim back to shore and never bother with anything like it again. But of course that's an extreme measure; you do it only if someone doesn't like fishing at all. I wouldn't think of doing it to you. Why, do you know what it would mean? It would mean *no more fishing for the rest of the summer!*"

I stared at him, not really believing that I had heard what I had heard, and then I saw that he was smiling, and I felt like yelling because I knew that he not only realized how much I hated it, he hated it just as much himself. And later, after we had sunk the boat — in just the way my father had said — and were swimming back to the shore, with my mother standing on the little dock, just looking at us, he said to me, "You never know till you try. Later on, there's a kind of fishing you could enjoy. But this is for sleepy old men with pipes. You might just as well be knitting."

I said, panting as I swam, "I just remembered: the fish pole. It was a present from Uncle Jimmy."

"I've been wondering what to do about Uncle Jimmy's presents for years," my father said. "I guess we've just discovered the ideal solution. Come on, over on your back: float a little. Keep

**"I'm sure Father would have wanted me
to have a Rolls."**



We're used to being given plenty of rope in our work as trustee. And most of the time the requests we get are reasonable. But every once in a while, a beneficiary throws us a curve. Then we have to be firm. That's why this young man probably won't get his Rolls Royce.

Acting as trustee—as executor or guardian, too—is a big and responsible job. We try to face each

problem with a steady eye to both sides of the equation — the financial and the human. We feel it is this basic philosophy, as much as anything else, that has made us the largest trust institution in New England.

When you are considering your family's future, keep us in mind. We'll be glad to work with you and your lawyer to make your plans come true.

THE FIRST & OLD COLONY
The First National Bank of Boston and Old Colony Trust Company

on with that dog paddle and you won't last another ten seconds."

So the fishing stopped for good, and we passed the time in far better ways. We swam whenever we could; we shot across the lakes in a long dark-green canoe which, strangely enough, my mother (who was always worried about boats collapsing or turning over) loved, and handled expertly; we skated in the winter; we trooped after my father on expeditions through the woods, over narrow trails which had been broken long ago, by whom we did not know. Pine needles had been dropping on these trails for years and had not been disturbed; they formed a thick dry cushion on which we could walk in silence, frequently surprising birds, snakes, rabbits, squirrels, and even deer. Once my father stopped abruptly and simply pointed to the sky; there, taking off from the top of a tall dead tree, his wings moving up and down with a powerful lazy majesty, was an eagle! To me it was like seeing a dinosaur or a roc. I had read all about eagles, but I had never seen one before, and I have never seen one since.

There was a cave at the end of one of these trails; we entered it through a small opening in the side of a hill. It was gloomy and damp and just large enough for my father to stand up in it, but people had lived here — maybe, I thought, Indians. The roof had been darkened with smoke, there were rough scratchings on the walls, and when I began to dig around in the dirt floor, I found an arrowhead. We dug some more: we found another arrowhead, a piece of colored glass, and an old and very large bone. We wondered excitedly about this bone. To what had it belonged? Or to whom?

"A bear or a buffalo, I imagine," my mother said. "It's certainly too big for a man."

"Too big for a man, yes," my father said, looking significantly at Tom and me, "but ask yourselves this: *is it too big for a giant?* Think about that for a minute!"

I thought about it for much more than a minute; I thought about it for days. It seemed to me that as usual my father was completely right.

Often, when we came back to the cabin after one of these expeditions, tired, not talking much, and thinking of many things but most of all of supper, it was quite late and sometimes it was dark. Then there was a different, quieter kind of excitement, for after dark the cabin was a mysterious and even a romantic place. We had no electricity up here: the cooking was done on an oilstove, and the only light came from kerosene lamps and the big fireplace. The fire was seldom allowed to go completely out, but every once in a while it did, and then, if we begged him hard enough, my father would restart it Indian style, using no

matches but twirling a bow with a leather thong rapidly back and forth across a wooden spindle, while we watched breathlessly for the first thin curl of smoke from the little pile of shavings he used for tinder.

After supper we usually went right to bed, and as the final treat of the day my father came into our room to tell us a story. He always waited until we had washed up and said our prayers, and then, as we lay in bed waiting, with the blankets pulled up hard around our necks, he would come in, sit on the bed, and begin. He must have had hundreds of stories; I don't remember ever hearing him repeat one. A few were familiar — I had read them in books or heard them in school — but only a few; the rest he made up himself, and these, for me, were by far the best. My mother always came in with him and sat on the bed, too, and I think he must have told the stories to her as well as to us, for although she did not listen in the same way we did — she might suddenly laugh where I could see nothing funny at all, or else she might ask a question just as he came to the most exciting part — still, most of the time she listened with great attention, and if the story was an especially long one, and if in spite of everything we could do we sometimes fell asleep before it was over, the last thing I always saw was my father looking down at us, still talking, and my mother, seated beside him with her arm around him, still listening.

THIS was the cabin, with my father in charge. At home, in the city, he was still in charge, but here it was more my mother's world, and here more time was given to the things she really liked. The theater was one of these. Although she had left the stage for good when she married my father, she was still very fond of anything connected with it, and she kept in close touch with all her old friends. Whenever a new play came to the city, some of the people who were in it were quite likely to come out to our house for dinner, and one who did so very often was an English actor they called Dickie. He was a great friend of both my mother's and father's. He was small and bald, with large horn-rimmed glasses and funny teeth; when I saw him he usually had a cold, and he ate very little because of what he called the Old Intestine. I liked him because he was always nice to me and brought me a present whenever he came, and also because he could pop his eyes and play the banjo and sing sailor songs.

One night, shortly after one of his visits to us, my mother and father gave me a surprise treat by taking me to the theater with them, and as I sat between them, not really enjoying or very much

understanding what was happening on the stage, suddenly, in one corner of that stage, there appeared a tall man in a long black robe that reached to the floor. His face was dark and evil; he had long black hair and a small pointed black beard. As soon as he took a step forward there was an absolute silence in the theater, a silence which was broken only when his voice screamed out: a malignant, paralyzing howl that seemed to shake the building, then dropped away to the thinnest of whispers that was somehow more frightening than the howl. I sank back against my seat, petrified, and it was a moment or so before I realized that my mother was patting my hand and murmuring that it was all right, that this terrifying figure was really only Dickie. I did not believe this simply because I could not believe that such a thing was possible, and it was not until later, in Dickie's dressing room after the performance, that I was at last persuaded. And it was not until many years later that I learned something which would in any case have meant nothing to me as a child: that our friend Dickie, with his popping eyes and his Old Intestine and his sailor songs, was usually spoken of as one of the few really great actors of that day.

But the theater I liked best was the theater we had all to ourselves. My mother enjoyed family theatricals, and we were always rehearsing and presenting special versions of plays she had selected for us. Whatever these plays may have been in the beginning, by the time they reached us they had been considerably changed to fit our talents. There was always an infant and often nonspeaking part for Tom, and always an older and more heroic role for me. My mother and father doubled in brass, each of them always playing at least two parts, and sometimes three or four, and my father, who was very good at doing magic tricks, found that more often than not a magician was an important figure in our plays. Then he, with my mother as his confederate — he in white tie and tails, she in a long white evening gown — would miraculously change one card into another before our eyes, pull colored flags out of the air, make tennis balls appear and disappear, and he once produced from an obviously empty hat a small white rabbit for me!

If there was music in the play, as there sometimes was, we all took turns at singing, but it was really only my mother who sang well. She had a pretty voice, light and sweet and true, and I loved to listen to her sing. For years, whenever I thought of my mother, I thought of her as standing on the small improvised stage in the music room, holding Tom by the hand on one side of her and holding me by the hand on the other, trying to keep us swaying back and forth together in rhythm while she sang to my father a song which went, in part:

. . . cannot tell you whether
We'll sail off together
To the golden dreaming sands
Of Zanzibar . . .

The rest of this song, or even the show in which it was sung, I cannot remember at all.

We were never entirely alone at these family productions. Since my mother firmly believed that no play should ever be done without an audience, no matter how small that audience might be, Ellen and Arthur were invariably called in to watch us. They always applauded loudly, and on several occasions Arthur told me in confidence that I was a very good boy actor, and that if I ever decided to go on the stage to earn my living, he would be enormously surprised if I did not get famous and make a huge fortune.

We had an interesting, a happy, and a wonderful childhood. More than most children, I think, we had a *family* childhood, and in a way this was strange because our parents were away so much more than other parents. But this seemed to me to make no difference. We knew that whenever they went away they would soon come back; we knew that we were loved; I think we may have been *surer* of our parents than most children. And in the meantime, of course, we had Ellen and Arthur. So that when I look back upon my childhood — or at least upon this part of it — in spite of school and the good times there and all my friends, I'm always tempted to think of it as exclusively a family time, a time in which there was my father and mother and Ellen and Arthur and Tom and me and no one else, a time in which I was as happy as a boy could ever be, a time which was so marvelous that day after day I hoped with all my heart that it would never end.

It did, of course. It came to an end on a morning in March, when I was eleven years old. It came to an end most sadly and most unexpectedly; it came to an end in an instant.

WE HAD gone up to the cabin for the weekend. March was always unreliable, and the winter had been bad, but for more than a week there had been a warm spell, and when we reached the cabin, late on a Friday afternoon, the ice which had edged the lakes on our last visit was gone, the sharp, wet smell of winter had left the air, the ground was soft, birds we had not heard in months were chirping away somewhere in the trees, and out on the water a fish jumped. Spring had not really and firmly begun, but winter was over, and when we woke the next morning the air was very warm and slow and slightly hazy, as though we had skipped a season overnight and were now in mid-July.

After breakfast, wearing only our shorts on this extraordinary March morning, my father and I went outside and began to work around the cabin, doing the little things that always needed to be done at the end of every winter — there were screens to be replaced, shingles had blown off, paint had flaked away in spots, and a squirrel had started a hole in the back wall near the fireplace. My mother, who always cleaned the cabin each time we came up as if no one had been here for years, stayed inside, and with Tom as an unreliable and occasionally disappearing helper, opened windows, aired bedding, and swept dirt that I could not even see off the floor. When she began her cleaning she usually stayed with it until she finished, but this morning she surprised us by suddenly joining us in the yard. More surprising still, she was wearing her bathing suit.

"Ha!" my father said. "Who's rushing the season? Don't let that sun fool you: the last thing in those lakes was an iceberg."

"I'm having spring fever," my mother said, "for the first time in years. It's all so beautiful I'm taking time off. No swimming; just the canoe. The first ride of the year. Want to come?"

"All right," my father said. He began to get up — he had been plugging the squirrel hole — but then he stopped and said, "On second thought, no. I'd better wait for this stuff to dry. Otherwise I'll have to start all over again. Take Jackie with you: he's a good man in a canoe."

But I was my father's helper; loyally I said, "I want to see this stuff dry, too."

"I can go," Tom said. He was now six years old, a round-headed little boy who came up to my shoulder, with blond hair so light it was almost white, and gray-green eyes just like my mother's. For a long time now I had been making bets — sometimes with Arthur, but mostly with myself — that whenever people would come to our house and meet Tom and me for the first time, they would always say that Tom was the image of my mother, just as they would say that I was the image of my father. Tom had been wandering in the woods on the other side of the cabin, and when he came walking toward us now he held in his hand a very small box turtle. "Look what I found," he said. "I could take it in the canoe."

He went over to my mother, who put her hand lightly on his head and mussed his hair a bit. "Good for you, Tommy," she said. "That gives me one customer. That's all, is it? Just the one?"

"And a turtle," my father said. "Don't forget that. And look: don't be too long, will you? I'd like to drive in to the village sometime before noon."

My mother had already started for the lake, with Tom at her side. As they went around the corner of the cabin Tom turned and held up his turtle to

show me once more, and my mother, with a little wave of her hand, called back, "We may surprise you: we may never come back!"

And as she called this out to us, her voice was light and very gay. It was almost as if she were singing.

We were working away about ten minutes later when my father paused and said, "Wait: listen. Did you hear anything?"

We both listened; we both heard a shout. My father jumped up and ran down to the point; I followed as fast as I could. We looked out on the east lake, which was the one my mother liked best, and there, some distance out and closer to the far shore than to us, we saw the dark-green canoe. We could see it very clearly. It was floating upright, and it was empty. Of my mother and Tom there was no sight at all. My father called my mother's name three times, very loudly; there was no answer. There was no sound of any kind: I don't think that at that moment we even heard a bird. We simply stood there in the complete stillness of the beautiful morning: I, not yet realizing just what had happened, and my father, who must have realized it from the very first shout.

Suddenly my father went "*Aaaggghh!*" It wasn't a call, it wasn't a shout to my mother, it wasn't anything, just a loud and terrible sound. Then without even looking at me or asking me to follow him — but I did anyway — he spun around and ran for the little boathouse, about fifty yards away on the shore of the lake. Here there was a small rowboat and a blue canoe, neither of which had been used since last year; my father began to tug at the rowboat and pulled it into the water. Still without looking at me, with his eyes out on the lake, he said, "Hurry up, get in. Take this can: you'll have to bail. This thing can't be tight. Hurry up, hurry up, *come on!*"

So I jumped in, and by now I was frightened. I had never heard my father like this before, I had never seen him look like this before, and now at last I knew what must have happened. My father began to row very fast, and water began to seep into the boat through the seams — not much, but I had to bail. We moved out over the water, the spray from the oars sometimes hitting me in the face, and as I felt the icy drops I knew how cold the water really was. I thought of my mother and Tom in that water, and suddenly I began to cry. At first my father paid no attention to this, merely keeping on with his rowing and looking constantly over his shoulder at our target: the dark-green canoe, which continued to float and swing gently about, not moving much in the still morning air. I continued to bail and also to cry, and my father continued to pay no attention, but at one point he looked up from his rowing and stared at me with



[Tonight Could Be The Night!]

such a strange expression that for a moment I was sure he was terribly angry with me. But he was not, it must have been something else, for he closed his eyes tight, then opened them and said in a quiet voice, "Don't cry, Jackie. Don't cry. It'll be all right. You'll see. We'll both see. It'll be all right." After this he seemed to row faster than before, breathing quite hard now, and still looking back over his shoulder at the canoe as if he were afraid it would go away before we reached it.

I DON'T know how long it took us to get there: probably no more than a few minutes, but it seemed a very long time. We came alongside, and my father reached over and grabbed the canoe, pulling it right up against us, and there, on its floor, we saw the pale blue kerchief that my mother had worn around her head, and we saw also, carefully crawling its way across the varnished ribs, Tom's turtle. So the canoe had not turned over; we knew that much. My father stood up in the boat; I started to do the same, but he said, quickly and harshly, "Sit down! And stay down! Don't move until I tell you to!" I sat at once and began to look over the side of the boat, more frightened than ever by the thought of what we were looking for and what I might have to see. The water was dark but quite clear, and although it must have been several feet over my head, I could see to the bottom, but I could see nothing except sand and dark patches of leaves and weeds and a couple of large smooth shapes which I knew were rocks.

My father now knelt in the bow, his head bent forward as if he were trying to reach down through the water with his eyes. Straining to see, he was so close to the water that he seemed to be mostly out of the boat, and suddenly I had the terrible feeling that at any moment he might topple overboard and get lost, like my mother and Tom, and in that case what would become of me? It was a thought that filled me with panic, but I didn't dare to say a word, and after no more than a few seconds my father straightened up, and without taking his eyes from the water, reached around behind him and grabbed one of the oars. Using it as a paddle, he began to send us forward quickly but not too quickly, dipping the oar each time very carefully so that it made no ripples to interfere with our seeing. We went in straight toward the shore, then came back out; we zigzagged; we swung around in a big circle, then came back to the center in smaller circles. We covered all the nearby water, with my father kneeling in the bow and with me seated on a thwart in the stern; we saw nothing. Once I asked my father a question, but he gave no sign of having heard me. He con-

tinued to paddle, never missing a stroke, and as I sat there behind him, seeing only the blank and silent surface of his slim, strong, freshly sunburned back, my own hope died away, I knew at last that my mother and Tom were gone for good, and I began to cry again, but this time to myself.

My father was paddling faster now, taking less care not to disturb the water, but this did not matter much anymore, for while we had been looking a wind had come up out of the north. It was a cold wind, the kind of wind that brings clouds, and these were scattered all over the sky, huge and gray, all rushing together to block out the sun. The still lake was now fairly rough, the boat began to bump along, and while we continued to search, I realized all at once that with the choppy water and the loss of sunlight I could no longer see the bottom — I could barely see to any depth at all. My father could have been no better off, for suddenly he jumped to his feet, threw the oar down on the floor of the boat, and stood looking all around him, out over all the lake, and back into the boat and right at me, but looking at me in such a different way that I wasn't even sure he saw me. Then, without a word, he dived over the side and disappeared in the cold dark tossing water!

I screamed at him, but I don't think he heard me. I stood up, still screaming and at the same time crying, for I was terrified now: too much had happened that I did not understand, and I had no idea what was going to happen next. Then, just as suddenly as he had gone, my father was back, pulling himself over the side, standing, breathing deeply, and diving over the side again. I looked over after him, saw him swim down and out of sight, and knew now that he was not leaving me or swimming away: he was going down to the bottom himself to try to find my mother and Tom.

This knowledge was of no help, however, because for the first time it had occurred to me that I was going to drown. The wind had become stronger and the water rougher; the boat was rocking badly, and except for my father's frantic reappearances, I was alone: I was certain that within the next few minutes the boat would capsize and I would be dumped into the freezing water and would never come up again. Meanwhile, my father kept on diving from the boat and a minute or so later scrambling back in — clearly not in answer to my screams, for each time he came back he said nothing to me and didn't even seem to know I was there. The pattern was always the same: my father throwing himself over the side, the splash as he entered the water, my screams, my father bobbing up on the other side and then pulling himself in, waving me away, almost *pushing* me away if I tried to help. Each time he climbed in, the boat tipped more dangerously than before,

and twice I slipped and fell to the floor, sprawling out on my back in water which had leaked through the seams or come in over the sides, while my father stood over me, ignoring me, and breathing in and out noisily, filling his lungs before he hurled himself into the water again. It got worse and worse, and I remember screaming and crying and yelling "Dad! Dad!" whenever he came back in the boat, and thinking that at any moment now we would both go over and that would be the end of me. I was so frightened by my own danger that I could think of absolutely nothing else, and from the beginning to the end of this awful interval I completely forgot the reason, the terrible reason, for our being out on the lake in the first place. I did not once think of my mother or of Tom.

Then, at last, my father climbed into the boat once more, but slowly this time, and very carefully, as if it had only now occurred to him that he might tip the boat over. I had slipped and fallen again and was lying on the floor; my arm hurt where I had cracked it against one of the oars, and I was cold. My father stood over me, dripping water on me, just as before, but now he seemed more like himself, and instead of looking all around him in a wild way and breathing in and out in great harsh gasps, he just stood still, breathing deeply but quietly, his shorts soaking wet and torn by something — a nail in an underwater board, maybe, or a branch. All at once he said loudly, but mainly to himself, "Nothing. Nothing nothing nothing."

At this I sniffled, and he looked down at me with a funny expression on his face; he said, "Jackie."

"I'm cold," I sobbed. "I'm freezing."

"You're freezing?" he said. And he said it almost with surprise, as if he didn't even know that it was cold. Yet the wind was very strong now, there was no sun at all, the temperature must have been dropping all the time; like me he had on only his shorts, and he had been in the icy water. When I looked up at him for comfort I saw that he was shaking and that his skin was pinched and blue. I was shaking too, trembling all over: my teeth had started to chatter and I couldn't stop them. My father looked down at me, and all at once he bent over and lifted me up and held me very close to him, hugging me against his cold, wet chest. He held me there for a few seconds, and I could feel him shivering. Then, very gently, he put me down in the stern, propping me up against a wet cushion.

"All right, Jackie," he said. "We're going in now."

AND so we went in, with my father rowing as hard as he could, and being helped by the wind

which was blowing strong behind us. It must have been a fast trip; it seemed very slow. There were little whitecaps on the water now, the sky was completely covered with low thick dull-gray clouds, and it had begun to feel like snow. The beautiful March morning had gone in an hour, and I was so cold I ached. I was still shaking, I kept rubbing my arms and legs, and every second the cold seemed to get worse: great layers of it that passed right through me, freezing the inside of my bones. I could think of nothing but this cold, the warm cabin seemed a very long distance away, and I wondered miserably whether I would be frozen to death in the boat before we reached the shore.

My father spoke only once, and that was when he stopped rowing for a moment and looked across at me as if he had just hurt me. "Jackie," he said. "Jackie, I . . . good God forgive me, I don't know what to say to you!"

I said, lying bravely, "It's all right. I'm not so cold anymore."

But he just looked at me with the same look and said nothing to this; he went on with his rowing. It didn't dawn on me that he hadn't been talking about the cold at all.

When we got to the shore my father leaped from the boat, picked me up, and carried me to the cabin, running all the way. He ripped my shorts off and with a heavy, rough bath towel began to rub me dry. He rubbed so hard it hurt, and then he dried off, too, and we both put on heavy winter clothes. All this time he was silent; finally he looked at me and said, "You ought to be in bed, but I . . . come on," and we ran out and got into the car and drove to the village.

Here, while I sat in the car, warm and safe now, my father hurried about, gathering people together, pulling them along with him: the priest, the doctor, the man with no jaw who ran the gas station. I watched all this, and as I watched, the odd and awful thing was that I couldn't feel what I should have felt at all. By now I understood everything that had happened, I knew just what my father was doing and what he was going to do, but it was as if a part of me — an important part of me — had not been able to catch up with what the rest of me knew. What I felt was mainly suspense, a kind of excitement: I was like a spectator at some game which was interesting but with which I had no great personal connection. As yet I had not begun to feel anything more than the faintest trembling beginnings of what I was to feel so devastatingly, and for the first time in my life, later in the day.

My father jumped into the car, bringing some of the men with him, and we drove back to the cabin, more men following us in two trucks loaded

with some kind of equipment. When we reached the cabin my father took me inside; he built up the fire and told me to stay in front of it until he came back. Then he went off to the lake with the other men.

I STAYED in the cabin all afternoon. Most of the time I was alone, and most of the time, as my father had directed, I stayed in the main room near the fireplace. Obedience was easy; there was really no place else to go. Once I went outside, into the clearing in front of the cabin, but the weather was worse now, a cold drizzle had begun to fall, and when I peered through the mist across the lake all I could see was men in boats over near the far shore where my father and I had been. And inside, beyond the main room, there were only the two bedrooms. I went into mine briefly. It was just as it had been when we got up that morning: Tom's pajamas were still on the bed, and his lopsided fort, which he had made out of pillows and blankets, was still standing. I left the room quickly and did not go back. Later, reluctantly, but somehow feeling that I ought to, maybe even that I *had* to, I went into the other bedroom. The first thing I saw, directly opposite the door and hanging over the back of a chair in front of my mother's dressing table, was a bathing suit — one she must have taken out, then decided not to wear; in that moment it looked to me exactly like the one she had worn. On the table was a scattering of her things — combs, brushes, little white jars of face cream, a slim gold bottle of the perfume which she liked best and which my father, for some reason, always called "One Night in the Alps" — and on the edge of the mirror, stuck in under the frame, was the birthday card from me. It was the first card I had ever sent her, long ago, before Tom was born, and I remember that my father had guided my hand while underneath the printed greeting I wrote a message of my own: "Dear Mom I love you and hope you have a very good birthday. Your son Jackie."

And so I left this room quickly too. I sat by the fireplace and wished my father would come back. I started to read a book, I pushed around the pieces of a huge family jigsaw puzzle called "Big Game of North America," I picked up a pack of cards and began to scale them, one by one, across the room. I did all these things halfheartedly, in fact without any interest at all, because by now I had begun to feel quite different: uneasy, very strange.

Here by myself in the silent cabin where I had never been alone before, where nothing I touched or even looked at was all mine but was a part of my father and mother and Tom as well,

where into my head now came not vague and passing thoughts but a sudden succession of hard and marvelously clear pictures of things we had all done together and could never do again — here, now, I felt as if something had begun a slow incessant twisting inside me, like a key which was winding me up, turning and turning and turning, tightening me more every second, and this was all so real that all at once the tension shot me out of my chair and I sprang to my feet, stiff and trembling a little and waiting apprehensively for the one final twist that would surely be unbearable. But suddenly it stopped, the tautness let go completely, and when it did it seemed that everything that was in me, even my breath, left me in a single great gushing rush, and I stood there boneless and helpless and absolutely empty. And it was in this desperate, desolate, *total* way that the death of my mother and my brother came home to me at last, and in this awful, cataclysmic misery I thought my heart would really break.

Strangely, I did not cry. I sat back in the chair once more, very lonely, and full of a great dull swelling ache. After a while — it might have been minutes, it might have been an hour — my father came back. He came into the cabin alone, he came over to me and hugged me hard again, and then, quietly but very quickly, he told me that a few minutes ago they had found my mother and Tom. And when I heard this it was just as if I had been expecting to hear it, and it made no difference: it just landed in the empty ache, and I didn't feel any worse because, I suppose, I couldn't feel at all. Then the priest came in and took my hand and patted it a few times.

"A brave li'l boys like you," he said, "he don' wan' to cry, eh? You know what for? Because dat brave li'l boys, he know his mama and his brudder, dey're wit' de angels now!"

His name was Father LaPlante; he was a French-Canadian priest who sometimes in the pulpit on Sunday talked English, but most often did not. Everybody else came in then, and some of them said things to me and some of them just looked, but in a little while everyone went away, and they took my mother and Tom with them. I asked my father if I could see them before they went, but he said it would be better a little later.

And so my father and I were alone in the cabin again, but not for long. He went into his bedroom, and I heard him moving about; when I looked in I saw him putting some of my mother's things into a suitcase. After this he came out and took me by the hand, just as if I were a baby, and led me out to the car. It was dark, and the cold drizzle had changed to a light and lazy snow. We drove off, and as we took the first turn on the dirt road I looked back through the slow flakes at the



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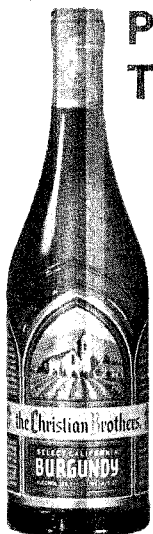
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cabin, and I saw that my father had not even closed the door.

I never saw the cabin again.

WE DROVE toward the city: a long, silent, immensely sad drive. To my surprise we did not go home; instead, about twenty miles from the city, we left the main road and turned into a small seaside town and stopped in front of an old hotel. My father said simply, "We're going to stay here. Just for tonight."

I had never been in a hotel before, but I knew that this was not a very good one. At the desk downstairs a thin tired-looking man with watery eyes watched my father sign a big book; over his head was a card which said "PEOPLE may come and PEOPLE may go, but the BULL in this place goes on forever!" Upstairs, our room was big and dark and smelled of the sea. There was a wide brass bed, everything was old but looked clean, and on the floor, underneath one of the windows and attached to the foot of the radiator, was a coil of thick rope with big knots in it. Above the rope was a sign in big red letters reading "IN CASE OF FIRE."

It was late, I hadn't eaten since morning, but I wasn't hungry at all; my father said it was time to go to bed. I undressed and knelt by the bed and said my prayers, and I think that this was the worst part of all. For the prayers for the dead were familiar to me, I had said them every night since I had begun to pray, but they had never been in any sense *personal* prayers: no one I knew had ever died. Suddenly I was saying them for my own mother and for Tom, and even now I found this impossible to believe, though I knew it was agonizingly, shatteringly true.

Finally I got into bed, and after a minute my father got in too. We lay there in the dark and the silence. There were no night noises from the streets of the town; the only outside sound was from the sea: a dull and regular thudding as the surf broke down on the hard shore. There was a thud, then silence, then another thud, then more silence, and in between I could hear only the beating of my heart, which seemed to me very loud and very fast. My father said nothing. He was lying on his back, looking straight up at the ceiling. Suddenly I felt his hand touch mine, then take it and hold it, very lightly and tenderly, and when this happened something seemed to turn completely over inside me, and I twisted around in bed and flung myself up against my father, clinging to him desperately, and as he quickly put

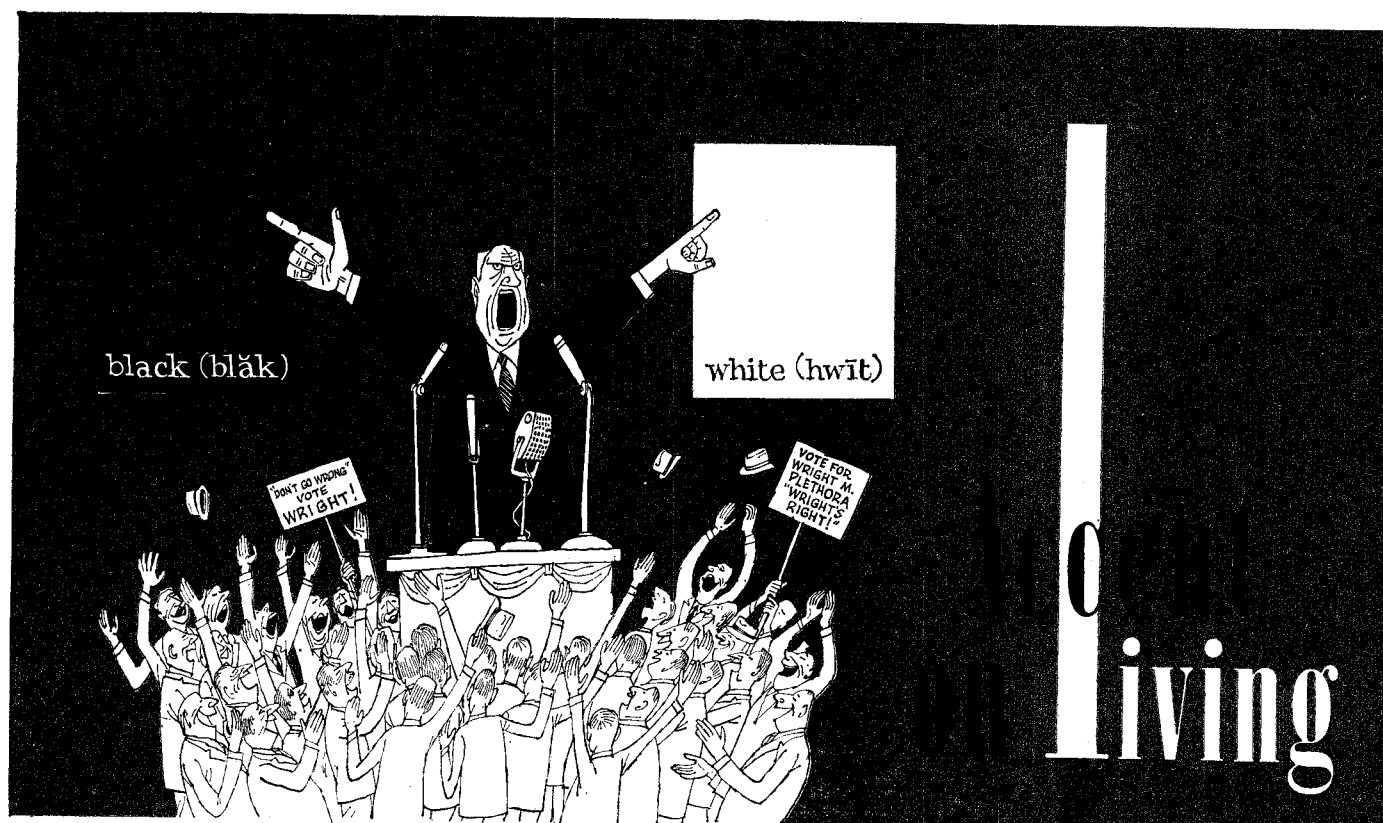
his arms around me and held me, I cried for the first time since my father had told me that my mother and Tom had been found.

I cried and kept crying: very hard, and for a very long time. My father just held me, not saying anything, not trying to comfort me with words, and when at last I stopped — or at least gave signs of stopping — he still held me, but he began to talk, and to talk only about my mother. He went back to the beginning: he told me about how he had met her, how she had looked on the stage, where they had been married, and who had married them — the bishop had been at the reception, my mother had been thrilled by the telegram of congratulations from the President, my mother had been terrified when my Uncle Jimmy (at the time, my father explained, a drinking man) had first threatened to punch the governor of the state in the nose, and then in fact had done so. My father told me about their life together before I was born and afterward, of their trips and travels, of the wonders they had seen and the love they had shared. He talked and talked about my mother, and he seemed not to be able to stop talking, and I listened, hanging on every word, just as I had always listened to his stories at night in the cabin, and then, imperceptibly, I began to grow drowsy, and finally — again, just as I had done so often in the cabin — I simply collapsed into sleep with his words still sounding in my ears.

At one point during the night I woke and realized with sudden fright that my father was no longer in bed with me. But then I saw him: he was on the far side of the room, but I could see him clearly. The weather must have broken, for there was a moon, and in its pale light I could see that my father had thrown open the window wide and was in front of it, not standing but kneeling, motionless, his hands joined, and looking out into the still, dark, windless night. I watched him for a moment, and then I must have fallen asleep again, for the next time I saw him he was back in bed and it was morning.

We left the hotel and went home. Ellen and Arthur were waiting for us: Ellen was weeping, Arthur was pale and very quiet. Later in the day my mother and Tom were brought home, and I saw them at last. During the next two days, until the morning of the funeral, I saw them often. Sometimes I was by myself with them, sometimes I was with a crowd of people who came to the wake. On the third morning we all went to the church and from there to the cemetery, and at last it was over, and I knew that from now on I would see them only in my memory.

One week later, my father took me to Ireland.



"I AM A VEGETARIAN!" (cheers)

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Of all the great changes noted in the election campaign of 1964 the revisions in political oratory were probably the most remarkable. Everything was different suddenly — the words, the speakers, the ideas, and their effect on the audience. One even got the impression at times that the audience itself was something new, and that the new kind of oratory was especially prepared for it. "Oratory" is not really the right term for what was said from the rear platforms and over the airwaves; and neither were the men who were saying it by any stretch of the imagination orators. They sounded more like schoolboys reading aloud in the third grade, or the same schoolboys declaiming their "memory work," with an occasional peek at the copy. It was in this respect like no previous campaign.

Most conspicuous among the revisions in what was said was the stark, stripped-down style of the utterance. The words were short; so were the sentences; while the ideas were ultrasimplified to all but the vanish-

ing point. Thin-lipped Calvin Coolidge by comparison, reading to the station platform crowd the encyclopedia description of whatever whistle-stop he happened to be in, would have sounded like the Boy Orator from the Platte.

One line in particular, delivered on an outdoor occasion in the South, typified the quality of the whole performance. It went, in somewhat schoolteacherish tones: "This election [pregnant pause] will be decided [another pause] by the *American people*." I am sure the candidate was as startled as I was by the delirious cheers that greeted this statement of self-evident fact. The entire audience burst into screams, handclapping, ecstatic gestures, and roars of approval. Could they have thought, instead, that the decision would be made by a plebiscite in Abyssinia or by Neapolitans, viva voce?

It became apparent that the audiences were hungering for a chance to applaud, regardless of whether the speakers gave them anything to warrant it. There were times when

the simple declaration "I am a Republican" or "I am a Democrat" touched off the wildest approval, as if an on-the-spot conversion from some wholly opposed group had just been announced. So lightly leashed was the eagerness to cheer that equal response would probably have been made to "I am a Farmer-Laborite," or even "I am a Prohibitionist." The highest decibel counts of the whole campaign acclaimed the statement "I am an American," even though it is reasonably well known that the noncitizen cannot hold the presidential office: the candidate *has* to be an American.

One recalls the style of James M. Curley, always elegant, looking as if the top hat had been invented for him to model, raising and lowering the tones of his pipe-organ voice with such majesty and assurance as to enthrall his audience by sound alone. I once saw him exact from a convention of the Grange — rural Republicans, if you please — a standing ovation for reciting, in full oratorical splendor, the tributaries of the Mississippi River, with a few well-worn adjectives for each as he took his listeners, stream by stream, from its headwaters to the gulf. It is perhaps just as well for the nation that he never had a chance to show his best stuff on TV.

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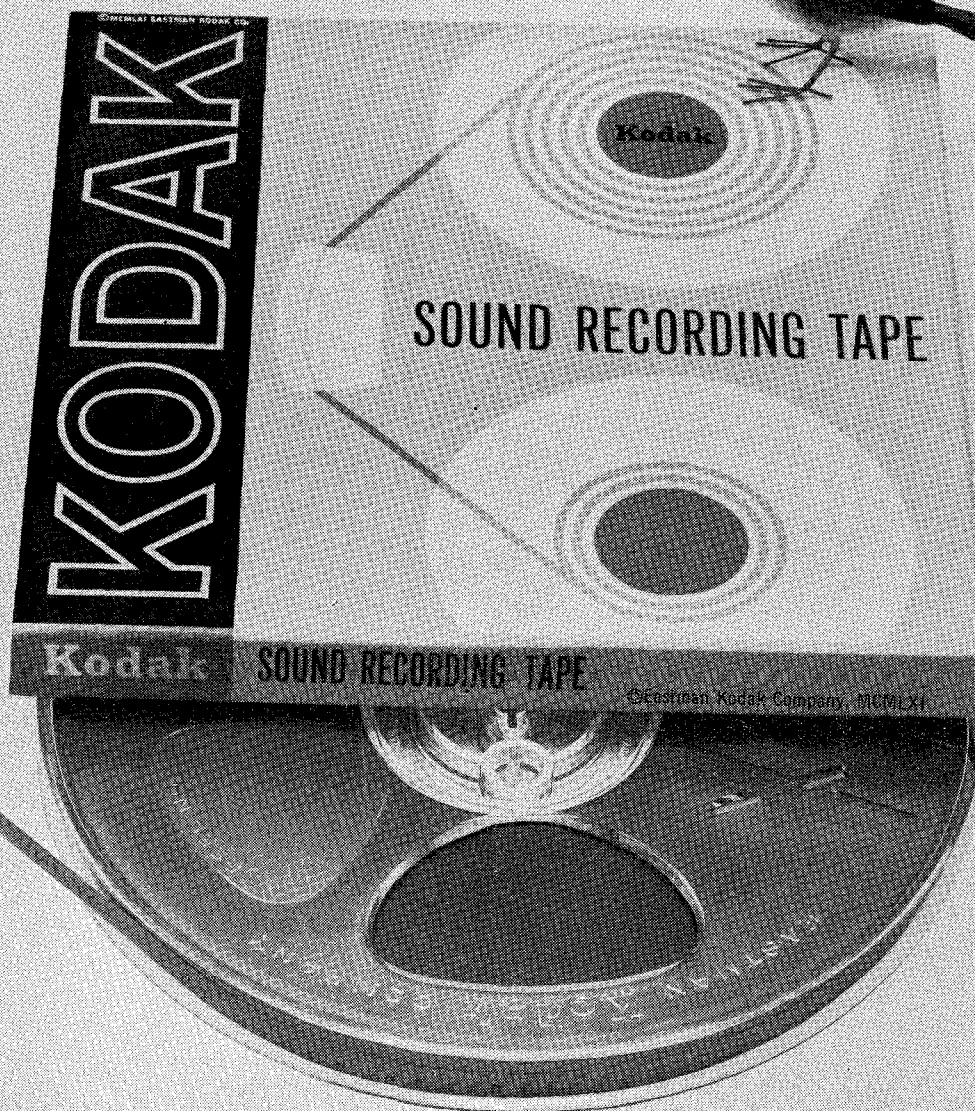
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The New Sportswriter

BY C. MICHAEL CURTIS

*C. MICHAEL CURTIS is a member of the ATLANTIC's staff.
He is a Cornell graduate and lives in Cambridge.*

It used to be that kids who loved sports but were too small to play football and too fragile to carry water turned to sportswriting as a natural alternative. Sportswriters, in the old days, had fathers who played semipro baseball, mothers who wouldn't let them shoot cap pistols, English teachers who encouraged them to write bad poetry, and either acute asthma or very thick glasses. The old sportswriters were quick to develop an inflated prose style, a distrust of simple language, and the conviction that it was they, and not athletes, who kept the world of sport in the heart and mind of every living American.

Their prose enlivened the daily newspapers, just as their unfailing presence made it quite impossible for a baseball player to take a shower without first telling what it was like to drop a fly ball in the sun or be shelled from the mound early in the second inning. As interest in sporting activities grew, the sports magazine arrived upon the scene, dedicated to exploring the deeper metaphysics of the athlete and his time. The new market called for a new style of sportswriting, and progress, as always, was served.

The new breed of sportswriter writes as if he were a graduate student in sociology or psychology, on leave from a large Midwestern university and happy in the discovery that the Ford Foundation does not care how long it takes him to research his exploration of "Motivational Factors in the Role Quantification of Professional Athletes."

His scholarly interests, stifled in the humdrum coverage of the daily newspaper, are given full play in the monthly sports magazines, whose editors believe sports fans are easily bored by ordinary hero worship. The modern sports fan, these editors believe, no longer cares who is the greatest home-run hitter among contemporary left-handed relief pitchers, or how it feels to be stepped on by Bronco Nagurski. He wants to know how his heroes tick, or better yet, why they don't.

Rookies, we are assured by the new sportswriter, are not dropped by major league baseball clubs because they cannot pitch or because they do not hit baseballs in such a way that they are not immediately caught. The modern rookie who fails to win a big league berth lacks "motivation." For the purposes of public consumption, this shortcoming is described as the absence of "the will to win," or, simply, of "desire." This difficulty afflicts older players as well, as latent neuroses gradually rise to the surface, spurred on by imagined trauma, such as psychosomatic charley horses and hardening of the arteries.

Managers, too, succumb to this neurosis, particularly the managers of second-division teams. Club owners face a peculiarly difficult task in finding replacements for these men, it being an ironic coincidence that successive managers generally fail to improve upon the record of their predecessors. The Washington Senators, it is reliably reported, have embarked upon a full-scale study of their executive hiring practices in an effort to determine why so many successive managers have proved lacking in motivation. The Senators have already experimented with the drastic ploy of shipping their entire team to Minneapolis-St. Paul, in the hope that in doing so the latent death wish could be banished at the same time.

Track performers, particularly those good enough for international competition, fall victim to unusual psychological stresses, and the new sportswriter is quick to catalogue these infirmities. Americans who lose in head-to-head combat with Soviet or other Communist bloc athletes are widely known to have fallen prey to psychological blocks suggesting exotic childhood stresses and possibly impugning their patriotism. Future candidates for American Olympic squads may face a battery of psychological tests calculated to determine whether or not they really wish to defeat the Russians, and if not, which category

of national athletes they most wish to defeat.

In addition, a new pattern of Olympic competition could be devised, pairing American athletes with competitors who most wish to lose to them. If this robbed the games of an element of suspense, it would certainly afford a satisfying pairing of noncombative psychological factors.

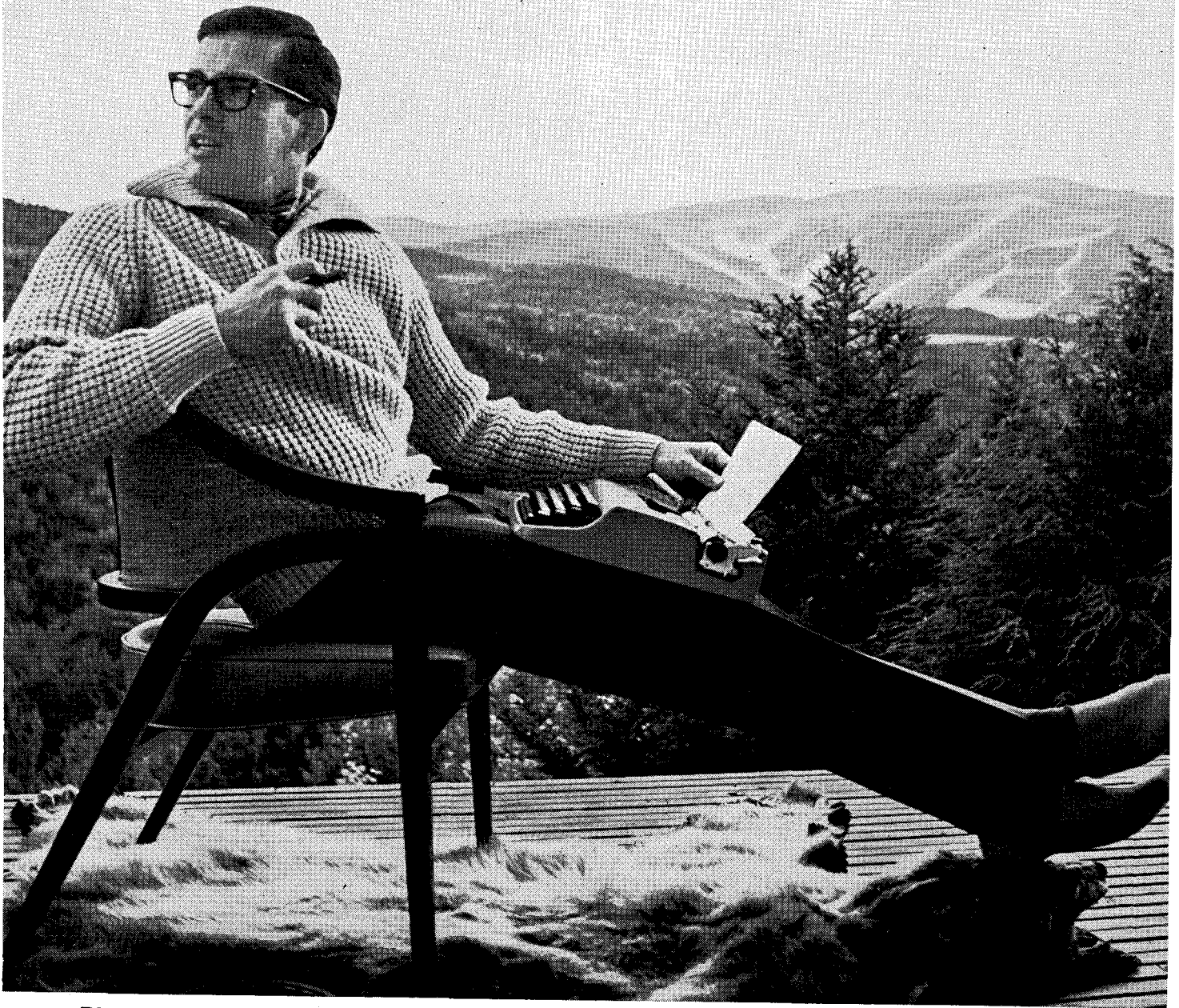
There are sports enthusiasts who prefer the clash of similarities to the neat balance of opposites, and professional football is a good example of a sport arising out of this appetite. Discerning sportswriters can always sort out those halfbacks who don't really want to advance beyond their line of scrimmage, or quarterbacks who compulsively throw footballs beyond the reach of split ends, but some measure of discipline would have to be imposed upon a contest involving athletes who reliably possessed the will to win. Touchdowns, clearly, are scored only against a defensive secondary riddled with hidden reserves of nonmotivation. Two teams equally possessing the desire to win could only achieve endless scoreless ties and gradual decimation of personnel. Concessions could probably be arranged so that one team or the other would win and thus satisfy the technical re-



quirements of league competition, though the repressed desires which would surely result present an entire slate of new problems.

The only sport which can be said to have achieved emotional maturity is professional wrestling, in which psychological factors have been recognized and sharply regulated. Wrestlers who lack desire are regularly pitted against wrestlers with the will to win, and little effort is made to persuade their audience that the result of the match is not preordained.

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In order to further the accomplishment of social goals, professional wrestling competition is restructured so that competing wrestlers assume positive and negative social roles. Winning wrestlers are publicized as bright young college graduates who wrestle professionally in order to subsidize their efforts to become neurosurgeons.

The winning wrestler sells stocks and bonds when he is out of the ring. His hair is cut short, his physique is fairly trim, and he is known by his first name, usually Bill, or George. The loser, on the other hand, has long, unruly hair, is unusually obese, and is said to have been rescued from a wolf den on the Malayan archipelago or from somewhere behind the Iron Curtain. His assumed name is appropriately grotesque (Gorilla Monsoon is a current example) and is usually linked with

the suggestion of sadomasochistic tendencies. In order to preserve an impartial interest in both categories of wrestler, promoters of the sport publicize a list of the ten top villains, presumably those wrestlers whom they would most like to see maimed, blinded, or permanently crippled.

The insights of the new sportswriters have not been entirely ignored by the promoters of professional baseball. Realizing that non-desire is as common to sports fans as to athletes, a wealthy widow brought to New York a baseball team comprised wholly of athletes committed to losing. The nonachieving New York baseball fans, who had endured the Yankees for generations and had finally given up the Dodgers and Giants in disgust, gave the Mets their unqualified support, and made the new New York franchise one of the most profitable in professional base-

ball. Mets players are carefully chosen for their "will to lose," and enormous popular acclaim came to Marv Throneberry, a first baseman who had mastered the art of dropping pitched, thrown, and batted balls. When Throneberry showed some signs of restiveness and threatened to turn into an ordinary achiever, he was sent to the minors to recapture his lack of form.

Similarly, Roger Craig was adored by the New York fans while he lost eighteen straight games, but was immediately traded to the St. Louis Cardinals when he began to look like a winner.

The new sportswriters have done much to improve our understanding of athletic competition, and the requirements of mental health. What will happen when the Ford Foundation calls in all those graduate theses is anybody's guess.

So You're Going to Build an Ocean Liner?

BY JOHN H. SLATE

JOHN H. SLATE is a New York lawyer who has not yet finished his ocean liner, being preoccupied with work on his book, *THE DAY THEY BUILT ROME*.

Every summer one (or more) of my friends goes to Europe, sometimes by air, sometimes by sea. Last winter a few of us met at a dinner party, and the conversation turned to the high cost of travel. "Why not," somebody said, "build our own airplane or ocean liner and save money?" We all agreed that something should be done, and that on the whole a liner was quite practical since it could be stored in the water when not in use.

Well, to make a long story short, we haven't got the thing done yet, but we've learned a lot, and I think our experience will be helpful to anyone who would like to have his own ocean liner.

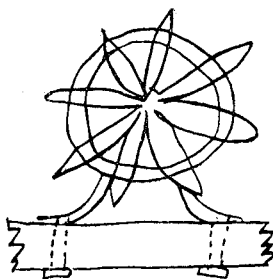
How to Build an Ocean Liner

This breaks down into three main steps, which should be taken in the order indicated:

1. Making the plan
2. Getting the materials
3. Building the liner

Making the plan is quite easy, although we found that it requires a surprisingly large amount of paper.

So be sure to get lots of paper before you start, as well as some sharp pencils. Then draw the liner on the different sheets of paper, and when you start building, use the drawings as a guide. It is not necessary to make the drawings as large as the liner. Scale them down, but be



METHOD OF FASTENING
STEERING WHEEL TO DECK

careful to make a note showing how much larger the actual ship is to be.

Now, as to the materials. It is best to use top-grade, durable materials as you will want your liner to last for several seasons, and it should be built to stand wear. In general, the harder materials such as iron or

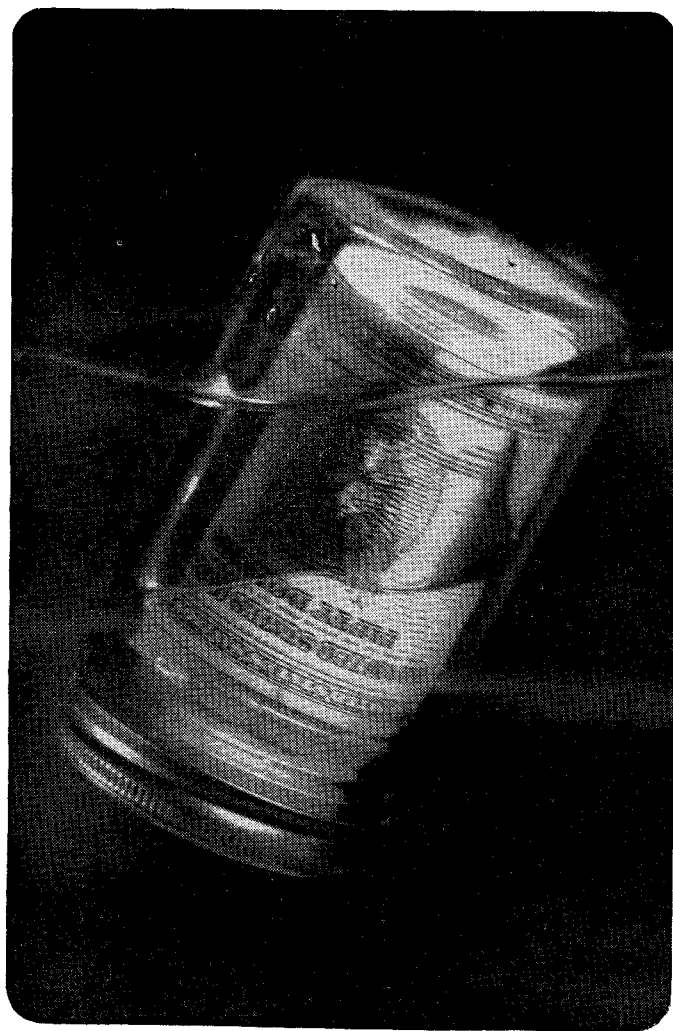
steel are preferable to the lighter stuff. However, a good deal of tin or wood can be used around the corners and in places that don't show too much. Avoid plastics, for they are brittle and will break when you bend them.

For a small liner you will need about 20,000 tons of material; for the medium size, about 25,000; and for the large size, about 30,000. When you order the material, instruct the store to ship it to a factory where they will make it up into the different shapes you will need, as shown by the plans. A good rule of thumb is to have about 70 percent of the material made up into plates (which form the hull of the ship), about 2 percent into rivets to hold the plates together, and the balance into machinery and fittings.

Where to Start

Before we get to the actual building, perhaps the most interesting part, let's stop to think for a minute about where to start. This will save you trouble later on.

Many shipbuilders start at the



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Bailed out in Chicago

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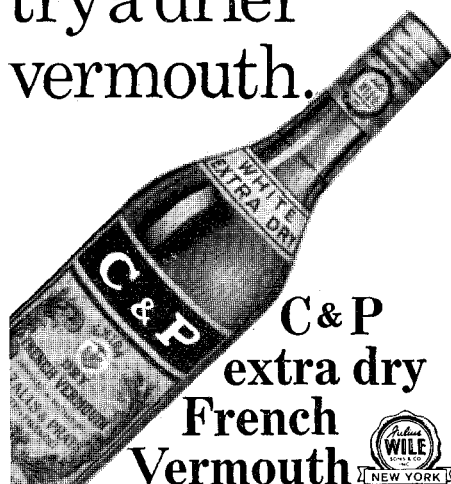


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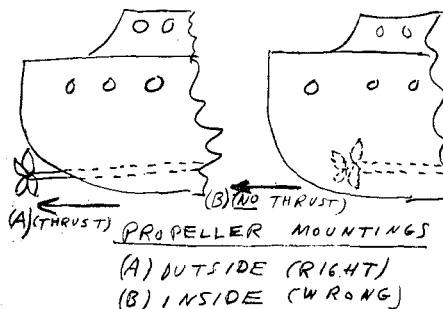
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bottom, with the keel, and work up to the top, or smokestack. This is all right, and is certainly more sensible than starting at the top. However, I prefer a front-to-back method. Now, don't get mixed up and start at the back. Here's why: if you put the bow on first, you can build backward until you feel it's long enough, then simply attach the stern and you're finished. However, if you start with the stern and build forward, you have to be very careful about where to put the bow. If you put it too far aft, the ship will be too



short; too far forward, the rest of the hull won't even reach the bow, and your liner will sink first crack out of the box. The point is to eliminate guesswork.

The Actual Construction

When all the parts get back from the shaping factory, you can begin the actual construction.

First, prop up the bow where you want it. Be sure to prop it up so that it points forward, near, but not actually in, some water. Next, rivet the side plates to either side of the bow, and attach the bottom plates to the bottom edges of the side plates. Do this on both sides to prevent leaks. Fasten the keel to the bottom of the bottom plates, and fasten the stern to the rear edges of the aftermost side and bottom plates.

Deck and Smokestack Go on Last

Before attaching the deck, install the machinery; then put the deck on top, and on top of that the wheelhouse, bathroom, swimming pool, smokestack, closets, and the compass. Place lifeboats along the rail, with plenty of good stout rope to lower them over the side in case of emergency. Paint the hull, smokestack, and all fittings. Use a large brush (ten to twelve inches) on the flat surfaces and a smaller one for the trim.

Ship's Machinery and Fittings

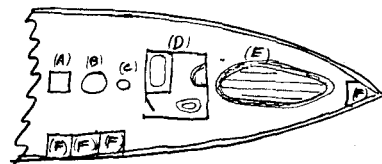
As I have said, the machinery

goes under the deck. You will need an engine, a propeller, and a propeller shaft. I prefer a good big engine for this reason: you can go either slow or fast with a big engine, but with a small one you can only go slow. The propeller shaft should be long enough to connect the engine and the propeller, which should be placed *outside*, in the water. Remember, the so-called inside propeller, while less subject to corrosion, is not at all efficient. It will not actually propel, which it should do. Connect the steering wheel and the rudder. The steering wheel should also be fastened to the deck.

An automatic pilot ("Iron Mike") is optional. I prefer to do without, as I have heard of cases where this has run the ship aground, perhaps owing to some defect. However, some reliable type of illuminating system is essential. There is nothing gloomier than groping about in a dark ocean liner at night. Ordinary Mazda bulbs (100 or 150 watts) will do.

Naming Your Ship

The importance of properly naming your ocean liner cannot be exaggerated. On the whole, I prefer the British nomenclature, in which the name—for example, the *Dauntless*—suggests the ship's personality, so to speak. However, if you use this system, be careful to avoid unfortunate choices such as the *Surreptitious* and the *Yrrational*. The names of individuals may also be used. This is an acceptable method if em-



DECK PLAN (FROM WHEELHOUSE FORWARD)

(A) WHEELHOUSE (D) BATHROOM
(B) SMOKESTACK (E) SWIMMING POOL
(C) COMPASS (F) CLOSETS

ployed with good taste. Needless to say, subversive names should not be used at all. The *Andrei Vishinsky*, for example, would be entirely unsuitable; this vessel should simply be numbered. On the other hand, historical or patriotic names are beyond reproach: thus, *Paul Revere's Ride*, or the *Lincoln-Douglas Debates*.

Well, that's about all there is to it. Bon Voyage!

Mr. America

BY JEAN FRITZ

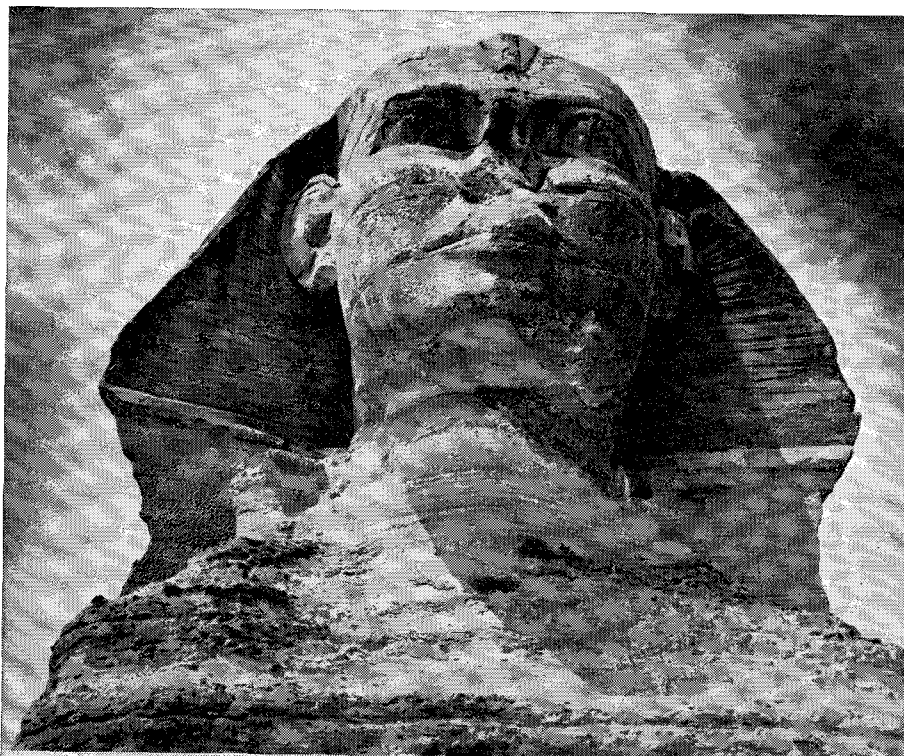
JEAN FRITZ is the author of many magazine articles and several books, most of which are for children and young people. She lives in Dobbs Ferry, New York, with her husband and two children.

The search for Mr. America began in the Long Island ranch house of a publicity man named Bobo Jackson. Not Mr. Sexy America, not Mr. Good-looking America, not even Mr. Personality of the Year. This was to be the search for the mature, educated American male. The man who had arrived. Not the best in breed, but the most typical specimen, a composite picture of the well-prepared man at the height of his career. The participants would be alumni of leading colleges, and the preliminary contests would be staged — where else? — at college reunions.

Bobo had never attended a reunion himself, nor had he kept up with his own college friends; so to acquaint himself with the type of candidates he could expect he collected a group of representative alumni magazines. One by one, he opened them to that most revealing of all sections, Class Notes.

And he was hooked. It was the class secretaries who did it. Right through those dull-looking pages and that crowded type they came through, smiling, waving, bowing. "Nice going, Sunny," "Congrats to you, Doc" (always a cheery word and a pat on the back), "Kudos for Bixxy Morris and a big hurrah for Skip." "Good work, Chuck," a proud secretary wrote, reporting the birth of Chuck's second child. "Keep the young fry coming."

Bobo recognized a stylist when he met one, and down to a man the class secretaries were that. It was a joy to watch how cunningly they avoided the commonplace. You would never catch a class secretary, for instance, calling himself a class secretary; he was a *scribe*. Of course, there was the Dartmouth man who wanted to be known as Ye Olde Sec. and the Cornell man who was Your Obedient and Humble Servant, but these were in the same tradition; and it followed that a scribe would not *gather* news, he would *glean* or *garner* it, and naturally enough, not from let-



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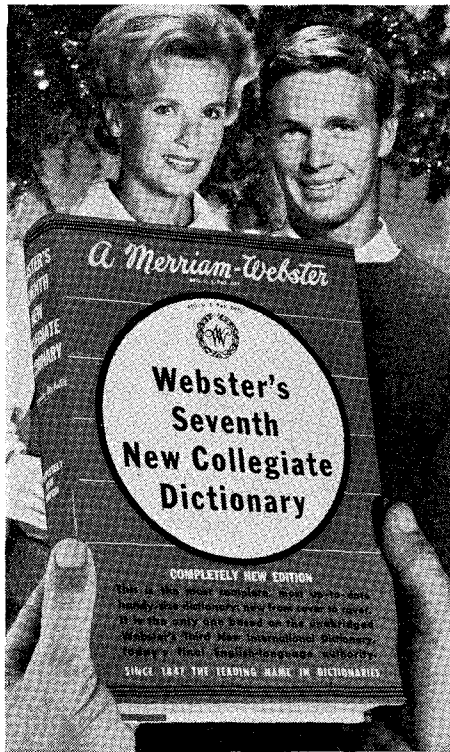
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ters but from *epistles*, which in turn had not been written but *penned*. It all made for heady reading. Bobo found himself collecting favorite words as if he were making his own Class Notes Treasury: stalwart, sterling, erstwhile, esteemed, heartfelt, oldsters, royally, highlights, exchequer, gala.

Secretaries, Bobo noted, were apt to be particularly inspired by wedding and engagement notices. "Joe (the Toe) 'booted' his last field goal when he married Dottie Clay on June 22." "John O'Hare and Miss Elizabeth Adams will 'splice' a nuptial knot." "Bob Noyes fled the 'bachelor ranks' on August 17th."

Bobo was fascinated by the whimsical use of quotation marks. Sometimes they were used in place of a wink, a tip-off that the messages enclosed were intended to be humorous. Sometimes they were simply a mark of self-effacement. Indeed, there were some men who, unable to take credit for whole sentences at a time, were forever reaching for quo-

tation marks to pull around certain words. "Other plans," wrote a diffident Bowdoin man, "call for removing 'rust' from my German and gathering material for an 'opus.'"

What adaptable things quotation marks were, Bobo marveled, going on now to an entry from a senior citizen from Cornell. "February," he wrote, "often called the birthday month of Presidents, we can call the parade of presidents, as we watch these stalwart classmates, unafraid of their shadows, retire from active business and revert to senior classman status and start 'takin' their ease.' Latest candidate for the 'slipper and pipe' league is Steve Wright. . . . It is doubtful if Steve will 'sit idle'. . . . Looks for sure like Steve will stay 'active for '65.'"

There were a few brave souls here and there, Bobo found, who could brazen it out with figures of speech with no props at all, quotation marks or otherwise. Bobo's own nomination for the Pulitzer Prize went to a Dartmouth man, who reported that

CLEAR THE WAY

BY JOHN MONTAGUE

Jimmy Drummond used bad language at school
All the four-letter words, like a drip from a drain.
At six he knew how little children were born
As well he might, since his mother bore nine
Six after her soldier husband left for the wars

Under the motto of the Inniskillings, *Clear the way!*
When his body returned from England
The authorities told them not to unscrew the lid
To see the remnants of Fuselier Drummond inside,
A chancy hand grenade had left nothing to hide

And Jimmy's mother was pregnant at the graveside—
Clear the way, and nothing to hide.
Love came to her punctually each springtime,
Settling in the ditch with some laboring man:
"It comes over you, you just have to lie down."

Her only revenge on her hasty lovers
Was to call each child after its father,
Which the locals admired, and seeing her saunter
To collect the pension of her soldier husband
Trailed by her army of baby Irregulars.

Some of whom made soldiers for foreign wars
Some went to factories in England.
Jimmy Drummond was the eldest and used bad language
At school, as well he might
The motto of all that family being *Clear the way!*

few babies had been born to the class over the summer but a number of men had achieved academic honors. "If the expected Papoose Parade failed to materialize over the summer, a surfeit of pedagogic poop permeated the tepee."

It was when a secretary cut loose on his own, however, that he was most often at his lyric best, and invariably it was the passing of time that aroused him. Give a class secretary a new year or a fall leaf and he was running down the field.

"Freshmen, football, pretty girls receiving 'mums,'" one Dartmouth man wrote, "and we know it is fall. Speaking of freshmen, age is creeping up with a nephew of ye Ed. already ensconced in Hanover. . . . Sort of makes one think the leaves are turning all over the world."

"Back in the saddle again!" sighed another alumnus. "It just seems like it was yesterday that the weather was warm enough for the first trip to the beach, yet Labor Day is upon us already. Maybe one of these days some genius will devise a way of stopping the clock. Wouldn't that be wonderful?"

Bobo blew his nose, not sure how much of this stuff he could take at a time. At the next item, however, he braced up.

"Holy schmokes!" wrote an exuberant correspondent. "That season is upon us again, forsooth. Zooks! It may seem like just another annum perred down the rathole, but the start is unique for us now that we're a year and a half shy of the Fifteenth; no new chillun reported all summer!"

Thoughtfully now, Bobo got down to business. What kind of man would this Mr. America be?

"We're no bunch of prize packages," a Cornell man wrote as if he had anticipated the question. "In sum, we're average," Tom added meanly."

Bobo nodded. Yes, a candidate for the title was on a middle rung of the ladder, and professionally he could be doing almost anything — "taking a fling at the business world," "wielding a scalpel," "cutting his teeth on the stock broker's business," "making like an army officer." But one thing was sure. The American Male was a hometown boy and a family man.

"I like a man who is proud of his home town," another Cornell man is quoted as saying. "But after



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AM

all, aren't Cornellians like that? Wouldn't you say that that is part of what a Cornellian is? He may go to the ends of the earth but return he does to what is his own."

Bobo flipped through a few more years and came to Hubie Colman.

"When you talk to Hubie," the class secretary fondly reported, "you know his family comes first." Then



came Herb Davis of Amherst. Now, there was a *man*. His three daughters were all "top students and sports-minded, which more than confirms Herb's capabilities as a father." Amen to that, Bobo agreed, but the secretary hadn't finished. "Herb Davis," he wrote, "epitomizes the *raison d'être* of Amherst." Herb himself was sports-minded. In his spare time, when he wasn't confirming his capabilities as a father, Herb coached a boys' ball club. A man could hardly expect more of Herb; but still it was a pity, Bobo thought, that he hadn't gone further. If only Herb had played golf, like so many of the other typical alumni. Or if he had sailed. What a *raison d'être* that would have made him!

Bobo felt he could almost define Mr. America by now, but he didn't have to. A class secretary did it for him, indirectly but succinctly.

"Welcome back to the old stand!" he wrote. "Hope your summer was as good as you had planned it to be—the kids winning all the ribbons at camp, you breaking par consistently, your wife raising the biggest vegetables and brightest flowers on the block, and your houseguests helpful and uncomplaining."

There was Mr. America, Bobo thought, right smack in the middle of that paragraph. All he needed was a crown; and this led Bobo to thinking about reunions. The first item he found was an announcement not of

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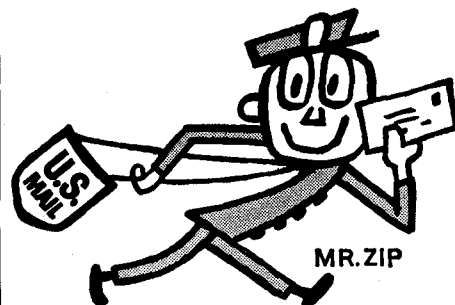
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a reunion but of an interim party for Dartmouth's class of 1930. "Hear! Hear! (and heed)," wrote the secretary, "the clarion call to our informal gathering in this our 34th (gad!) year out of Dear Old."

Bobo was so absorbed that he didn't hear his family returning from their morning sail. He was, as a matter of fact, picturing himself at his own reunion (it would be his twentieth) when the door opened and his wife and two children walked into the den. Windblown and wet, they were full of news about the races next week. Bobo looked at them in a daze. He didn't hear what they said; there was only one word that came through: sailing. Then his eyes caught on his bag of golf clubs leaning against the wall in a far corner of the room. Slowly Bobo brought his attention back to his two children — Tommy, age twelve, Sally, age ten. He looked at them as if he had never seen them before. Wonderful kids. Straight A students. Sports-minded. Bobo returned to the mirror. He studied himself at length and from several different angles. When he had finally finished, he nodded at his reflection.

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" he clarion-called.

Ebullient and genial, Bobo Jackson joined his ux and his two talented, athletic children, who had meanwhile adjourned to the kitchen.

"Cast your eyes on the stalwart classmate who is going to wend his way back to the Dear Old. Your esteemed *pater familias* is returning to the old stand, namely his alma mater, forsooth."

Sally was reading a Nancy Drew book and didn't look up. Tommy addressed his mother.

"What's the matter with him, Ma?" he asked. "Has he been drinking?"

Bobo winced. "Imbibing, son," he corrected. "Imbibing." An estimable suggestion, Bobo decided, and forthwith he poured himself a glass of liquid refreshment. He raised his arm. "To the future Mr. America!" he cried.

At last he had the attention of his whole family. Betty, his "better half," turned from the stove. Tommy and Sally tapped their foreheads "significantly."

"Who?" they chorused.

Bobo bowed his head. "Mr. America," he said. "Your obedient and humble servant."



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JOSÉPHINE BAKER CHEZ ELLE

BY JAMES EGAN

Some months ago I found myself driving through the ancient province of Périgord in southwest France, site of two French national monuments noted for their durability. One is the twenty-thousand-year-old wall paintings in the Lascaux caves, now barred to visitors because a mold has attacked the frescoes. The other is veteran St. Louis-born *chanteuse* Joséphine Baker, who bought the nearby village of Les Milandes in 1940 and who has herself managed to survive some forty years in show business without visible damage.

I had heard that the celebrated entertainer was in danger of losing her restored medieval hamlet because of financial difficulties, so I decided to drop in before the place went the way of the Lascaux caves. Les Milandes's picture-postcard village square of gray stone walls and red-tiled roofs is called, appropriately, the Place Joséphine. Here, early one morning, I encountered my first member of the Baker family — a motherly woman carrying a tray of croissants, pineapple upside-down cake, and coconut cookies as big as tennis balls. She smiled and said "Bonjour," then switched to Missouri

English as we fell into conversation. She proved to be Joséphine's sister, Margaret, a dark, heavy woman of great dignity, as different as one could imagine from her incandescent sister. She told me she was the village baker and that she had been up tending her ovens since one o'clock that morning. I asked her how she got started in her enterprise.

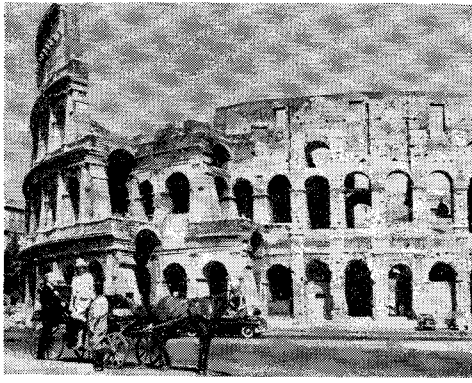
"When Joséphine sets her mind on something it usually happens," Margaret said. "She brought me here to Les Milandes fifteen years ago and asked me what I like to do for a living. I said I like to bake. So Joséphine told me, go bake for the village. At first I was afraid — I didn't think I could do it." Margaret smiled widely. "Last year I sold seven hundred sponge cakes. I get special boxes made for them because I bake American style. Those French patisseries come out flat, but my sponge cakes, they rise right up to heaven."

As I explored Les Milandes, it became apparent that in this village Joséphine Baker had indeed set her mind on a number of things, and they had happened. Les Milandes and its owner proved to be an extraor-

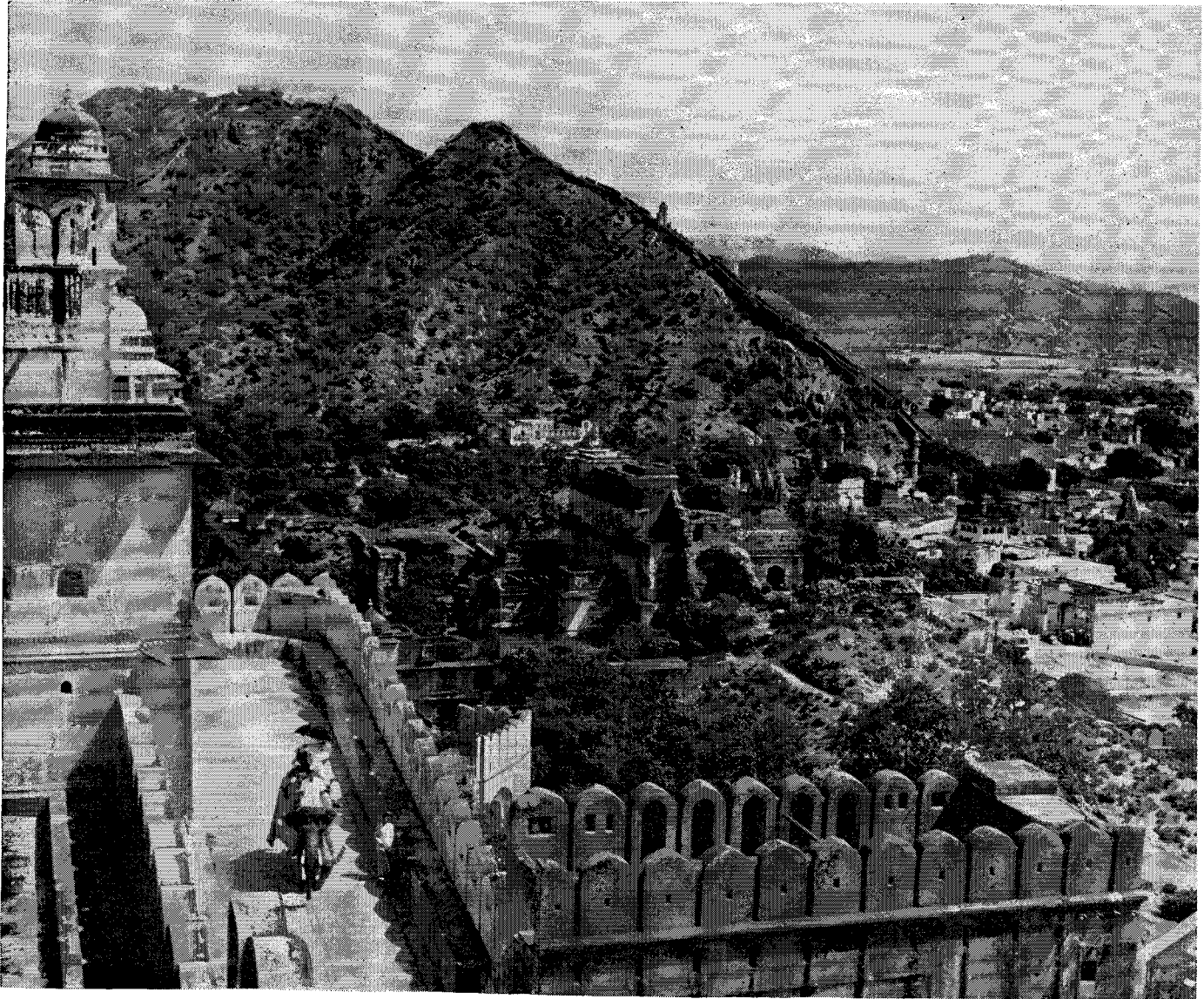
dinary, often paradoxical mixture of showmanship and idealism, worldliness and missionary zeal. Mme. Baker (called Bah-kaire here) ran the entire village: the round-towered fifteenth-century Château des Milandes, once the seat of the seigneurs of Castelnau, which she now occupied with her eleven adopted children of various races and nationalities; the Chartreuse des Milandes, an old stone charterhouse converted into a twenty-one-room, year-round hotel; a restaurant, a bar, a sweetshop, and a souvenir shop in the village square; an ivy-covered museum called the Jorama, devoted to a panorama of exhibits dramatizing Joséphine's life. There was also an amusement park with a miniature zoo, a miniature golf course, a full-size Olympic swimming pool in the shape of a J, an indoor theater, an outdoor theater, and a rustic cabaret with dancing and entertainment. The surrounding fief of four working farms supplied food to the village, and a Gothic chapel, dating from 1410, served its spiritual needs. The whole Baker establishment, covering some 740 acres in the Valley of the Dordogne, overlooked the winding Dordogne River.

The mistress of all this domain called her place the Village of the World, Capital of Brotherhood, an experiment in fostering understanding between peoples. "I believe it is necessary for everybody to know everybody, to understand everybody, don't you?" Mme. Baker said to me as we sat in the salon of her château before an enormous Dordogne fireplace of carved limestone. Her eyes flashed. "At Les Milandes I have made a start." Then, with a sudden laugh, "You must meet my children — you will see."

Joséphine Baker, born the daughter of a St. Louis washerwoman, is chic and self-assured. With her Italian haircut and dancer's figure, she looks far younger than her sixty-odd years. It is easy to imagine her as she must have been in the 1920s. Then, fresh from the old Plantation Club in New York, she introduced *le jazz hot* to her first Paris audience at the opening of the Revue Nègre in the Théâtre des Champs Élysées in 1925. A year later, as a star of the Folies Bergère, she created a sensation dressed in her most famous costume, a simple string of bananas around her waist. By 1927 she was reported to be worth a fortune and



In.



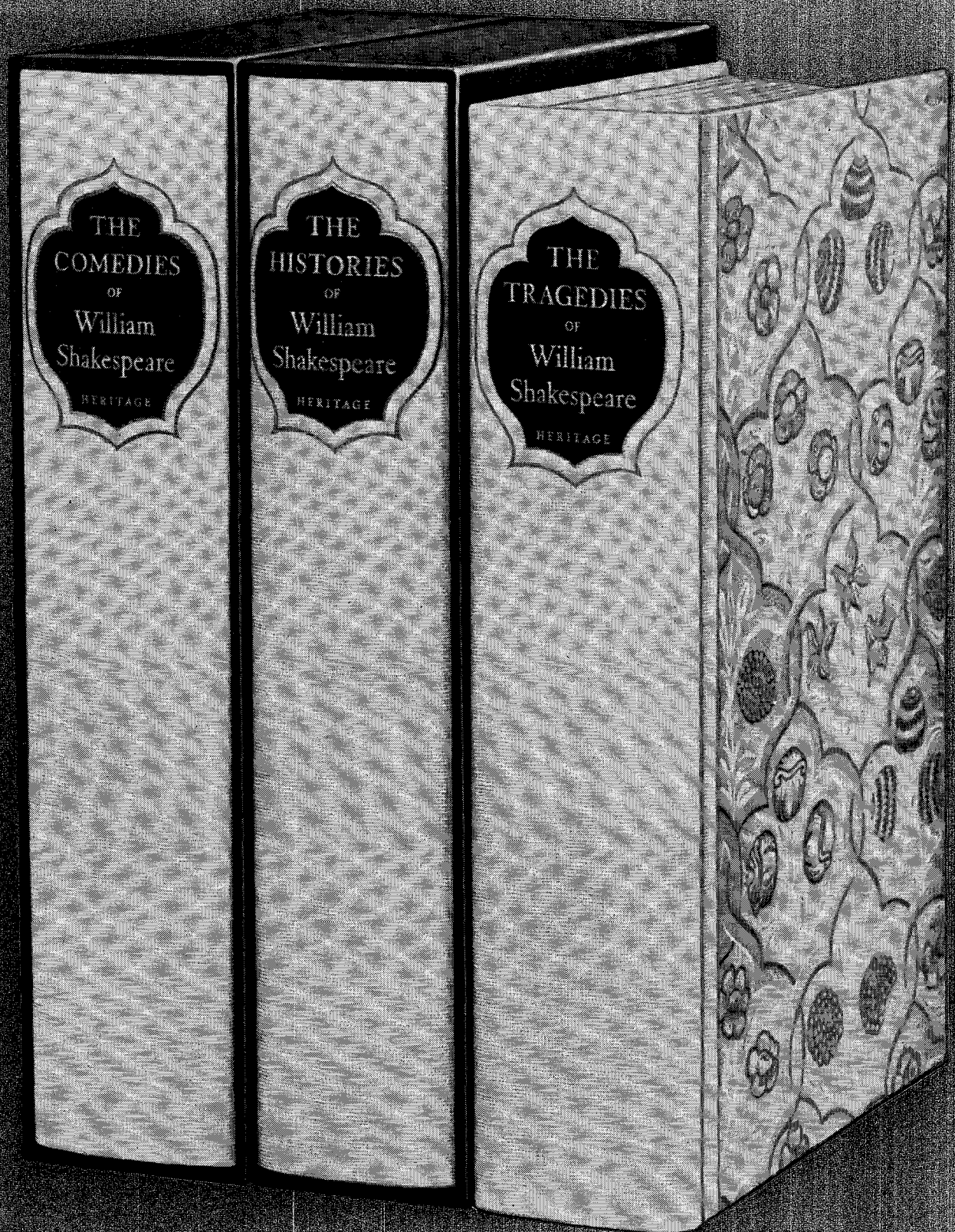
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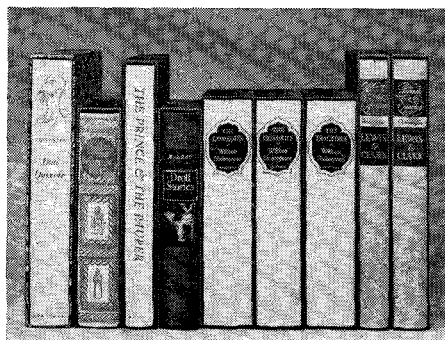
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to have received forty thousand love letters and better than a thousand proposals of marriage, including one from a raja. The critic André Levinson, in one of the milder tributes of the period, called her "a sinuous idol who enslaves and incites mankind."

Wearing a short-sleeved jersey pullover, tartan skirt, and sandals, Mme. Baker briskly stirred a pot of soup in the kitchen of her château,



where she had taken me to meet her children. With no noticeable help from the kitchen maid, she was giving lunch to six quiet, smiling little boys seated around a table.

"My five other children are in school in Switzerland," she said. "The oldest is twelve. I have one girl; all the rest are boys. It is more important for men to get along together, don't you think?" She has a trick of asking rhetorical questions and rushing on. "My children come from nine different countries — three from France, and one each from Algeria, Japan, Israel, the Ivory Coast, Venezuela, Finland, Colombia, and Korea. We do not speak of different races here but of coming from different lands. Each child keeps his own religion, and each learns seven languages."

"Count, *mes enfants*," she commanded the children. Each of the boys, who ranged from three to ten years old, counted up to twenty in a language different from his native tongue. When anyone stumbled, she encouraged him, laughing. "Come on, count for *Maman*." She applauded each performance. "They are all legally adopted," she said, "but at sixteen they will go back to their countries to perfect their own languages."

A pink-checked, bristly Frenchman in work clothes entered the kitchen: M. Durand, foreman of the estate. In rapid French, he told Madame that it looked like rain.

Did she not think he should bring in the hay? Joséphine considered. The white Angora cat, Mustapha, had scratched himself behind the ear — that was a sign of rain. The sure sign, however, was that her corns hurt. It was decided: the hay must be brought in. Then, shifting quickly from French and her lady-of-the-mansion role, she turned to me. "Come down to the cabaret later and watch me rehearse. I'm getting ready for a concert tour."

I went back to the hotel for lunch. As French provincial inns go, the Chartreuse des Milandes provided some startling decorative notes. The pale-blue main lounge was as formal as a Parisian salon: the chairs and ottomans were covered in beige felt; strewn on the soft gray wall-to-wall carpet were leopard skins, in memory, perhaps, of the gaudy days when La Baker strolled along the Champs Elysées with a brace of leopards on a leash. In the cardroom, pale green with a seventeenth-century carved ceiling, pony-skin-upholstered armchairs surrounded a great stone fireplace. The gray and white dining room accented with old-rose table linens offered, at Paris prices, a menu on the elaborate side.

Up a stone staircase, on the second floor, were a series of bedrooms dripping with organdy and pastel chintzes and dedicated to Frenchwomen famous in history or literature. Each door was inscribed with a name: a charming sisterhood of the bed, including La Pompadour, Du Barry, Camille, Agnès Sorel, La Montespan, and Madame Sans-Gêne. The nameplate of the most luxurious chamber read, simply, Joséphine. But I was assured that Joséphine Bonaparte, not Baker, was the inspiration.

On the third floor, each bedroom was named for a different country, presumably to express the theme of world brotherhood, and each relentlessly carried out a national decorative theme. The attractive Frenchwoman who managed the hotel showed me with special pride the red, white, and blue U.S.A. room; its most arresting feature was a set of Western saloon doors that swung open on the bidet.

I went down to the cabaret in the amusement park for the rehearsal. Joséphine was deep in a bilingual conference with an Italian orchestra leader and her arranger from Paris, a pale young man with a fringe of

beard. At midafternoon only two tables were occupied: one by a group of reverent teen-agers like those who worship name singers in the United States; the other by a family of stolid French bourgeois tourists. Transient tourists often dropped into the park, I was told, and during the summer season Joséphine sang at the cabaret every Saturday and Sunday night. "For me the stage is only a means of getting money for the village, for the children," she said. "They are my important work."

Mme. Baker ran through her songs in a marvelously husky voice with a pronounced beat. They were ballads for the most part, French, Italian, Israeli, Spanish. Her body moved to the Latin-American rhythms as sinuously as a young girl's. "The next two songs are for my American friend here," she announced in French, and sang "You Are My Lucky Star" and "Bill." For more than an hour she worked hard, stopping for frequent consultations with her arranger, listening to tape-recorded playbacks, and correcting her phrasing. Joséphine Baker is still the thoroughgoing professional, combining a sure, flexible voice with an electric presence. It is not surprising that when she came back to the United States for a series of Broadway appearances, followed by a tour, capacity houses gave her standing ovations.

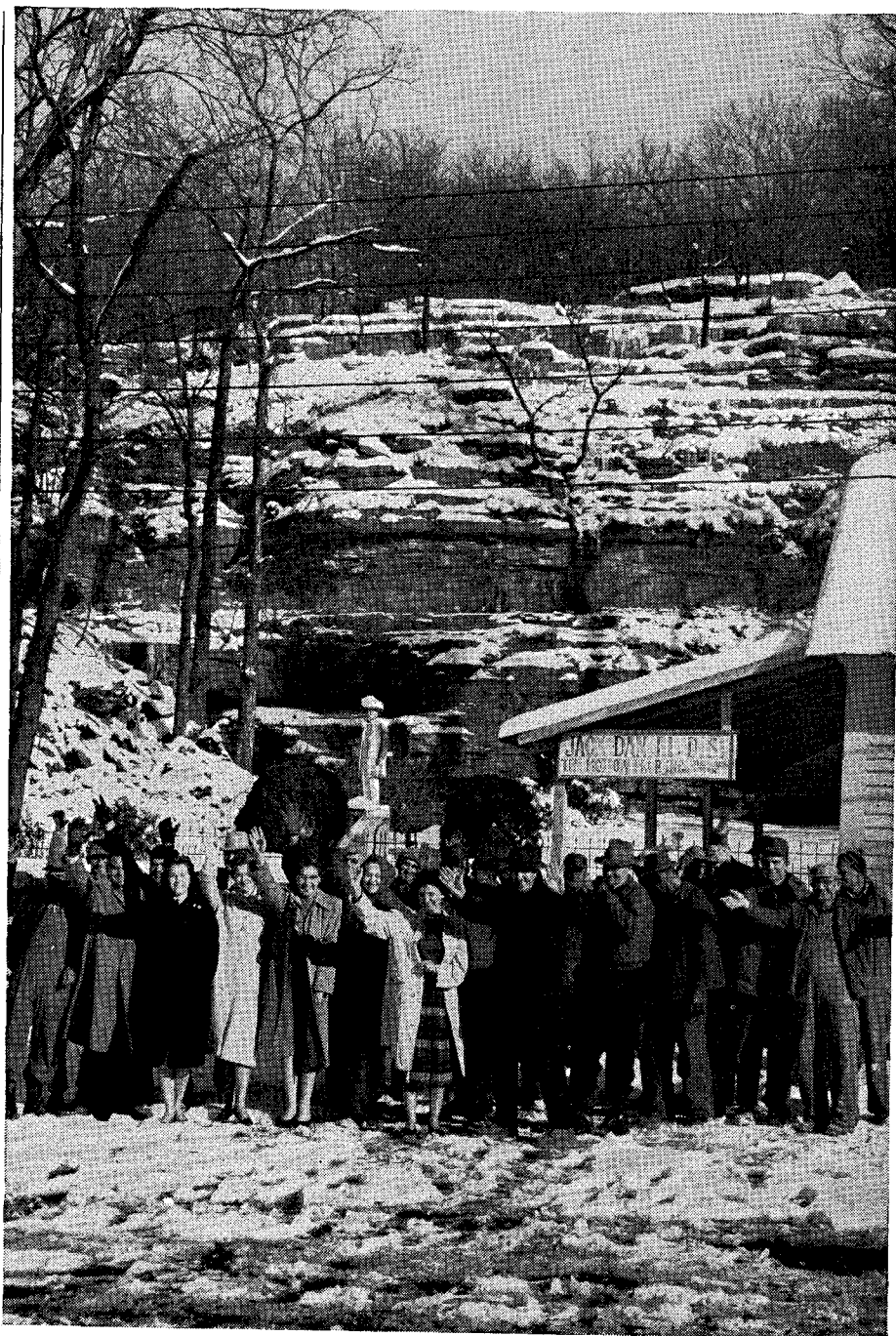
But in the lobby of the Chartreuse des Milandes that evening after the rehearsal, Mme. Baker, still clad in her pullover and skirt, was the gracious hostess, cheerfully greeting her guests with a brandy glass in her hand. The hotel guests were a mixed bag of well-fed middle-aged French couples, elegant young Parisians in sports clothes, and traveling British. There was even one amazed American couple who had descended from a Buick with New Jersey license tags. Joséphine had a word for each guest in French or English, and she seemed to enjoy her role. When I went up to my room (Italy: white walls, tomato-red ceiling, emerald draperies and bedspreads, Venetian barber-pole lamps), Mme. Baker was still holding court.

The next morning I walked over to the Jorama (admission, five francs) to inspect memorabilia of Joséphine Baker's career. The museum was crammed with old theatrical scrapbooks, posters, exotic costumes, Ma-

dame-Tussaud-like figures, and a miscellany of major and minor citations. Around the entrance chamber was a series of hand-illuminated parchment sheets telling the Story of Joséphine. It began as a fairy tale should: "Once upon a time . . . a little girl walked upon the banks of the Missouri." And the story went on to tell how, as a child, Joséphine first danced for her brother and sister in St. Louis, later went on to conquer Paris, then the world.

In the next room was a tableau of life-size wax effigies, dramatically lit, representing little Joséphine and her family in a primitive Missouri cabin during the early years of the century; and in still another room, a tableau showing Pope Pius XII in 1950 receiving Joséphine and her husband, Jo Bouillon, the French orchestra leader. Unfortunately, the waxworks had a somewhat grisly air because the heads had been temporarily removed for cleaning.

On the walls of the museum hung an assortment of bronze plaques and framed certificates: from the Chicago Urban League, for Achievement in Race Relations; from the American Jewish Congress, for Meritorious Service; from the Hair Stylists Guild of Los Angeles, First Lady of Style and Fashion; from the YMCA Christian Street Branch, Philadelphia, for the Extension of Principles of Human Rights and Dignity; from the Women's Sunday Morning Breakfast Club of Los Angeles, International Mother of the Year. Glass showcases displayed the spectacular couturier costumes that Joséphine wore during her farewell performances at the Olympia in Paris — great sentimental occasions in both 1956 and 1959. Then, unexpectedly, in another showcase were mementos of her wartime work in the French Resistance: her uniform of lieutenant in the Air Auxiliary of the Free French Forces, her Medal of the Resistance, her Legion of Honor. Mme. Baker's war record was, in fact, impressive: after the Nazis occupied France, she went to Morocco, where she worked in intelligence, drove an ambulance, and entertained Allied troops. Possibly because of her connection with the Resistance, she has been accused of once being a Communist. Her answer is usually the same: "Everyone who believes in brotherhood has been accused of Communism. Don't you agree?"



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I spoke to Mme. Baker about Les Milandes's reported financial problems. She was hopeful. "My American appearances have been more successful than I ever dreamed of. Still, it is very expensive to have so many children. There are the tutors, you know."

I have learned since that Les Milandes was about to be put up for auction, and that friends of Joséphine Baker's, led by Brigitte Bardot and André Maurois, raised money to stave off the most pressing creditors. A worldwide appeal has been made for additional funds, but the final disposition is unresolved at this writing.

Before leaving Les Milandes, I had a talk with Joséphine Baker's brother-in-law, Elmo Wallace, who is Margaret's husband. I had stopped in the village sweetshop for a dish of Margaret's authentic



American ice cream, and found Elmo behind the counter. He is a calm, slow-spoken, lanky Negro of indeterminate age. When I ordered an ice in my best French, he looked at me sharply.

"You speak English?" he asked.

I said I was an American.

"I'm an American, too," Elmo said. Then he told me he had lived on one of the farms of the chateau for sixteen years and was now a French citizen. An enthusiastic hunter, Elmo hunted with falcons. "I trained them myself, same as the French kings," he said. I asked him how he liked his life at Les Milandes.

"Fine," he said. "I like the French people. Of course, they have their ways, but then we have ours. One's about the same as the other."

And so Elmo summed up the case for Joséphine Baker's Village of the World, Capital of Brotherhood, leopard skins, waxworks, J-shaped pool, and all.

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

But size alone does not tell the story of the transformations that the record catalogue has undergone in the last fifteen years. The thin 1949 Schwann catalogue, which came out before the industry as a whole had accepted the 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ LP as the standard phonograph record, really is a less

This First Age of Discovery gradually subsided, as ages of discovery always do. Among the causes of its decline were the increasing economic

Who, indeed, will quarrel with this statement, or should one say understatement? Some musical dictionaries know nothing at all about the life of Johann Dismas Zelenka, and even those larger compendiums that do mention him have difficulty scraping together more than a scant paragraph recounting his birth in Launowicz, Bohemia, in 1679, and his death in Dresden in 1745. Most of his creative life he spent as a court kapellmeister in Dresden.

Cambridge has devoted an entire record to Zelenka, filling it with three Sonatas for Two Oboes, Bassoon and Continuo. They are played by Ray Toubman and Wilfred Burkle, oboists, John Miller, bassoonist, and a continuo group consisting of Daniel Pinkham, harpsichordist, David Carroll, bassoonist, and Olivia Toubman, cellist (CRS-1814, stereo; CRM-814, monaural). Cambridge indulges in some good-natured byplay over the circumstances of Zelenka's return to general circulation. Says a section of the jacket notes printed, with mock solemnity, in Gothic type: "One day, while recording the Biber Mystery Sonatas, one of our continuo players (bassoonist John Miller) said that if these pieces fascinated us (and they did), we should hear a zelenka-sonata. After we finally inquired what a zelenka was, John was invited to arrange an audition, so he recruited his friends Toubman and Burkle. The whole crew was then turned over to Dan Pinkham. . . . Somewhat curiously, we went off to the audition—and were demolished by the deceptive cadences, hemiolas and all that jazz. Zelenka's Sonata V was taped along with some Boismortier and Handel but a little time and a little cogitating convinced us that Z. was worth a record all his own. . . ."

Some of the other information provided by Cambridge is almost equally fascinating. Zelenka, it appears, composed prolifically, his output including twenty-one masses, three requiems, two Te Deums, 108 psalms, and various other works, none of which has ever been published, since "according to legend, his music could not be copied or printed, by decree of King Friedrich August I." Why this monarch, who ruled as King of Poland as well as Elector of Saxony, and was sometimes known as Augustus the Strong, kept Zelenka out of print is nowhere disclosed; but Cambridge has fortunately disregarded the royal ban just as intrepidly as the archaeologists have pooh-poohed the curse of King Tut.

Most important of all, the music of Johann Dismas Zelenka turns out to be well worth the trouble of resuscitation and recovery. These oboe-bassoon concertos may not fill a major gap in music history, but they represent skilled and cultivated wind compositions that are never

less than agreeable and sometimes attain a surprising emotional intensity. The first sonata on the record begins with a kind of melancholy fanfare played in unison which arrests one's attention immediately, and the music which follows abounds in unexpected turns, including sudden chromatic runs and cadences that never quite close, so that the intertwining melodic strands build a musical structure of generous proportions.

Messrs. Miller, Toubman, Burkle, Pinkham, and their associates play the three sonatas with the skill, zest, and enthusiasm of musicians who have made a valuable discovery and are eager to share it. The Zelenka sonatas, like most of the instrumental music of their day, profit from rhythmic crispness, dynamic incisiveness, and cleanly melodic playing, and all these qualities are provided in abundance by the Cambridge instrumentalists.

One Zelenka doesn't make an avalanche, any more than one swallow makes a summer. But it is striking that a small independent label considers it worthwhile to invest its resources in this music, as well as to take a flier on Heinrich von Biber (1644–1704) and Joseph Bodin de Boismortier (1691–1765), neither of whom has ever been regarded as money in the bank by prudent record entrepreneurs.

Even more significant, perhaps, is the news that the large companies are beginning to look toward unfamiliar pastures. A stereophonic *I Lombardi* or *La Battaglia di Legnano* may not yet be on the horizon, but RCA Victor has scheduled a recording of Verdi's almost equally obscure *Luisa Miller*.

Much of the revival of interest in unfamiliar and unhackneyed music is reflected in the growing import trade. Capitol has for more than a year been distributing in this country European releases of the various companies of the EMI combine, with a regular monthly schedule.

London Records has now undertaken to import into the United States a new Telefunken line from Germany, a series of well-made, well-played recordings devoted largely to the Baroque and Renaissance periods, and gathered under the general heading *Das Alte Werke*. The first releases in the series include a particularly fine collection of old Christmas songs by the Monteverdi

Choir of Hamburg, conducted by Jürgen Jürgens (SAWT-9419-B, stereo; AWT-1419-C, monaural). The *Alte Werke* series is unfortunately marred by particularly unattractive and uninformative packaging. A short English text is given, but most of the labeling and annotation is in German, and titles and contents are listed in a confusing manner. A perfectly charming record (SAWT-9415-B, stereo; AWT-9415-C, monaural) of music for string orchestra by four cheerful Italians, Sammartini, Bonporti, Pergolesi, and Nardini, is presented under the discouraging title of *Italienische Meister zwischen Barock und Klassik*. With a little less sternness in its packaging, *Das Alte Werke* should make a welcome addition to the record scene.

Somewhat similar is a line of European-made recordings being offered here on a new label called Nonesuch, a subsidiary of Elektra Records, hitherto folk-song specialists. The quality of the Nonesuch releases is rather variable, but several choice items are offered, including a collection of three early symphonists of the Mannheim school, Karl Stamitz, Johann Baptist Wanhal, and Peter von Winter (H-71014, stereo; H-1014, monaural). Wanhal was a friend of Mozart's who used to play string quartets with him, and his Symphony in A Minor turns out to be a brief but thoroughly expressive and delightful work. Moreover, the performance by Karl Ristenpart and the Chamber Orchestra of the Saar is excellent. Many of the Nonesuch releases were recorded originally by the Club Français du Disque of Paris. They are brightly packaged, well annotated, and priced at a modest \$2.50. Wanhal, like Zelenka, is making his first appearance in Mr. Schwann's catalogue. For both of them, it is high time.

Record Reviews

Liszt: A Faust Symphony; Les Preludes
Leonard Bernstein conducting New York Philharmonic, with Charles Bressler, tenor, and Choral Art Society; Columbia M2S-699 (stereo) and M2L-299: two records

Liszt's *A Faust Symphony* is a musical



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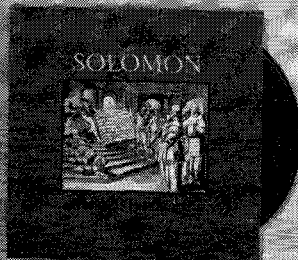
a gift tells the people you're remembering that you know they appreciate good things. It is a compliment to them. And to you.



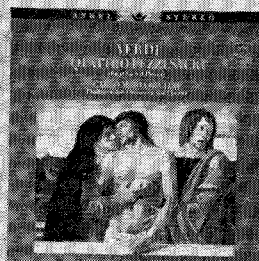
Bach: St. Matthew Passion
Klemperer and Philharmonia Orch.
Approximately thirty dollars



Verdi: Requiem
Schwarzkopf, Giulini, Cond.
Approximately twelve dollars



Handel: Solomon
Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., Cond.
Approximately twelve dollars



Verdi: Four Sacred Pieces
Giulini and Philharmonia Orch.
Approximately six dollars



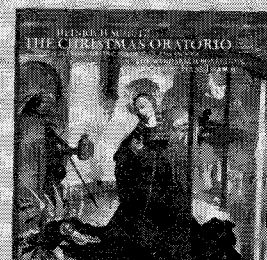
Beethoven: Missa Solemnis
Schwarzkopf, von Karajan, Cond.
Approximately twelve dollars



Christmas Carols
Temple Church Choir
Approximately six dollars



Handel: Messiah
Sir Malcolm Sargent, Cond.
Approximately eighteen dollars



Schütz: Christmas Oratorio
Mathis, Windsbach Boys' Choir
Approximately six dollars



Christmas Songs
Obernkirchen Childrens' Choir
Approximately six dollars

Prices optional with dealer.



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pictorial study of Goethe's three characters Faust, Gretchen, and Mephistopheles, with a mystic chorus tacked on at the end. It also is a Lisztian exercise in orchestral mastery, abounding in startling harmonies, unexpected melodic turns, and imaginative orchestration. In all these aspects it finds an ideal interpreter in Leonard Bernstein, who strides into the music with boldness and exuberance. The final Mephistopheles section, with its sardonic twisting of the earlier Faust themes and its diabolic buzzing and swooping, reaches a fine orchestral fury before it is done. Has the work as much substance as it seems to possess in this powerful performance? Perhaps not, but Mr. Bernstein scarcely gives one time to wonder.

Wilhelm Furtwängler in Memoriam
(Contents — Bach: *Orchestral Suite No. 3 in D*; Haydn: *Symphony No. 88 in G*; Mozart: *Symphony No. 39 in E-flat*; Beethoven: *Violin Concerto in D*; Schubert: *Symphony No. 9 in C*; Schumann: *Symphony No. 4 in D Minor*; Bruckner: *Symphony No. 9 in D Minor*)

Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, with Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violinist; Deutsche Grammophon KL-27/31 (monaural only): five records

Wilhelm Furtwängler
(Contents — Beethoven: *Symphony No. 3 in E-flat, "Eroica"*; *Symphony No. 5 in C Minor*; *Symphony No. 9 in D Minor*; *Piano Concerto No. 5 in E-flat, "Emperor"*; *Violin Concerto in D*)

Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting Vienna Philharmonic, Philharmonia, and Bayreuth Festival Orchestras, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Elisabeth Höngen, contralto; Hans Hopf, tenor; Otto Edelmann, bass; and Yehudi Menuhin, violinist; Odeon EBE-6C0000/1-6 (monaural only): six records

The tenth anniversary of Furtwängler's death at the age of sixty-eight on November 30, 1954, is commemorated eloquently in these two large albums. Furtwängler stood in the great line of German *Dirigenten*; his romantic inclinations were compatible with a classical discipline; he could adopt unconventional tempos (usually slow ones) and make them seem surpassingly right. These albums offer some of his finest achievements: the Schubert C Major and the Schumann Fourth in the DGG collection, the Beethoven Ninth in

the Odeon. Of the two Beethoven violin concertos, Menuhin's has far more life and buoyancy than Schneiderhan's. Furtwängler found American doors closed to him as a result of his musical activities in Nazi Germany; a proposed trip here in 1955 with the Berlin Philharmonic was prevented by his death. Individually, these two sets offer new insights into familiar works; together they constitute an imposing and, one must believe, enduring tribute to a masterful conductor.

Anonymous: *The Play of Herod*

Noah Greenberg conducting New York Pro Musica, with vocal and instrumental soloists and Boys' Choir of the Church of the Transfiguration; Decca DXSA-7187 (stereo) and DXA-187: two records

"When Herod and the other persons are ready, an Angel shall appear with a multitude of the heavenly host." Thus begin the "stage directions" for *The Play of Herod*, as found in a twelfth-century manuscript in the monastery of Fleury in the Loire Valley of France. *The Play of Herod* is a musical drama about the journey of the Magi to Bethlehem, and was enacted within the walls of an ancient church for the instruction of a now-vanished audience; no one today can be certain of the actual instruments used or the precise musical structure. Any modern performance must be a work of imaginative reconstruction, not to say recreation, and this is what has been accorded the play by Noah Greenberg of the New York Pro Musica, together with Dr. William L. Smoldon, a British authority on medieval church drama. *Herod's* initial modern performance, probably its first in 700 years, took place a year ago in New York's uniquely beautiful medieval museum, the Cloisters, and since then the work has been performed in religious surroundings elsewhere. Undoubtedly, a setting like that of the Spanish apse of the Cloisters adds a dimension to *Herod* that no recording can provide. Nevertheless, this is a noble and moving work to hear; a nativity play at once naïve and profound, spiritual and human. The chimes, gongs, and percussion instruments that underline the action, and the weaving patterns of the vocal chants, combine to make the ancient story seem vivid and immediate. The work is sung in Latin, with the accompanying brochure including an English trans-

lation, the history of the work, and a set of photographs of the Cloisters production. No Christmas album this year is likely to be more original or eloquent.

Music for Voices and Viols in the Time of Shakespeare

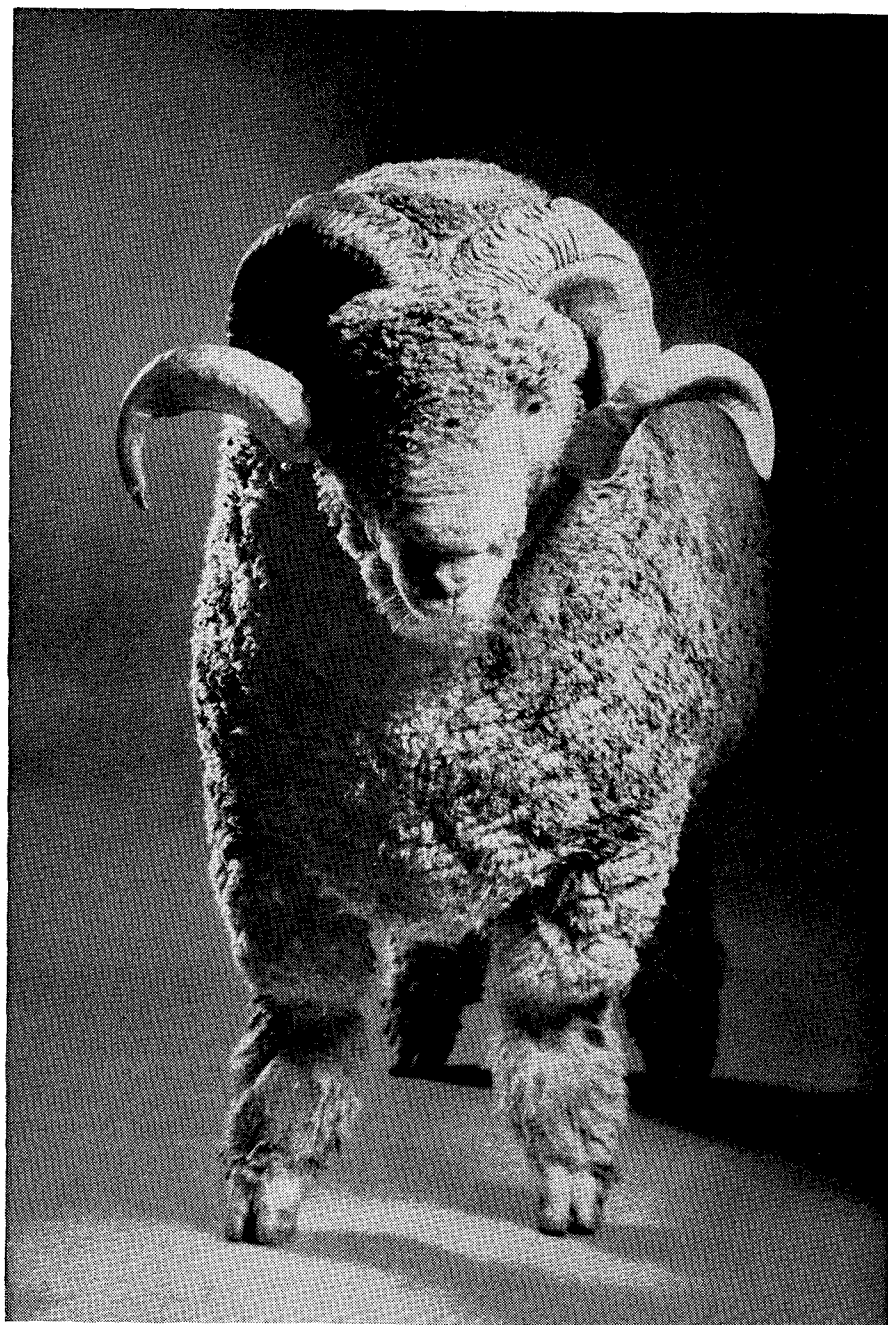
Elizabethan Consort of Viols and Golden Age Singers, with Roger Pugh, harpsichordist, and Hermann Leeb, lutenist; Westminster WST-17076 (stereo) and XWN-19076

One would like to think that Shakespeare actually heard music as lovely as this, and as skillfully performed, in his own day. This record begins with a brief but beautiful account of "Greensleeves" played by a group of viols, and proceeds through madrigals, lute pieces, folk tunes, and songs from plays. The longest selection is devoted to a set of London street cries, in which cabinetmakers, fishmongers, pie vendors, and chimney sweeps all hawk their wares and their services. Like most of the selections on the record, "The Cryes of London" admirably conveys the mood and atmosphere of the time — although the Golden Age Singers surely make for some of the most cultivated-sounding street hawkers who have ever lifted their voices on behalf of a basket of eels and sprats.

Sing Nowell — Carols for Christmas and Other Festivals

Louis Halsey conducting the Elizabethan Singers, with Simon Preston, organist; London OS-25809 (stereo) and 5809

The announcement that these carols constitute "a collection which is representative of contemporary British composers, particularly of the younger generation" seems a bit startling at first. However, it turns out that "the younger generation" of British composers has merely, for the most part, transcribed or arranged such noble seasonal songs as "God rest you merry, gentlemen," "Good King Wenceslas," "Away in a manger," "The holly and the ivy," and others. Several newly composed carols, mostly to ancient texts, are also included; among the composers listed are Edmund Rubbra, Peter Racine Fricker, John Gardner, Arthur Oldham, and Peter Naylor. The Elizabethan Singers perform with taste and spirit, and the result is a Christmas record with just enough of an unfamiliar twist to lend it added freshness and interest.

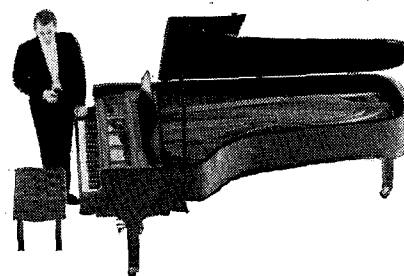


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THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

WHEN the White Birch, the best of our roadside farms, no longer has any green corn to sell us, when at sunrise I hear the rusty honking of the migrating geese, and when the maple at the entrance to my neighbor's drive turns red and begins to show bare branches, I heed the signal. In Robert Frost's words, I have "miles to go before I sleep," haunts ranging from the tip of Plum Island to Wareham on Cape Cod to visit before snow covers my hibernation on Beacon Hill.

With the Ingrahams we go for the last of our boat trips on the Merrimack — drifting our lines baited with sea worms on the ebbing tide, catching the odd sculpin or flounder, until just as the Rock begins to show out of water, we "have a message," as Franc puts it, from one of the schools of stripers in the estuary and are lucky enough to boat five of them before dusk. "Fish are on the move; they're migratin'," says Malcolm; "when the fishin's poor upriver, it's apt to be good along the beach," and on that note of hope we take leave of Hudson's Landing for another year.

For an interval I base my hour of departure from the office on high tide, for at flood and an hour after, the bull bass moving south from Maine and Nova Scotia have been known to hit a popping plug or tinclad even in daylight. There is one rocky promontory to which I have private access, and from which one October midnight some years back, under a full moon, I hooked and beached a twenty-nine-pounder. The leaps between rocks seem larger now, and I wonder, puffing slightly, if I'd be as surefooted were I to tangle with such a stray. Out goes my plug — with the wind at my back I can still do seventy yards — and back it comes over the unresponsive deep, with an occasional pause to unknit the bird's nest a nylon line reverts to when I take my eye off it. No response, save for the tightening of the muscles in my shoulders as I swing the big rod. But the fading light on the sea, the gulls'

island one can wade to at dead low, and the lovely crescent of sand are as they should be, and I'm glad I have come. I'll be back.

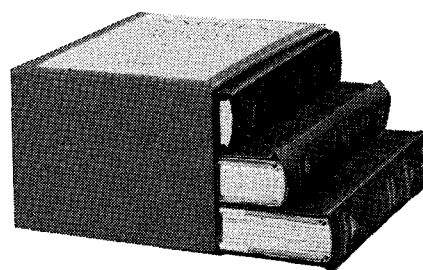
Plum Island, the nine miles of it that are uninhabited, is a federal wildlife sanctuary, the marshes on its western flank a well-kept preserve where huge flocks of duck and Canada geese pause and feed on their way south. On my drive to the beach I pass some two hundred resting geese with their sentinels gravely watching me, and when I park and slam the car door, black duck by the score rise and then settle back into their marsh holes. I turn toward the Atlantic and follow the contours of the deep sand valleys, clean-swept and hidden between the dunes; the beach plums are ripe and tasty, there are acres of bayberries, and deer tracks lead to the dense stunted little forests in the hollows which Arthur Rackham might have painted.

The beach is mine — ominous — no other surf caster in sight, and no gulls swooping close to the water. I sling out a bright new tinclad with feather tail, haul it in, shake the seaweed off, move along the beach, quartering to get the benefit of the north wind and glad to be alone. Cast and retrieve, cast and retrieve, no answer and not much expected. A great gray gull wings slowly past on patrol. I remember when Bob and Barbara Livermore, with rods set up on their beach buggy, drove in at Big Sandy to see, close in shore and stretching for more than a quarter mile, a dark-blue school of feeding stripers with the terns darting and hitting at the little fish that were surfacing. Once in a lifetime: cast, hook your fish, play him, beach him, and then race back to the buggy to catch up with the slow-moving school. Once in a lifetime. I have never yet landed a fish on Plum, but I'll be back.

The flowers of the fall are the wild aster and the goldenrod; and the fruits, which have such a special flavor, the beach plum, the Baldwin and

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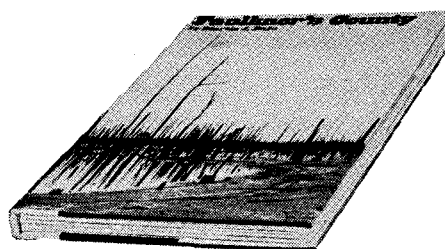
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FAULKNER'S COUNTY: YOKNAPATAWPHA

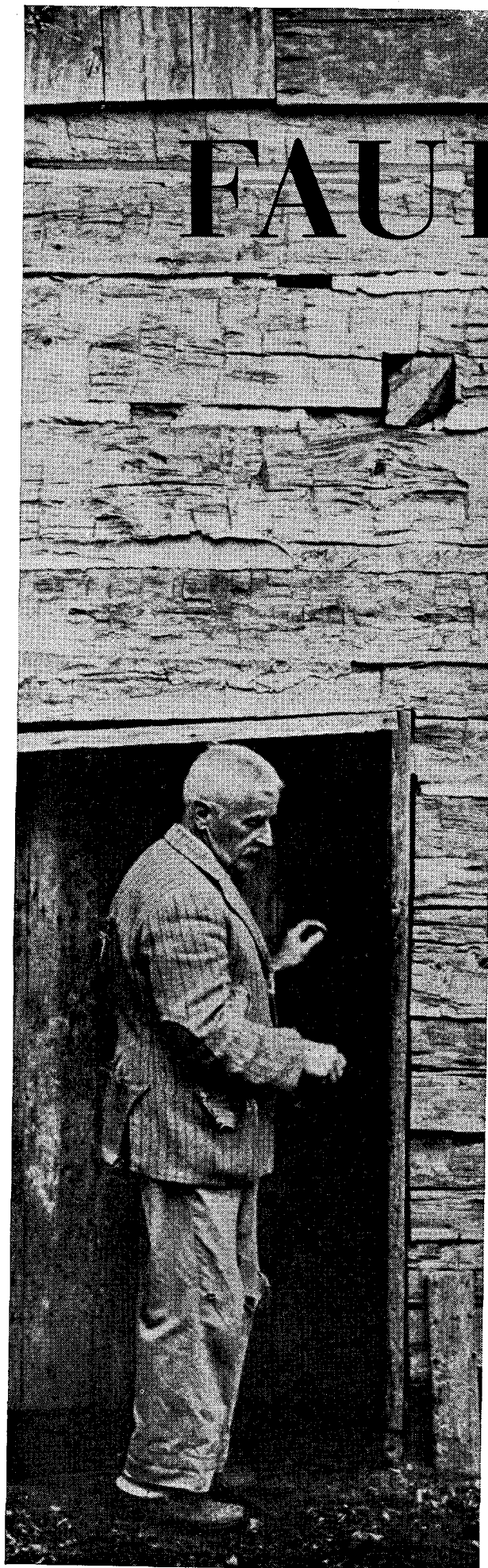
By MARTIN J. DAIN

Matchless photographs (like the one at left), accompanied by appropriate excerpts from Faulkner's works, reveal a haunting portrait of Lafayette County, Mississippi—William Faulkner's lifelong home and the model for his immortal fictional county, Yoknapatawpha. Several rare early pictures of Faulkner are included, as well as some previously unpublished ones taken late in his life. 170 photographs, handsome gravure printing. 9" x 11½". \$15.00

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RANDOM HOUSE



McIntosh, the sickle pear, and the Concord grape. On my way down to the Cape there is an old country store, selling everything from a second-hand coffee grinder to homemade anadama bread. At this time of year I shall be looking for butternut cookies. Very relaxing with a glass of milk after the drive from town.

My last visits to the freshwater ponds are more a matter of farewell than of fishing. The brook trout have long since spawned and have no interest in my fly; the bass will still flirt with a Gray Ghost; but mostly I row looking for the great blue heron, the osprey's nest, which is now deserted, and the kingfisher, who still scolds at my approach. Once as I was casting at the Frog Foot Dike, I heard a soft snuffle behind me, and turning, looked eye to eye at a large doe just out of range of my back cast. Curiosity satisfied, she flaunted her white tail and went straight up the soft sandy bank. Another time, after sunset, as I was standing in the shadow of my car stripping my rod, down the dusty path came a small fox whining to himself in a dissatisfied way. He never saw me, never smelled me, just went right on by, complaining as if he had no more use for the approaching winter than I had.

THE BATTLE FOR SPIES

In a world fearful of explosion and prone to suspect the worst, the business of espionage has acquired new respectability. It cannot be said that the CIA is of equal importance to our State Department, but it presses close in influence, and its mistiming can be very damaging to diplomacy. The totalitarian states assume that every visitor is a potential spy and that military attachés and scholars speaking their language should be ejected at the slightest provocation. The democracies counter by publicizing the number of defectors who have fled to us with their secrets. This battle for spies is more ruthless than it was in the days of Mata Hari, and in it sex is even more compelling, as we know from the number of homosexuals involved. In the trap-baiting for scientists or for anyone thought to be in the know, one thing is certain: neither side has succeeded in shielding itself with foolproof security, and in the attempt to do so it may be questioned whether the democracies with their respect for habeas corpus have not the sterner problem.

DAME REBECCA WEST has been keeping a book on all this ever since the days when England stood alone. Incensed by infatuates with fascism, like Sir Oswald Mosley, by the silly women with their hero worship of Hitler, by veterans who kept muttering that nothing could stand up to the *Wehrmacht*, and by such taunters as Goebbel's En-

glish-speaking broadcaster, William Joyce (Lord Haw-Haw), she eventually agreed to write for Harold Ross of the *New Yorker* a series of papers — the first on the trial of John Amery — on the motives and meaning of treason. The cool accuracy with which she examined character and evidence and the moral indignation which informed her prose made her indictment a matter of history, and her series properly became a book. Then as the battle for spies and the trial of traitors entered the new phase of thermonuclear armament she amplified her text to study the cases of Dr. Alan Nunn May and Dr. Fuchs, of the Rosenbergs, Pontecorvo, Burgess, Maclean, and finally, Stephen Ward. Her illuminating, excoriating record, *THE NEW MEANING OF TREASON* (Viking, \$6.95), is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

The older we grow, the plainer it becomes that the police, intelligence officers, even Cabinet members are as vulnerable to deception as the next man. I remember the incredulous amazement of intimates of Alger Hiss when first they heard the Chambers accusation. Our innocence is no worse than that of the British for keeping Burgess and Maclean so long and so responsibly employed in the Foreign Office when both were known alcoholics with Communist associations. And, as Dame Rebecca points out, even after they had fled, their closest link and the man who had probably given them their final warning, H. A. R. Philby, then First Secretary at the Embassy in Washington, was left unmolested until he too slipped behind the Curtain. How much such defection has cost us in secrets exposed no one can compute. But the author is caustic in denouncing the complacency of those responsible for security, and in pointing out the calculable distrust which springs up between allies when such carelessness is disclosed. "Treachery," she writes in her conclusion, "is a problem we will have to live with for a long time, and the nearest we can come to a solution is to recognize the problem for what it is. . . ."

It is the license of a sharp critic to scold, and she does. She does not say how we should guard against the witch-hunts of McCarthy, and she overdramatizes the treachery of Ward. Yet in the main, this is a long and powerful warning to the West.

NATURAL MEN

He was genial and had weathered well from many years on the plains; he was a native Texan, and the library on the second floor of his home in Austin, with him in it, was a lively museum of the Southwest. His talk matched his sturdiness, and his independence unfitted him for teaching,

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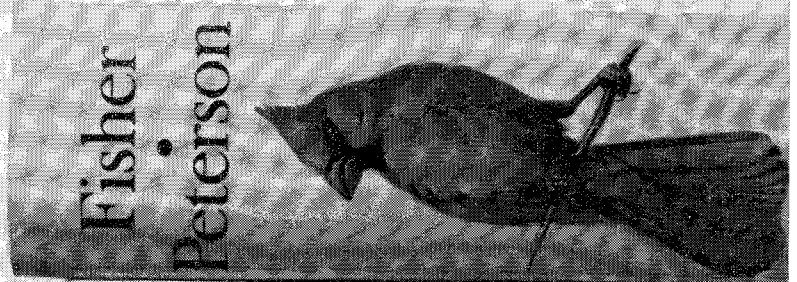
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PICASSO

carl g. jung man

J. B. PRIESTLEY

GAMBLING The Co

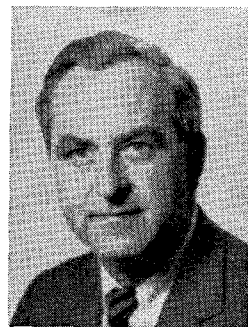
ASTRO



but at a time of teachers' oaths and academic half-freedom his presence on campus was a god-send. J. FRANK DOBIE was about our last link with the Chisholm Trail and those who rode it; and the advance copy of his new book, *COW PEOPLE* (Little, Brown, \$6.00), he had rifled through with a smile just a few hours before his death.

One can make a rough classification of Mr. Dobie's *Cow People* into three lots: early in the book he deals with the big ranch owners, speculators of the open range like Ike Pryor, whose luck never ran out and who, adjusting to the changes, lived to see his ranch worth a million; or a man as rapacious and loudmouthed as Shanghai Pierce, who earned as much hatred as his money. In most cases Mr. Dobie has taken down their stories in their own words, and he does not adulterate the color or the toughness; yet it pleases him to note when the widows of such buccaneers have willed their estates to universities or hospitals. In the second category are the cowboys, the wild-horse riders and Mexican *vaqueros*, the cooks and trail bosses, redoubtable as the strapping Negro Al Jones or old Ablos, the drunkard who became such a legend on the King Ranch. "In a country where men were mostly without women," writes Mr. Dobie, "cowboys looked upon females, except the dance hall variety, as sacrosanct," and he proves his point with some delightful stories of reticence and gallantry. As for the dance hall, nothing on the screen could possibly rival that luscious account of the "Two Minnies," which Lloyd Lewis took down verbatim from an aging cowpuncher and which Mr. Dobie quotes verbatim in the chapter entitled "Of Imagination All Compact."

In a third, and special heaven, the author places those few for whom he has unbounded admiration, like his Uncle Jim, who in 1920 owned 56,000 acres (with 200,000 more under lease) and went bankrupt five years later, or his father, Richard, who lived by the maxim "Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can," and who was the first rancher to cultivate flowers — chrysanthemums, Cape jessamines, roses, violets — in a ranch yard. The flavor of Mr. Dobie's style will be gleaned from these few sentences taken from his admiring description of Colonel Charles Goodnight: "He made a deeper imprint on the Great Plains than any other man who has lived there. . . . He had a compass inside his body, was never lost, day or night, alone or leading. . . . Often over a hundred cowhands worked under him. He forbade gambling and drinking on the ranches, demanded cleanness in person and camp. . . . He was a great friend to some of the Pueblo Indians. He rated natural men and nature above anything else."



Reader's Choice

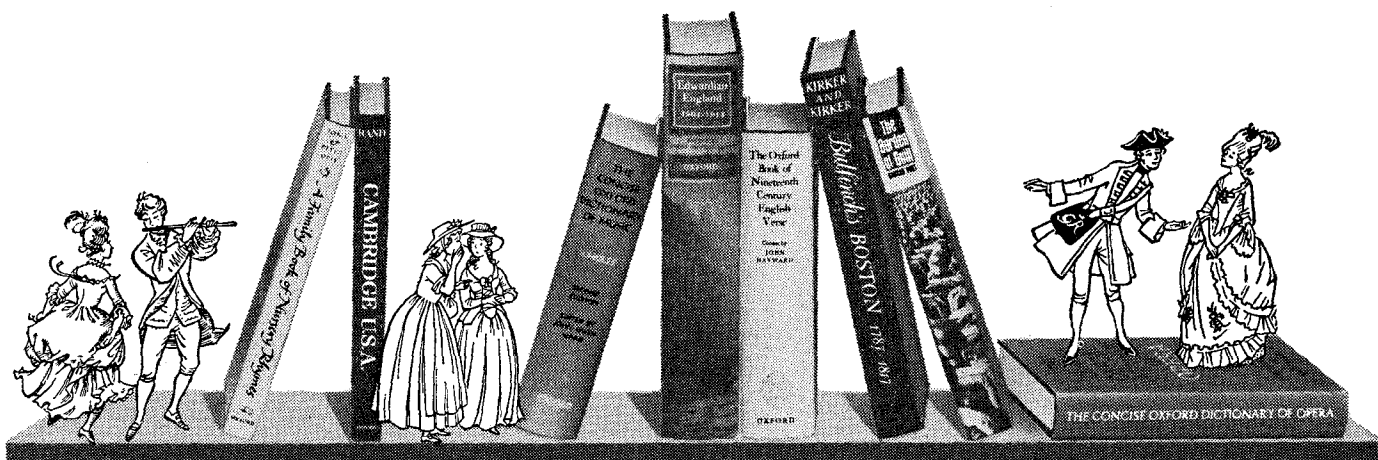
BY WILLIAM BARRETT

In the size of the armies involved, the vast spaces traversed, and the severity of the fighting, the war between Germany and Russia from 1941 to 1945 was a campaign that would tax the pen of a Tolstoy. Yet historians have had a difficult time reconstructing even the facts of this astonishing epic. The official histories under Stalin distorted and concealed as the political needs of dictatorship seemed to require. Khrushchev liberalized conditions for Soviet historians, but they remained subject to Party discipline and had to play down the military achievements of the Stalinists. Moreover, secret archives have not yet been opened to scholars abroad. On many important matters Western historians can only conjecture what the day-to-day war was like for the Russians.

IN RUSSIA AT WAR 1941-1945 (Dutton, \$10.00) ALEXANDER WERTH almost overcomes these obstacles. Having been born in St. Petersburg before the Revolution, Mr. Werth starts with the double advantage of fluency in the language and familiarity with the people. As Moscow correspondent for the *London Times* and the BBC, he was in a favorable position for observing events, and he kept a meticulous daily record of everything he saw, heard, or read about in the newspapers. Out of this mountain of material, collated with all the official sources he could beg, borrow, or steal a look at, there emerges now, twenty years later, a well-organized and very readable history, engrossing in its feel for daily life and impressive in the scope of the military and political events that it re-creates.

The first half of Mr. Werth's narrative covers the prelude to the war and the dark years of 1941 and 1942, when the Russians tottered on the brink of defeat. The extent of the Russian debacle appears even greater in this retelling than had been suspected. It was a miracle indeed that the Soviets were able to survive and eventually wrest victory from the Germans. Though the Stalinist regime had made many costly mistakes, it had enough desperate strength and guile to hold on. But Mr. Werth is quite unequivocal in locating the source of the miracle in the Russian people themselves:

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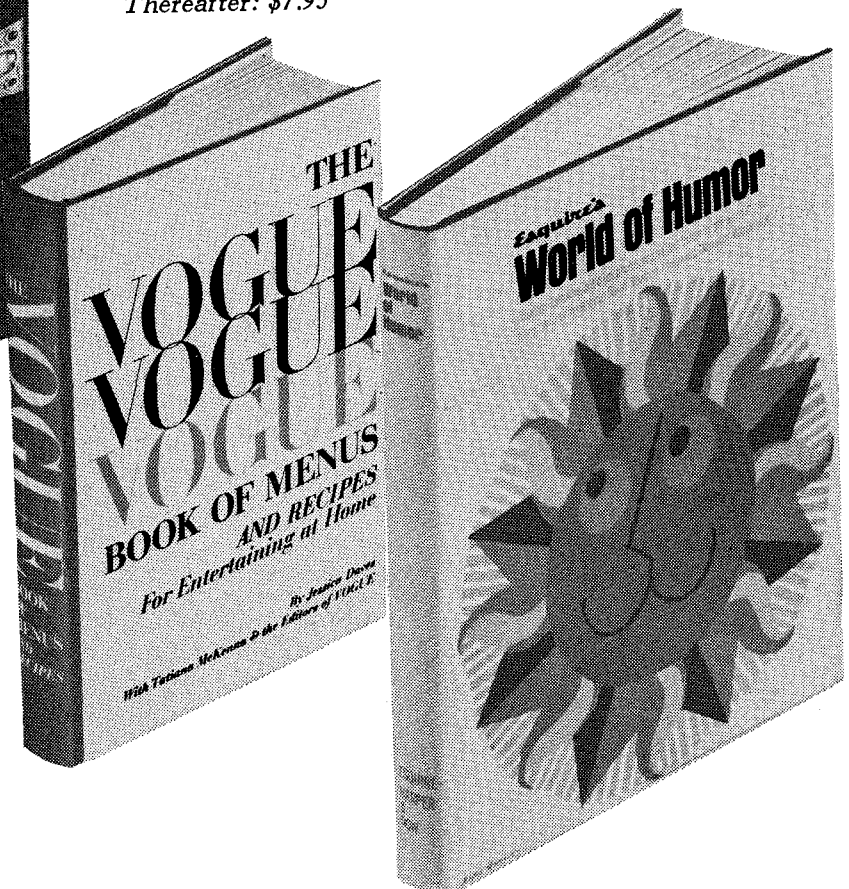
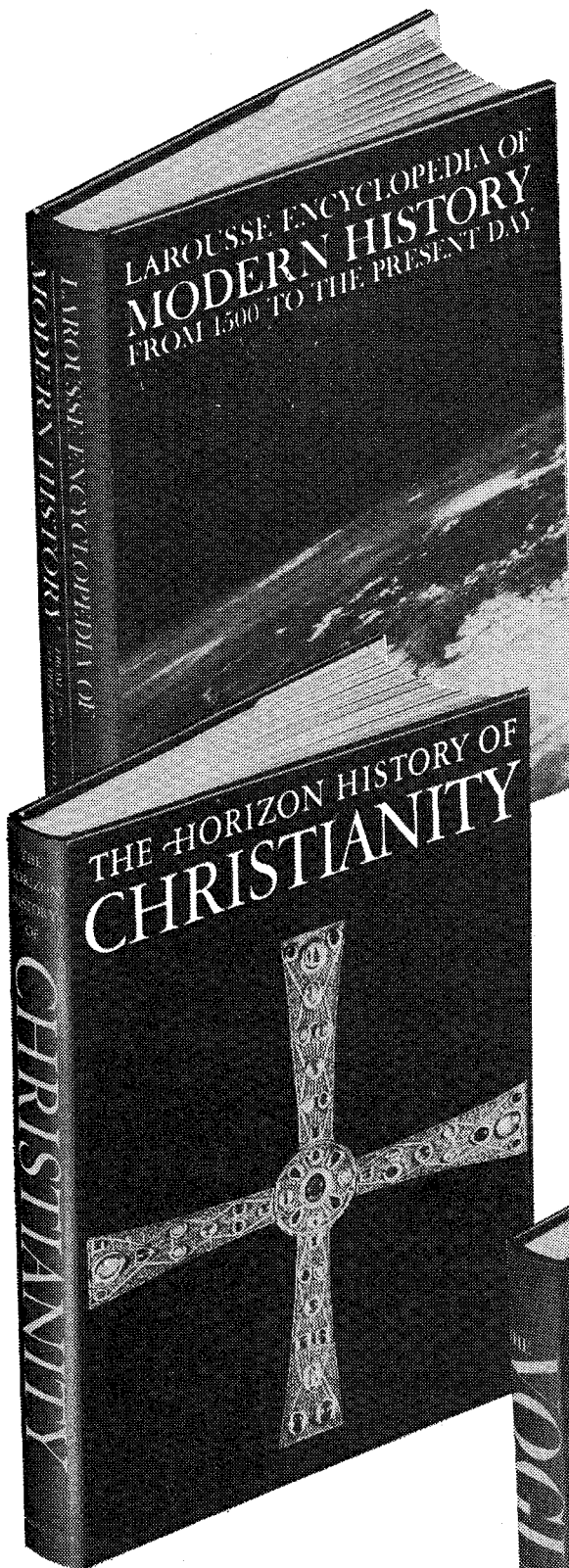
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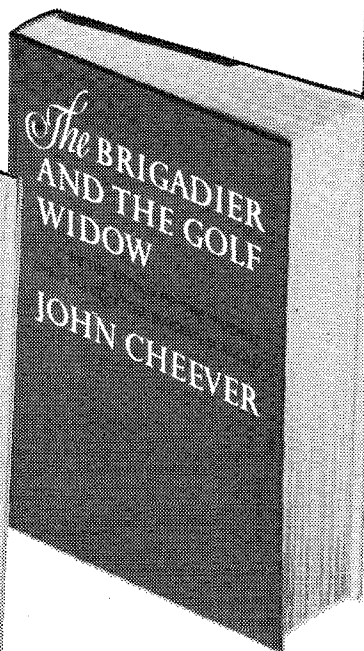
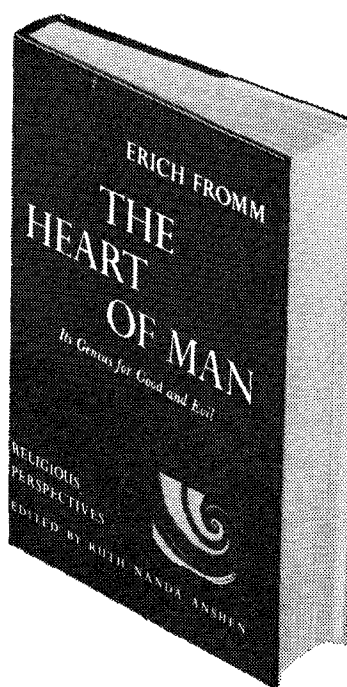
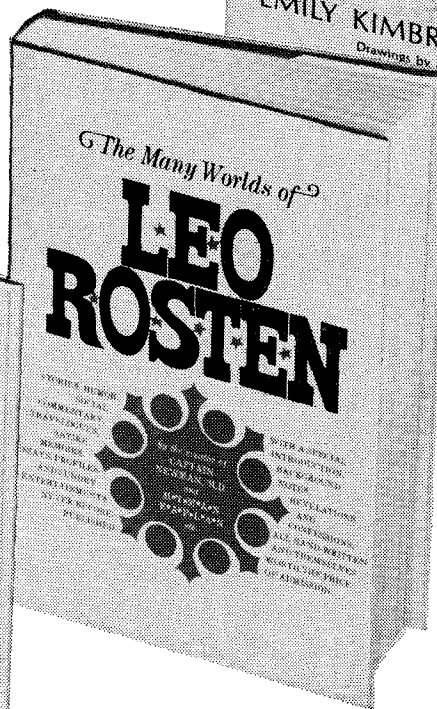
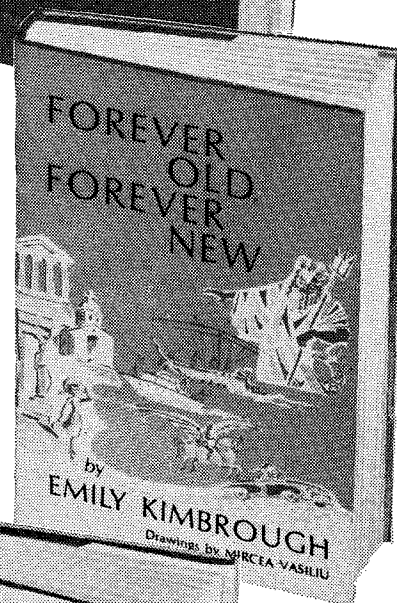
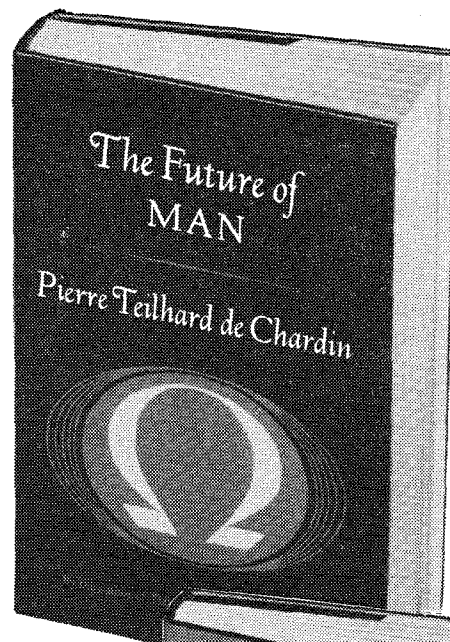
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One day in the late 1950s, Wolfgang Foges, managing director of Doubleday's London subsidiary, Aldus Books, saw a television program in which Carl Jung participated. Foges was struck by the thought that while the general principles of Freud were reasonably well known, Jung's ideas had never achieved the same currency among non-professional, educated readers. To a publisher, a vacuum can best be filled by a book, and Foges approached Dr. Jung with a proposal. Jung refused.

Ultimately, two things changed this decision. One, Foges is a persistent as well as a creative man and he tried again. The second: Jung had a dream. And anyone who knows anything of the great Swiss psychologist's work will understand how significant such a dream could be to him. Jung saw himself "standing in a public place," talking to a "multitude of people," instead of to other professionals.

This dream is not uncommon among authors but coupled with the latest communication from Aldus Books, it must have appeared that Foges' message was heaven-sent—or that it was at least a message from Jung's unconscious. In any event, Dr. Jung agreed.

The book which resulted, *Man and His Symbols*, is a splendid example of "popularization:" it treats complex and subtle concepts clearly and without writing down. To supplement and illuminate Jung's ideas, and those of his associates who worked on the book, Foges produced the volume in a handsomely illustrated format.

I am not overly fond of "picture books," if that phrase means large books with lots of oddly assorted scraps of art work and some sort of text or captions as a loose excuse for the whole project. But Mr. Foges' enterprise is an example of editorial genius.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Man and His Symbols (\$12.95 pre-Christmas; \$14.95 thereafter) by Carl G. Jung is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 744 White Plains Road, Scarsdale, New York.

in their extraordinary capacity to put up with all kinds of hardship and their passion for flinging themselves into the fight once it had become in their eyes a patriotic war for their own land.

The historian who identifies with his material is usually more perceptive than the one who does not, and Mr. Werth clearly has strong sympathies with the Russian people. As a result, his book will be labeled "pro-Russian" in some circles. Many of the events he touches upon are still highly controversial; he does not dodge the controversy but sets patiently about the job of sifting both sides. One of the most hotly argued events in the war has been the mystery attached to the Warsaw uprising in 1944, when the Soviet armies seemed to halt on the edge of the city, abandoning the Poles within to a blood-bath at the hands of the Germans. It has been argued that the Russians deliberately slowed their advance so that the Polish leaders would be killed, captured, or so discredited that Stalin would find it easier to install his own puppets. Mr. Werth concludes, tentatively at least, that the Russians were not so wicked, that they were in fact stopped by a German counterattack and could not come to the aid of the rebellion. On this, as on so many other matters in that war, the final truth will not be known, if it ever is, for some time. Meanwhile, Mr. Werth's absorbing narrative is likely to remain the authoritative work for many years.

"CHILDREN ARE BORED . . ."

JEAN STAFFORD usually succeeds best with characters who are children. To be sure, these children are quite unusual, precocious in guile and slyness, living in a marginal land between adulthood and infancy. Even her adults have a streak of the confused but tricky waif about them. Since many people grow out of childhood without ceasing to be childish, Miss Stafford's vision of the world, narrow as it may seem, does have a limited universality.

BAD CHARACTERS (Farrar, Straus, \$4.95) does not contain the best stories Miss Stafford has ever written, but it is so consistently near her top level that it manages to be continuously delightful and entertaining. If sheer competence and proficiency in the medium of fiction were

all that was needed, she would be among the top few contemporary writers. Sometimes in the past she has indulged this gift too much, and one could almost hear the grinding of elaborate machinery pushing her characters here and there. This heavy hand is noticeably absent from the present collection, though here and there a touch too contrived and too pat does emerge; but in these cases it is her insight, not her craft, that falters.

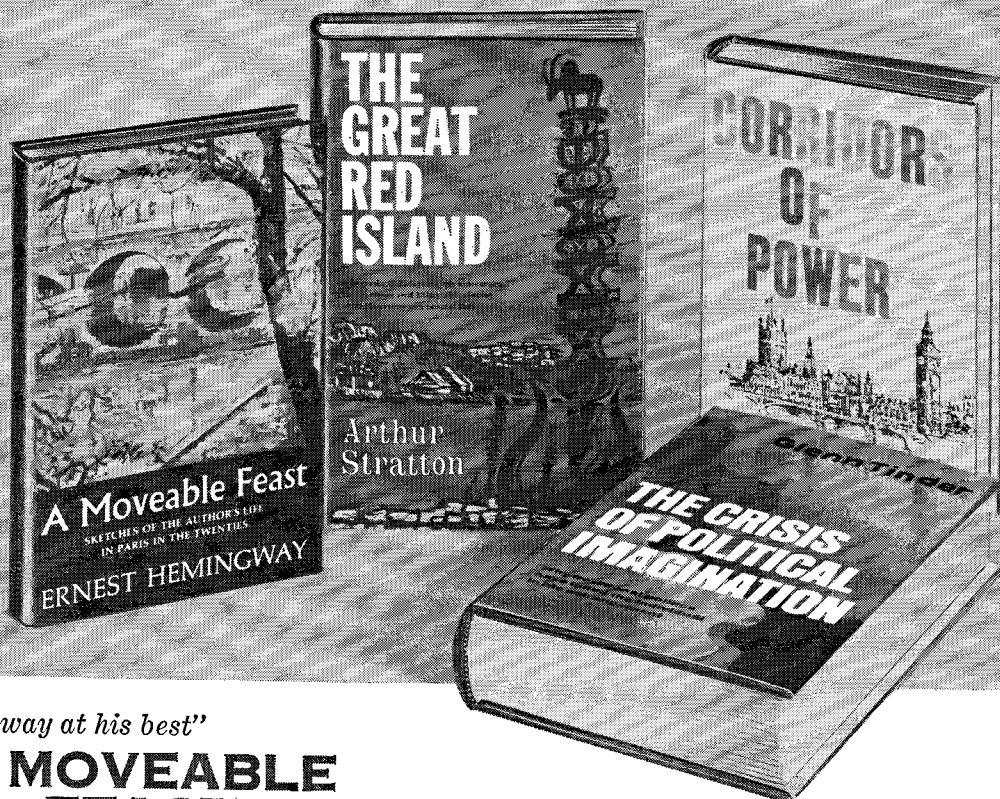
In a rather tongue-in-cheek preface Miss Stafford remarks that not all her characters here are bad—some are merely poisonous. They are all so many children bored on Sunday and finding the devil's work to do; and their creator observes their petty and gratuitous wickedness with an amused detachment. Lottie Jump, in the title story, is a perfect sample of the Stafford blend of child-adult. A monster who goes in for theft and shoplifting, Lottie will sometime put on a grown-up's clothes but is bound to remain basically unchanged till the day she dies.

When Miss Stafford abandons her child-adults or adult-children to deal with more normally mature people, her touch is less sure and she can be melodramatic and unconvincing. The most ambitious story, "A Winter's Tale," presents a middle-aged woman—comfortable in the possession of husband and children—suddenly remembering a very painful love affair years before, when she was a student in Germany. The writing is eloquent, the pace of the narrative is smooth and fluent; yet the characters that occupy stage front—a young Nazi who is really a Jew and the venomous Frau Professor Galt who exploits his secret—seem like stage props concocted out of all the anti-Nazi movies we have ever seen.

PRIEST OF LETTERS

Of JEAN-PAUL SARTRE's brilliance there has never been any question, even on the part of his most hostile critics. The nagging doubt left by his many novels and plays was not whether he could deal, eloquently and often profoundly, with intellectual themes, but whether he could create believable and three-dimensional human beings. Curiously enough, this primary gift of characterization emerges now, not in a

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

The Peripatetic Advertiser



From the day this issue of *The Atlantic* is published there are all too few bookstore browsing-hours left before Christmas. And so the Peripatetic Advertiser offers its seasonal shopping guide, full of arbitrarily categorized books and a few words of amplification when a title is rightly more lyrical than explicit.

Our choices from the fiction tables could fill evenings from the long ones of winter right through to the hammock season. Safest of all for the shopper is choice by author — Louis Auchincloss's **The Rector of Justin** (\$4.95) — a number one best-seller this autumn, David Walker's **Winter of Madness** (\$3.95), Raymond Chandler's **Killer in the Rain** (\$5.50), and Janice Holt Giles, **Run Me a River** (\$4.95).



Their nonfictional counterparts are names speaking for themselves: John Kenneth Galbraith's **The Scotch** (\$3.95), John Kieran's **Not Under Oath** (\$5.00), Prime Minister Wilson's **Purpose in Politics** (\$4.95), **Opinions and Perspectives from the New York Times Book Review** edited by Francis Brown (\$6.95), Edmond Taylor's **Richer by Asia** (\$6.50), **Mr. Churchill in 1940** by Sir Isaiah Berlin (\$3.00), **Before the Colors Fade: Portrait of a Soldier**, George S. Patton, Jr. by his nephew Fred Ayer, Jr. (\$6.00), Margalo Gilmore's **Four Flights Up** (\$3.75), George R. Stewart's **Committee of Vigilance: Revolution in San Francisco, 1851** (\$5.00), John Bainbridge's portrait of a jet pilot **Like A Homesick Angel** (\$3.95), William S. White's book, **The Professional: Lyndon B. Johnson** (\$5.00).

Novelists new and growing in stature deserve an introductory word from the critics: **The Nature of Witches** by Joan Sanders (\$3.50) is "short, subtle, and stimulating," — *Harper's*. Margaret Abrams' **Seasons of the Heart** (\$4.50), "a tour of the spirit of a gallant and compassionate woman," — *Chicago Tribune*; *The N.Y. Times Book Review* considered **The Little Kingdom** by Hughie Call (\$3.00), "an almost lyrical book on the special world of children and animals," and called **Second Time Round** by Clifford Hanley (\$4.95) "rich and zesty." **The Mantis and the Moth** by Max Weatherly (\$3.95), "a smooth, strange, terrible story with its surprises creeping up on soft feet," said the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Of **The People One Knows** (\$3.95) *Book Week* said, "Robert Boles is that rare writer on Negro life who sees the race problem as only one variation in a multitude of human problems." And *Harper's* felt that in **Birch Interval** by Joanna Crawford (\$3.95) "the slow change from childhood innocence to the awareness of evil without a loss of faith in life . . . seems a new and fresh experience." *The Boston Globe* hailed two — Margaret Banister's **Tears Are for the Living** (\$5.75) is "a warm-hearted family history," **The Other** by C. F. Keppler (\$4.95) is "an idea book . . . comes off as a fascinating novel."



At the gardener's table in the bookstore there is the cornerstone, **Taylor's Encyclopedia of Gardening** (\$9.95), the great crusade **Silent Spring** by Rachel Carson (\$5.00), the **Peter-son Field Guide to Rocky Mountain Wildflowers** (\$4.95), and new in 1964 **Gardening Without Poisons** by Beatrice



Trum Hunter (\$5.00). For the fireside hours **Bird Songs in Your Garden** (\$6.95), one of the superbly recorded Sounds of Nature Series of long-playing records and book-and-record albums produced by The Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology and The Federation of Ontario Naturalists. And still at the fireside, that charming speculation **Gardens and People** by Fletcher Steele (\$4.00).



And with greetings from the critics: **St. Michael and the Dragon** by Pierre Leulliette (\$5.95) is considered by *Book Week* to be "one of the two or three works of lasting value to have come out of the Algerian war," **The King and His Court** by Pierre Vianson-Ponté (\$5.00) is "a witty book that explores the mystery of Gaullism deftly and fully," — *Time*. Of Peter Benchley's tale of travel, **Time and a Ticket** (\$3.95), *The New York Times* said, "no Benchley has ever written a more devastating analysis of hapless man," and giving it a front cover the *Times Book Review* called **One Whaling Family** edited by Harold Williams (\$6.95) "a rare presentation of whaling through the eyes



of those who took part . . . a priceless record." **The Three Worlds of Captain John Smith** by Philip L. Barbour (\$7.50) "is a remarkable book, as entertaining as it is learned," Louis B. Wright, *Virginia Quarterly Review*; **Puritan Promenade** by Martha Bacon (\$3.95) "spices scholarship with irreverent wit," said Lewis Gannett, "I read it with sheer delight." *Newsweek* said of Alan T. Nolan's unusually honest novel, **As Sounding Brass** (\$3.95), "a relentless, tough-minded inspection of the limitations of public charity and the possibilities —

Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

indeed, the necessity — of Christian goodness.” *Life* said, of Martin B. Duberman’s moving documentary play (\$3.95 cloth; \$1.75 paper), “no fictional dialogue matches the power of *In White America* . . . eloquent and provoking.” And just published, *On the Contrary* (\$4.95) by Sydney J. Harris, one of Chicago’s favorite columnists.



Books by poets and books about writers come into their own at the gift season. **Flower**

Herding on Mount Monadnock (\$3.00) is Galway Kinnell’s second volume of poems, revealing “a new subtlety, depth and simplicity . . . a memorable book,” *N.Y. Times Book Review*. **The Selected Letters of Bernard Berenson** edited by Arthur K. McComb (\$5.00), **Notes on Some Figures Behind T. S. Eliot** by Herbert Howarth (\$6.00), **The Sense of Life in the Modern Novel** by Arthur Mizener (\$5.00), **H. G. Wells: Journalism and Prophecy, 1893-1946**, an anthology compiled and edited by W. Warren Wagar (\$6.95). **The American Short Story: Front Line in the National Defense of Literature** by William Peden (\$4.50) “is the most intelligent and comprehensive discussion of this literary genre which has yet appeared,” *Virginia Quarterly Review*. And then on to an excellent collection; the perennial **Best American Short Stories 1964**, edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett (\$5.50),

And just published, in its own holiday wrapping, a gift for every woman who has longed to share a perfect Christmas with her grown-up children, **Little Christmas** by Agnes Sligh Turnbull (\$3.00).



Happy Holidays!

novel but in an autobiography, **THE WORDS** (Braziller, \$5.00), one of the most unusual attempts at self-revelation ever penned, and of the many works of this prolific author the one that may be most likely to endure.

The principal characters are the members of his family, drawn with sharp, swift, and merciless strokes — a family ambience as oppressively bourgeois as can be found anywhere in the novels of François Mauriac. Though he is candid about his relatives, he does not spare himself either, and he examines his own pretensions with a good-humored ruthlessness. He has arrived at a plateau in life, at the age of fifty-nine, where he seems singularly free of resentment. His father died when he was an infant, and he was brought up in the midst of his mother’s family — Alsatians who also produced Albert Schweitzer, Sartre’s second cousin. Grandfather Schweitzer was chiefly responsible for forming the boy’s vocation as a writer, and Sartre’s early adventures were not in the fields and woods but among the dusty tomes of the old man’s library.

Destined so early for the life of letters, he entered upon it with the solemnity of a priest dedicating himself to the religious life. That solemnity has long since departed from him. He is not disposed now to make Olympian claims for the value of literature; yet he, Sartre, will go on writing because it is his job, and literature does provide an image of man that we can face critically.

Sartre has indeed mellowed well, and a buoyant, if ironical cheerfulness glimmers from time to time through these somber pages. A sense of humor is a quality notably absent from his writings hitherto. Yet here he is able to say of a brief religious episode of his boyhood that he now feels about God as an old beau might about a belle he encountered years before: “Had the circumstances of our meeting been different, there might have been something between us.” One cannot imagine the earlier Sartre making such a dispassionate and good-humored crack about himself.

NOVELISTS OF VIOLENCE

The speed with which foreign authors get published in America seems to depend on the country of their origin. The French are promptly translated and widely publicized;

recently the Italians have had ready access to American editions; the Germans, after a long lull, are beginning to make a splash. Since in the last decades we have not been in the habit of looking to Spain for new literary talent, we have had to wait twenty years for the arrival here of an extraordinary and powerful novel, **THE FAMILY OF PASCUAL DUARTE**, by CAMILO JOSÉ CELA (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.50).

Cela is a Basque, now in his forties, and if the rest of his work measures up to this tale, he is bound to be recognized as one of the most significant writers of our time. Pascual is a condemned murderer, awaiting execution in a jail near Badajoz. He tells his story in the form of a letter addressed to his superiors; and Cela handles this device marvelously, for it reveals Pascual the peasant, respectful but not cringing, having to make whatever meaning he can out of his wretched life by submitting his report to those higher up in society than himself.

The strength of the book lies in its absolute simplicity, starkness, and fidelity to the Spanish earth. Cela transmits the look and feel of the soil, and even the reek of peasant life out of which Pascual has sprung. Judged externally, Pascual has become a monster, a habitual murderer who has to be exterminated by society; yet as we read, we never cease to feel that he is a man after all, however brutalized, who has slipped inevitably into a destiny that he can no more comprehend than he could control. Cela is thoroughly in the Spanish grain, and the tale has the blinding black-and-white force of a Goya drawing.

The translation by Anthony Kerrigan is excellent, and it is to be hoped that he will bring into English more of the work of this remarkable author.

A very different, far more sophisticated and Gallic treatment of violence is given in ALAIN ROBBE-GRILLET’S **THE ERASERS** (Grove Press, \$4.95). M. Robbe-Grillet is probably best known in this country as the scriptwriter of *Last Year at Marienbad*, one of the most experimental of the “new wave” in French films, which flustered its audiences. However puzzled, one could be sure of at least two things — that the action always kept moving, and yet because it kept recurring, that it seemed

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Cow People

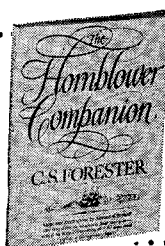
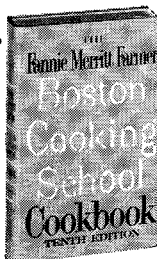
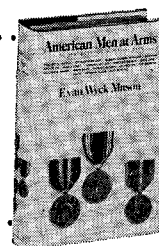
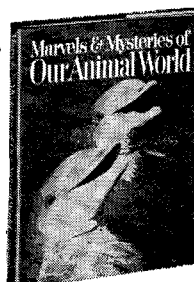
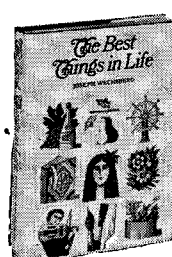
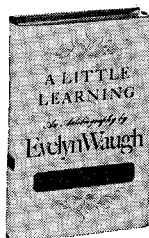
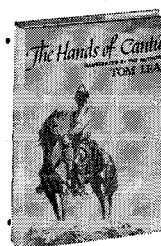
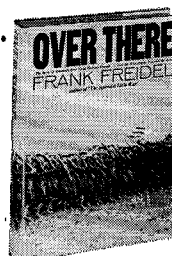
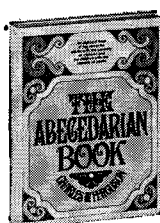
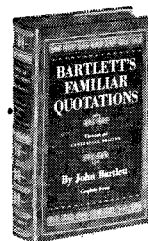
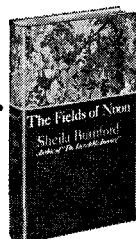
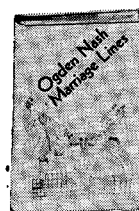
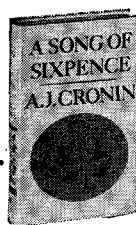
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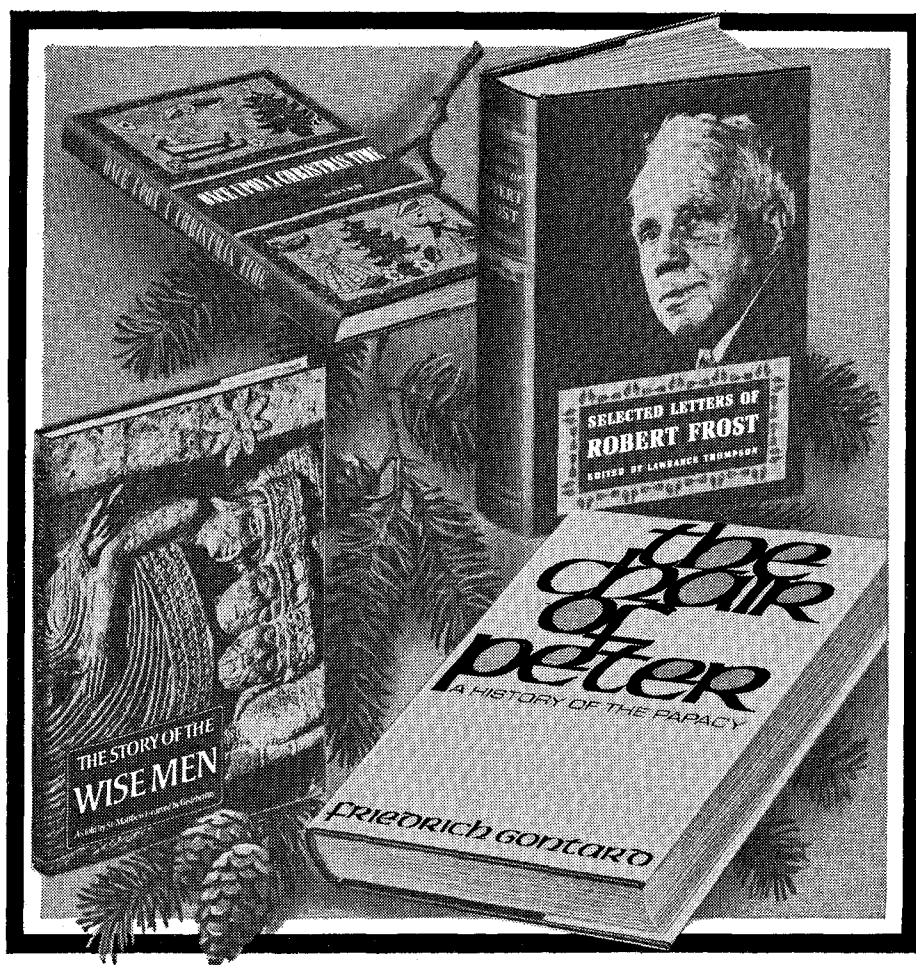
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to stand exactly at the same spot. It is this same combination of motion and stasis that *The Erasers* conveys annoyingly but also brilliantly.

In the usual mystery story a murder has been committed and the excitement consists in finding out who did it. M. Robbe-Grillet compounds the mystery by making it unclear whether one, none, or many murders have been perpetrated. The alleged victim, Daniel Dupont, is a professor of economics who seems to be connected with the government in power. A terrorist group apparently has been committing murders in various parts of the country, and they may be responsible for Dupont's death. But is he really dead? It would seem that he has planned his own disappearance in order to confound his pursuers (as well as the reader). A secret agent, Wallas, sets out to investigate the murder, but the mystery deepens as it appears that he may be one of the gang out to get Dupont. The whole melee of confusion is perhaps best summed up in the remark by one character near the end: "You're not trying to tell us that someone named Dupont gets killed every night." Dupont is perpetually about to be murdered, but the attempt never comes off. Motion and stasis.

M. Robbe-Grillet cuts up his action into parts and juxtaposes them arbitrarily, much as a cubist painter renders an object in fragments seen from front, back, above, and below at the same time. Is such high-handed procedure defensible in a novelist? In literature, as in love and war, all's fair—provided it succeeds. I cannot say that M. Robbe-Grillet has succeeded until I read his book again; but the fact that I am eager to reread it must be some sign of success. There has never been doubt about his originality and verve in working up excitement through all the puzzling convolutions of his stories. The question that persists, however—and on this his stature as a writer will ultimately be judged—is, what human substance remains after all the pyrotechnics have subsided?

TALL IN THE WASTELAND

In 1961 NEWTON N. MINOW was appointed by President Kennedy to head the Federal Communications Commission, which, among its other functions, is supposed to cast a super-

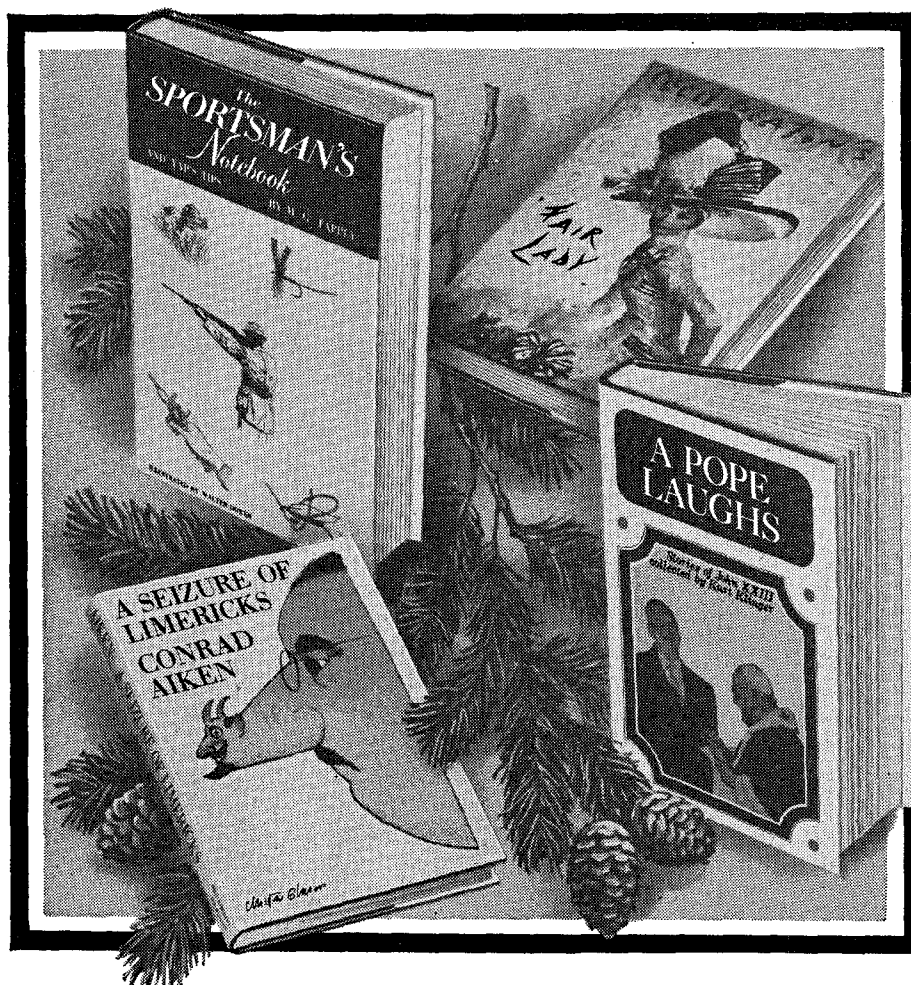
vising eye over the radio and television networks. As a conscientious public servant, Mr. Minow felt that he should become familiar with the quality and the problems of broadcasting, and he plunged into the self-punishing task of long hours of tele-viewing. His discoveries were dis-maying, and in his first speech before the broadcasters he made the now famous statement that much of television was a "vast wasteland." The television industry never felt quite at ease with Mr. Minow after that.

EQUAL TIME (Atheneum, \$5.95) is a collection of speeches delivered during the two and a half years he headed the F.C.C. They are well edited by Lawrence Laurent, radio-television editor of the *Washington Post*, who not only describes in exact detail the context in which each speech was delivered but supplies some very vigorous comment of his own.

Mr. Minow's tone is witty and urbane, but also candid and straightforward. He does not pull his punches, yet he does not speak with hostility toward the networks. Indeed, in retrospect it is rather astonishing that the broadcasters should have been so scandalized by what he said. He did give the networks credit for many positive accomplishments, and what indictments he made could have been much more devastating than they were. The fact is that television is one of the appalling social problems in our present civilization.

A central point to which Mr. Minow keeps returning is that the awarding of a channel to a private company is a gift that ought to place the network in the public's debt. Since under present broadcasting techniques there is only a limited number of channels, the effect is somewhat like deeding over a central highway to a private group to be run for profit. Yet many broadcasters seem unaware of the responsibility to the public that this gift entails. Conditions have improved since Mr. Minow first spoke out, but not very much. The problems involved, to be sure, are very thorny, and we cannot expect quick solutions. Nevertheless, Mr. Minow did begin a dialogue between enlightened government and commercial broadcasters that should in time bear fruit; unless, of course, by then television has brainwashed us all, so that we no longer have the taste or intelligence to improve it.

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BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

A Christmas List

BY CHARLOTTE JACKSON

CHARLOTTE JACKSON, who is the author of
seven juveniles, is children's book editor for
the San Francisco CHRONICLE.

When all the gay, fascinating new
toys have been duly tested, and the
new robes and slippers tried on,
under the tree there is still that
neatly tied package that can't be
anything but a book — a book that
has been selected by some thoughtful
aunt, grandmother, friend, or par-
ent to nourish the young mind as
well as to entertain. This list, in
chronological order, beginning with
books for the youngest, is to assist
that donor in finding the particular
book to suit the taste of the particular
child.

OUR NEW BABY'S ABC by BEMAN
LORD, illustrated by Velma Ilsley
(Walck), is a fresh and welcome
approach to the well-worn theme of
care and feeding. In it a toddler
proudly explains in his own way the
daily routine of a new baby brother.
Illustrated in delicate nursery colors.

THE LITTLEST MOTHER GOOSE, illus-
trated by Charlotte Steiner (Ran-
dom House), is a collection of twelve
familiar rhymes with minuscule pic-
tures in bright color. Each rhyme
contains the word "little," and the
book itself is the proper size for one
small hand to hold.

MAY I BRING A FRIEND? by BEA-
TRICE SCHENK DE REGNIERS, illus-
trated by Beni Montresor (Athe-
neum). When a small boy is in-
vited to Sunday tea by the king and
queen, he has the temerity to ask if
he can bring a friend. The gracious
monarchs agree, and welcome many
of his animal friends, as the invita-
tions are extended through the
whole week. This tale gives the artist
full scope to produce, page after
page, some of his most amusing
animal illustrations to date.

GIANT JOHN, written and illustrated
by ARNOLD LOBEL (Harper & Row).
An easygoing giant, who loved to
dance happily to fairy music in the
enchanted forest, had one problem:
he was extremely poor. In fact, he
and his mother were down to their
last potato chip. How John reme-



Ralph Ellison's first book since *Invisible Man*

"He says many things about the
Negro experience in America that
either have not been said before or
have been said too cloudily for any
but other Negroes to understand."

—SAUNDERS REDDING

Ralph Ellison has been called one
of the finest novelists of his gener-
ation. This long-awaited book,
which gathers the best of his non-
fiction writing, will secure Ralph
Ellison's reputation as a critic and
commentator on the American
scene as well.

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THINGS AS THEY ARE

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died this situation makes a fine story in which comic, outsize illustrations contribute a great deal.

SEE AGAIN, SAY AGAIN, written and illustrated by **ANTONIO FRASCONI** (Harcourt, Brace & World). Distinguished woodcuts in brilliant color depict zoos, markets, street scenes, seasonal activities, and other subjects any child will respond to. Each scene and object is designated by its proper name in English, Italian, French, and Spanish.

EDITH AND MR. BEAR, story and photographs by **DARE WRIGHT** (Random House). Edith, despite Mr. Bear's orders, simply couldn't resist playing with his handsome new clock. When it crashed to the floor and broke, she was most unhappy, but later when Mr. Bear asked her point-blank about the incident, she denied the whole thing. The photographer provides a wonderful series of lifelike photographs of dolls and bears in action.

SUGAR ON SNOW by **NANCY DINGMAN WATSON**, illustrated by **Aldren A. Watson** (Viking). A birthday party at maple-sugaring time that captures all the fun and activity, and the sparkling, wintry feeling of the woods. The wash drawings in cold blue and white add greatly to the delightful story.

WHISTLE FOR WILLIE, written and illustrated by **EZRA JACK KEATS** (Viking). The winner of last year's Caldecott medal has written another charming story about a small boy who wanted more than anything else in the world to pucker up and whistle, and pictures the activities that led to this accomplishment.

BEASTLY BOYS AND GHASTLY GIRLS, edited by **William Cole**, illustrated by **Tomi Ungerer** (World). These poems about impossible children will bring chuckles from parents and children alike. The collection comprises some of the better-known nonsense humor of **Lewis Carroll**, **Hilaire Belloc**, **A. A. Milne**, **Gelett Burgess**, **A. E. Housman**, and many others, down to and including admonitions to the young fry from **Ogden Nash**, **John Ciardi**, and **William Jay Smith**.

THE SUGAR MOUSE CAKE by **GENE ZION**, illustrated by **Margaret Bloy Graham** (Scribner's). An ambitious young pastrycook in the king's kitchen has a staunch friend and ally in the person of a tiny white mouse. In a cake contest, which means everything to the cook, his mouse



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friend bravely faces danger without the quiver of a whisker, thus enabling the cook to win the coveted first prize. A well-told, thoroughly delightful story, with matching pictures in petit-four colors.

HEAR YE OF BOSTON by POLLY CURREN, illustrated by Kurt Werth (Lothrop). The dramatic presentation of salient points, the use of color in pictures of historic moments, and the general approach to the story of the growth of Boston from an Indian village to the present day will hold the interest of even the most restless reader. It is an admirable book in both design and content.

A SPELL IS CAST by ELEANOR CAMERON, illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush (Atlantic-Little, Brown). When Cory landed at the Monterey airport and neither her uncle nor her grandmother was there to meet her, she sensed that all wasn't as it should be. Neighbors, who seemed fairly odd and were to play a significant part in her summer adventures, saw that she got to her grandmother's castlelike house, where she was to spend the summer. Because she arrived with a very special problem of her own and found other situations in the neighborhood just as puzzling, her holiday was never dull, and at times was a bit frightening. At last the skies cleared for everyone concerned, and Cory was positive that the tiny unicorn amulet she wore around her neck was at least partly responsible for the happy conclusion.

DOLLY MOSES, THE CAT AND THE CLAM CHOWDER by MARY ELLEN CHASE, illustrated by Paul Kennedy (Norton). The author recalls a particularly hectic period in her childhood in which a stray cat was added to the already burgeoning household of children and pets. Dolly Moses — her name tag identified her — had but one accomplishment; she could throw sparks from her fur in a dark closet but was otherwise a plain nuisance. Her predilection for clams was her final undoing, and she disappeared, much to the relief of everyone.

RIBSY by BEVERLY CLEARY, illustrated by Louis Darling (Morrow). Ribsy, who belonged to Henry Huggins, was the kind of dog that no one could resist patting or familiarly calling Mutt or Pooch. So when this friendly dog jumped out of the station wagon at the supermarket simply to hunt for Henry, his friendli-

ness led him into hilarious situations one after another, until a whole month flew by before he found Henry again. This latest story by the author of several humorous books for the under-twelve group tops them all and is guaranteed to produce chuckles in girls and boys alike.

VOICES IN THE MEADOW by J. ALLAN BOSWORTH, illustrated by Joseph Schindelman (Doubleday). When the quiet, friendly life of small meadow creatures was first disturbed by "the awful shrew," and then by dire predictions of the gloomy raven, all the small animals and even the fireflies and birds became frightened. Fortunately the culprit was soon discovered and order was restored. A pleasant nature story with fine touches of humor and suspense.

PONY IN THE SCHOOLHOUSE by MISHA MILES, illustrated by Erik Blegvad (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Two children living on a small farm in Colorado were almost as unhappy about the long walk to school each day as they were about the bully who teased them once they arrived. A kindly neighbor solved part of the situation by giving them Star, an aging but playful pony who could easily manage the two-mile walk between farm and school. Then one day when a blizzard struck suddenly, the bully's teasing energy was automatically diverted to a bit of rescue work in which the whole school joined. Good adventure reading with an informative background.

CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY by ROALD DAHL, illustrated by Joseph Schindelman (Knopf). This cautionary tale by the author of *James and the Giant Peach* tells in prose and poem exactly what happened to the five children who were chosen to explore the famous chocolate factory of Mr. Willie Wonka. Full of magical nonsense and uproarious situations, with a tiny germ of a moral artfully inserted in each chapter.

THE MIDDLE YEARS

THE GRIZZLY by ANNABEL and EDGAR JOHNSON, illustrated by Gilbert Riswold (Harper & Row). David hardly knew his father, who was to take him on a fishing trip, as he had seen little of him since his parents had separated. David did know that his father was the rugged outdoor type, and he dreaded the

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coming rough weekend. On the trip an angry mother bear demolishes the truck and attacks and injures his father. Suddenly the boy's hidden strength comes to the fore, and he realizes that there is a special bond between him and his father, and one that he hopes in time will include his mother.

A DAWN IN THE TREES by LEONARD WIBBERLEY (Ariel) is the second volume in the life of Thomas Jefferson, but it can be read independently of the first. It covers the period between 1776 and 1789, the years when Jefferson was going on diplomatic missions to France and England, debating the famous Declaration with our Founding Fathers, and whenever he could, tearing himself away from matters of government to ride the many miles on horseback from Washington to Virginia for time with his family and to continue the building of Monticello.

TITUBA OF SALEM VILLAGE by ANN PETRY (Crowell). The main thread of this book concerns the struggle for freedom of thought and action by Tituba, a slave transported from Barbados to New England during the witchcraft trials in the early seventeenth century. The hysterical climate of this dark period is well presented in an absorbing story.

CAPE COD CASKET by LOCKHART AMERMAN (Harcourt, Brace & World). Jonathan Flower took what sounded like an easy job as tutor to eleven-year-old twins summering on Cape Cod, but he quickly reversed his opinion when a hearse picked him up at the airport and a shot barely missed him once he got to the house. The harassments of the succeeding days are frightening. An excellent plot, witty, clever dialogue, and as good an armchair mystery as the author's earlier book, *Guns in the Heather*.

ISHI, THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE by THEODORA KROEBER, illustrated by Ruth Robbins (Parnassus Press). This story re-creates the childhood of Ishi, the remaining survivor of the Yahi tribe, a people ruthlessly exterminated by the white man during the period of western expansion in the early part of the twentieth century. Based on anthropological study and familiarity with the locale, this novel emerges as a sensitive, compassionate reconstruction of a period and a boy's fight for life. *Ishi in Two Worlds*, the factual account of Ishi after he emerged from



"SOCRATES SAID that he was wiser than his contemporaries because he alone knew that he knew nothing ... But this stricture against immodesty has long been buried by the eulogists of Communist leaders. Even Khrushchev, who has condemned Stalin for presuming personal omniscience, encourages Russians to create paeans of praise to his own wisdom.

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MAO AS GENIUS-PHILOSOPHER is, however, an image that the Chinese will continue to build for it is one that his successor will need to maintain authority and prestige in the world Communist movement.

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his primitive world as a man, was written previously for adults.

CHRISTMAS STORIES

SAMANTHA'S SURPRISE, written and illustrated by **BETHANY TUDOR** (Lippincott). Very young children will enjoy the busy Christmas preparations of two plush ducklings who bustle about cleaning house, baking cakes and cookies, decorating with cones and boughs, not to mention making presents in secret for each other. Pretty Christmas scenes accompany the story.

LITTLE BEAR'S CHRISTMAS by **JANICE**, illustrated by Mariana (Lothrop). Walking through the woods one winter's night when the moonlight kept him from sleeping, Little Bear saw the children skating on the pond, and listened to their talk of Santa Claus and Christmas, which was all a surprise to him. Soon though, he joined in the festivities, and before he knew it, Santa Claus had chosen him to ride in the sleigh and help distribute presents to boys and girls.

THE YEAR SANTA WENT MODERN by **RICHARD ARMOUR**, illustrated by Paul Galdone (McGraw-Hill). When Santa took the advice of Slick, his foreman, and got a station wagon to replace his sleigh and reindeer, and then went so far as to shave off his whiskers, he suddenly got qualms of conscience. The good saint always has devices for getting out of dilemmas, and this occasion was no exception. Comic pictures in color supplement the light verse.

THE UNTOLD ADVENTURES OF SANTA CLAUS by **OGDEN NASH**, illustrated by Walter Lorraine (Little, Brown). If anyone thinks Santa's life is a picnic, he should read these rhymes, which tell the real story of just what has gone on at the North Pole ever since Christmas Eve in 1776. Tiny sketches in appropriate color of events past and present.

THE 24 DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS by **MADELEINE L'ENGLE**, illustrated by Inga (Ariel). Another story of the well-chronicled Austin family, all of them frantic with happy activity during the three weeks before Christmas. Seven-year-old Vicky could hardly wait to appear as the angel in the Christmas pageant, when an untimely blizzard intervened. The storm, however, failed to interrupt the appearance of the new baby, who arrived on Christmas Eve,

a joyous climax to the whole season.

THE LETTER ON THE TREE by **NATALIE SAVAGE CARLSON**, illustrated by John Kaufmann (Harper & Row). When a French-Canadian boy was told that his family couldn't afford to buy him an accordion for Christmas, it seemed a fine idea to attach a begging letter to one of the fir trees his father was shipping to the United States. The letter set in motion a surprising chain of events, at first humiliating to a proud family but eventually the means of making two boys of different backgrounds become fast friends. This is more than a Christmas story, with its lively, humorous scenes of Canadian farm life. There are many strong drawings of the northern countryside throughout.

A ROUND OF CAROLS, illustrated by Helen Sewell, musical arrangements by T. Tertius Noble (Walck). This selection of thirty-four beautiful carols, with simple piano arrangements, is once more available. The black-and-white illustrations have great beauty and a quiet simplicity in keeping with the reverent theme of the carols.

CASTAWAY CHRISTMAS by **MARGARET J. BAKER**, illustrated by Richard Kennedy (Farrar, Straus). This was to be a very special Christmas for the Ridley children, whose parents, traveling most of the year, usually left them at their respective schools. Now everyone was to forgather at a rented cottage in the country for the holidays. The young people managed to get to the cottage before the rivers rose and the countryside was flooded, and busied themselves with Christmas preparations. The parents, delayed in Paris till the very day, arrived in time to share in the festivities. A heartwarming story of Christmas spirit against a wintry English background.

THE PIPER by **EDEN VALE STEVENS**, illustrated by Fermin Rocker (Atheneum). A symbolic tale of a small boy in eighteenth-century England whose father had died fighting for the king and whose mother had simply vanished. Living in squalor with other homeless waifs, all of whom have to fight for every crust of bread, he determines that he must find his mother. So, with his precious reed pipe in his pocket, he sets out on Christmas Eve. The story of his wanderings has a definite flavor of Dickens.

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Poems by

JOHN L'HEUREUX

"... Sometimes joy is like that, coming quick as dandelions springing to attention while the sun shudders still — a little — from the melting winter." This first collection of poems is by a young Jesuit who, writes Edward Weeks of *The Atlantic*, "has something to say and says it well and boldly." "The mind back of these poems is audacious, original, confident," says William Stafford. "[These poems] are complete, accomplished, deserving of allegiance and delight."

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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

LAUTREC BY LAUTREC (Viking, \$30.00) is an extremely handsome tome by P. HUISMAN and M. G. DORTU, published in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the painter's birth, although such an excuse is hardly necessary. Madame Dortu inherited Lautrec's papers, sketches, and so on from his friend and dealer, Maurice Joyant; Mr. Huisman's text is successfully designed to counteract the theatrical legend of Lautrec the dissipated dwarf. The man he portrays, with the solid support of letters, works, anecdotes, and reminiscences, is an odd mixture of country squire, adolescent wag, dutiful son, hardheaded and hardworking professional, sophisticate about town, and, regrettably, plain drunk. The drunkenness came late in the day, however, and few men have had better reason than Lautrec for wanting a buffer against life's hard corners. Mr. Huisman describes, in short, a fine painter who was also a man of wit, kindness, and almost terrifying courage. The illustrations are excellent, partly, no doubt, because so much of Lautrec's best work was originally made to be printed.

Pictures are the point of a good many books at this time of year, whether they were originally designed for printing or not. Usually not. MARIO PRAZ, professor of Italian literature in England and of English literature in Rome, and author of distinguished critical works, has written AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF FURNISHING (Braziller, \$20.95). This is a highly personal, eclectic work based less on the alleged subject than on Mr. Praz's affection for those detailed watercolors of interiors which the owners of great houses used to extract from talented visitors, tutors, governesses, and sometimes even professional artists. The author is far more interested in imagining himself at large in these satin-hung establishments than in mundane facts about furniture, and while his book has a certain romantic charm, it is remarkable for its paucity of useful information.

Altogether more impressive is ROBERT KOCH's LOUIS C. TIFFANY:



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POVERTY AND PROGRESS Social Mobility in a Nineteenth-Century City

Stephan Thernstrom, in this investigation of economic and social opportunities, constructs a vivid portrait of working-class life in Newburyport from 1850 to 1880, concluding that — contrary to the Horatio Alger legend — most laborers remained laborers, and their children rarely attained middle-class status. *Joint Center for Urban Studies.* \$5.95

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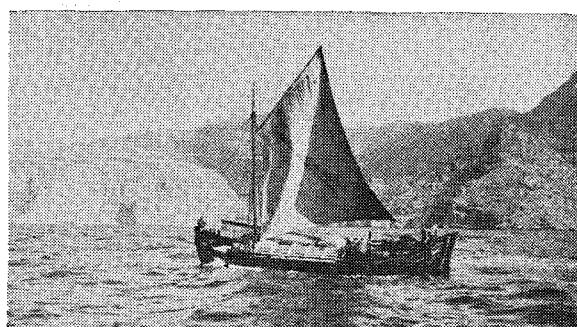
Of memorable walks in Scotland and the high Pyrenees, of "guddling" for trout in an English stream, of friendships, animal or human, of the simple pleasures of life in the out-of-doors — in *THE FIELDS OF NOON*, Sheila Burnford writes of these experiences with enthusiasm, eloquence and a profound love of life that is uniquely her own. \$4.50

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REBEL IN GLASS (Crown, \$7.50), which includes good colorplates of many Tiffany pieces and a vast amount of black-and-white illustration which, while it can do nothing with Tiffany's glowing, slippery colors, reveals all too clearly the linear writhings of art nouveau. Regardless of one's taste for vases that turn into lilies and lampshades that turn into mosques, Tiffany was a man of great inventiveness and a powerful influence on decorating taste for nearly fifty years. Mr. Koch's account of his activities is enthusiastic but somewhat hampered by the nature of his subject: Tiffany was an inarticulate man who never wrote a letter if he could possibly avoid it. The real fun of this book is the pictures.

THE DIARIES OF PAUL KLEE (University of California Press, \$8.50), which the painter mulled over and rewrote in his later years, have been edited by his son, Felix Klee. The material tells surprisingly little about what Klee painted but something of how he thought of painting and a great deal of what he felt about people, landscape, and atmosphere. The early section — Klee began keeping a kind of record of his experiences before he was twenty — is fairly thick with student and family gossip and has a strong current of that drizzly romanticism that seems to have been prevalent among young men before 1914, but it is also lively with sharp reactions to people, peppy reports of the operas and concerts to which Klee was devoted, and minute childhood memories.

In **THE WOUNDED LAND** (Coward-McCann, \$5.95) the European author (and American citizen) **HANS HABE** describes a visit to the United States which turned out, to his dismay, to center principally around discussions of race relations and the murder of President Kennedy. Despite a tendency to report old Texas jokes as solid fact, and an occasional wild misunderstanding of peculiar local habits, Mr. Habe has on the whole a shrewd comprehension of as much of the country as he chooses to describe. His comments on the frontier mystique which leads to pleated shirts and high-heeled boots in Washington, and on the difference between the conservatism that preserves the best of the past and the pseudoconservatism which tries to re-create a past that never existed, are acute and interesting.



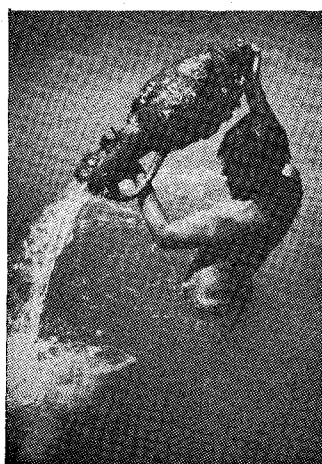
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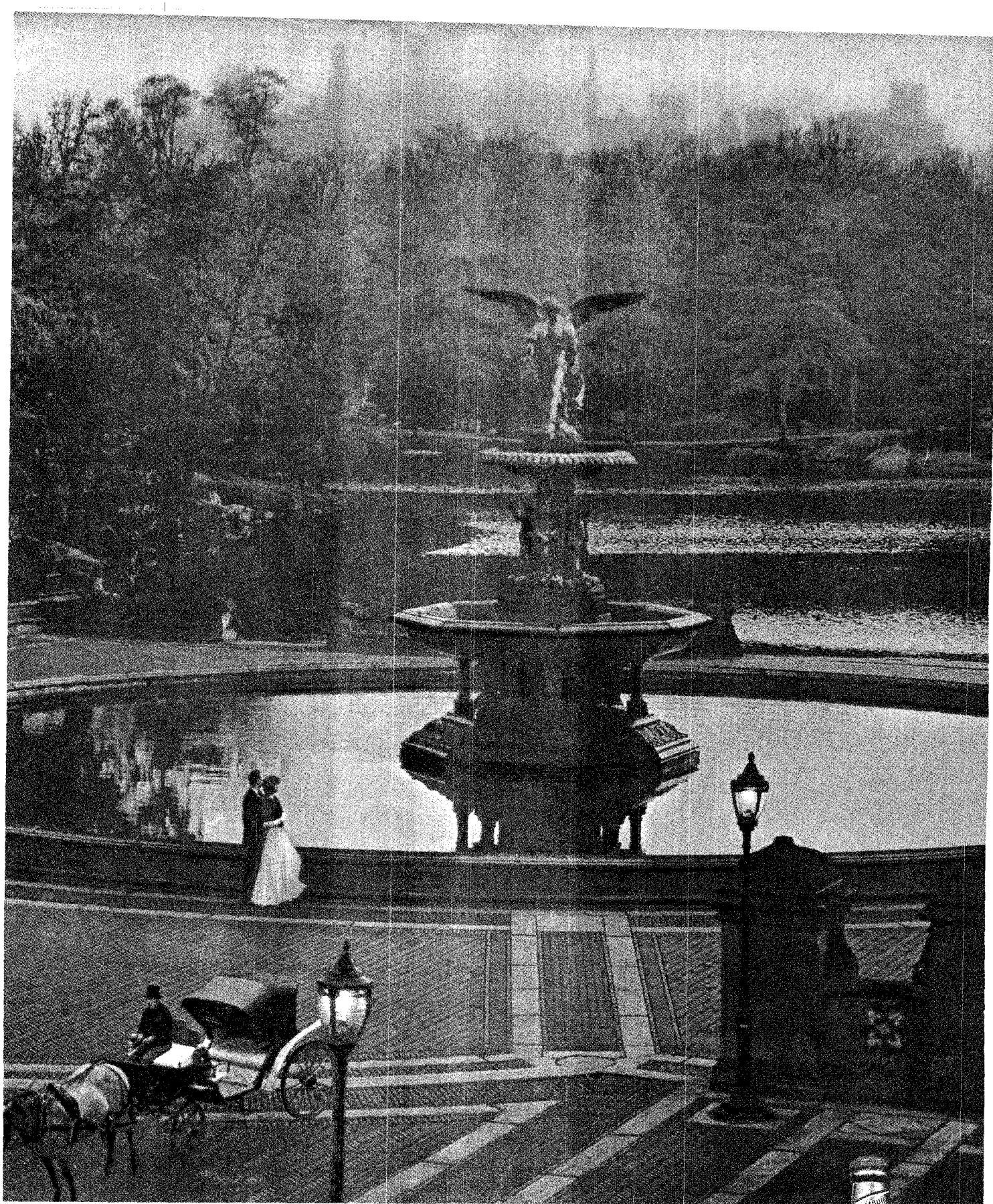


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